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THE KEARSARGE SINKING THE ALABAMA

Naval Battles of America

Great and Decisive Contests on the Sea

From Colonial Times to the Present, including
OUR GLORIOUS VICTORIES AT
MANILA AND SANTIAGO

The Growth, Power and Management of

OUR NEW NAVY

In its Pride and Glory of Swift Cruiser, Impregnable Battleship, Ponderous
Engine and Deadly Projectile; Our Naval Academy, Training
Ship, Hospital, Revenue, Light House and
Life Saving Service

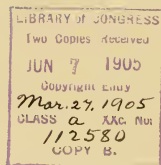
ILLUSTRATED

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PHILADELPHIA



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PREFACE.

At one time in the history of the United States, when the population was comparatively small, and most of it concentrated in what are now termed the Eastern States, almost every one was familiar with the exploits of our naval officers and seamen during the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812-15, the Mexican and the Florida Wars—beside the encounters with pirates in many parts of the world. Since these memorable encounters the way of the population has largely gone westward, so that the East, where maritime affairs are necessarily better understood, has been left much in the minority. When a war occurs—which must be largely naval—the people of the centre and West are naturally inquiring—“Why do we not have more ships?” The answer is, that Congress (their own representatives among them) has not seen fit to increase the navy in proportion to our increase of population and the increase of our responsibilities.

Many representatives do not at all realize that it takes years to build a modern battleship, and that the men to man them are not to be picked up on the wharves of any seaboard city, but must be put through a long training to be efficient.

Recent events, however, will prevent any serious opposition to naval increase for years to come. The lesson has been too striking an one.

Yet Congress has not been illiberal—according to its lights. Since 1883 it has authorized the construction of seventy-seven vessels, of all rates, sixteen of which are not yet completed. The cost of these was more than \$134,000,000, yet that has only about been spent in a month of war preparation, which might possibly have been saved if we had had ready a naval and military force which would have rendered impossible any armed opposition to our demand.

A few years previous to the Spanish war there was not a modern gun afloat in the United States Navy, and we had no facilities for the manufacture of heavy armor. At the end of the nineteenth century our establishments for gun-making, armor-forging, and ship and engine building compare favorably with any in the world.

Turning from the naval ships to the men who used them as the medium of their prowess, the American may feel a pardonable pride in the national character which produces the right men at the right time. From the incipency of the navy of the United States down to the fervid days of the Spanish War, the sea-fighters have stood out prominent for bravery and daring. The god of old received new strength at each contact with the earth; the naval men of newer days, it would seem, beget unswerving gallantry from old ocean. The navy has yet to show its man who defected at a crucial moment, it has yet to show its man who failed of heroism when opposed by an enemy he faced possible defeat and death. Our John Paul Jones, on the *Serapis*—he who raised the first American naval flag—gave to the enemies of the Colonies a taste of valor under disadvantage that has ever since rung through the world. From that time, through all the various wars in which we have been engaged, down to our latest contest when Dewey, Sampson and Schley made records which belong in the annals of fame, the American Navy has stood for a synonym of all that was manly, good and earnest patriotism. As a nation we have every reason to hail our warriors with exultation—the army for its deeds on land, the navy for its splendid achievements on the sea. Without the spread-eagle boast, of which we have sometimes been accused, we, as a nation, have a right to the glow that warms us when we think of our men on the field, and of our men on the wave.

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SERAPIS AND BONHOMME RICHARD.

A. D. 1779.



HIS remarkable action is interesting not only on account of its bloody and desperate character, and on account of the sensation it produced at the time, but because it illustrates one phase of our great struggle for independence; a considerable space is therefore devoted to it.

The hero of this action, John Paul, was born at Kirkcudbright, in Scotland, July 6th, 1747; and was sent to sea, as an apprentice, at the age of twelve. He afterwards made voyages as mate of a slaver, then an honored and recognized employment for a portion of the English merchant marine.

At twenty-one he had command of a vessel in the West India trade, so that his merits as a seaman were early recognized. He afterwards became a trader in a vessel of his own.

At the age of twenty-six he left the sea; and adopted the name of Jones. The reason for this does not clearly appear. He may have had some old scores to clear; and, settling in a new world, may have thought a new name necessary.

In December, 1775, he was appointed a First Lieutenant in the United Colonial Navy, and ordered to the Alfred, our first flag-ship. He hoisted the first flag of the

Colonies afloat; a yellow flag, with the pine tree and rattlesnake. In this ship he participated in several actions; and was afterwards in command of the Providence, when he only escaped capture by excellent seamanship. He made many prizes in this ship.

On Oct. 10th, 1776, he was named the 18th naval captain, and, in command of the Alfred and Providence, captured a valuable armed ship, and other prizes, again eluding recapture by good seamanship.

He next went to European waters in command of the Ranger, 18, and there received, from a French squadron, the first salute to the Stars and Stripes, by this time adopted.

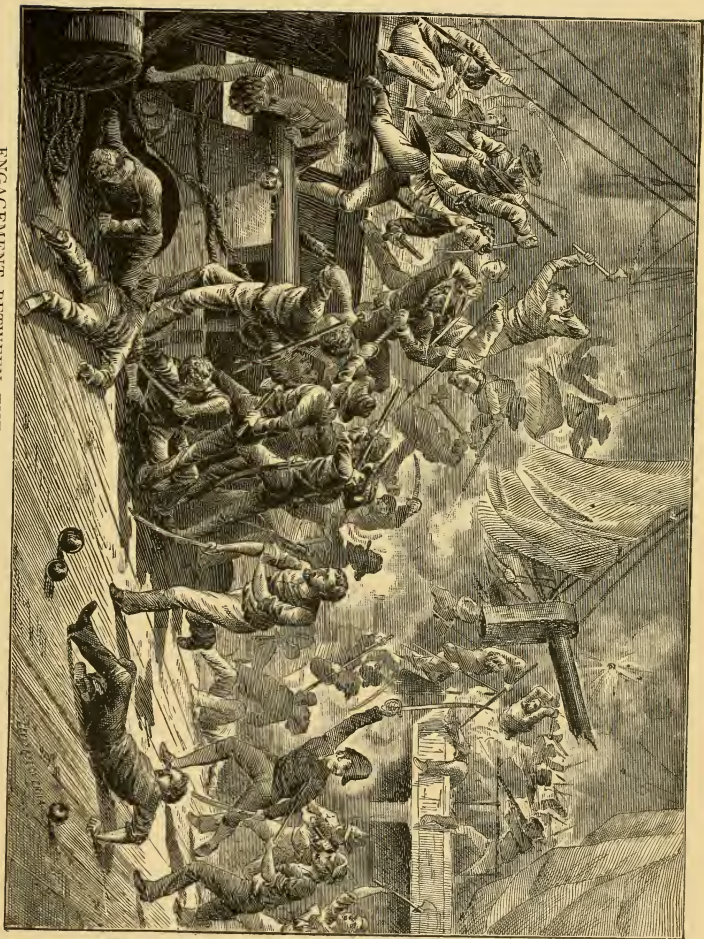
He cruised in English waters, burning ships at White Haven, and spiking guns in batteries on shore; and then attempted to carry off the Earl of Selkirk. In this he failed, but having carried off some of that nobleman's plate, was branded by the English as a pirate. This epithet came with a bad grace from a nation then celebrated for thorough "looting" of every place which came into their hands, in India, and elsewhere. The real offence was that Jones was an English subject, who had renounced his allegiance, and was serving against the mother country; like all the rest of those engaged in the Revolution. During this cruise in the Ranger he took the Drake, of 20 guns.

After this he received from the French government an old Indiaman, called the Duc de Duras, which he renamed the "Bonhomme Richard," or Poor Richard, in allusion to the publication by Benjamin Franklin.

He had some other armed vessels, mostly "letters of marque," under his command.

The Bonhomme Richard had 40 guns, and a mixed crew, of various nationalities. Jones sailed under such

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE SERAPTS AND BONHOMME RICHARD.



hampering restrictions that he was prevented from carrying out many promising projects; but at last, on the 23d of September, he fell in with a Baltic fleet of merchantmen, convoyed by the English frigate *Serapis*, 44, and the Countess of Scarborough, 20. The result of the engagement which ensued will be given hereafter.

To continue the sketch of Jones himself, we may say that, in 1780, the year after this action, he sailed for the United States, in the *Ariel*, 20, but lost his masts in a severe gale of wind, and was obliged to return to France; whence he sailed again and arrived safely, about the beginning of 1781.

He was then launched in the *America*, 74, which was presented by our Government to the French; and he made a cruise in her as a volunteer.

In 1783 he was prize agent of the United States in Europe; and finally, in 1787, while in Denmark, he resigned, and entered the Russian Navy—hoisting his flag, as Rear Admiral, in the "*Vladimir*," on the 28th of June, 1788. He found so much jealousy and enmity towards him that he resigned in about a year.

Afterwards he resided in Holland and France, and was appointed Commissioner of the United States to Algiers—but his death occurred at this time, at the age of forty-five.

And now, to return to his cruise in the *Bonhomme Richard*:—

Paul Jones had obtained so much celebrity for his cruise in the *Ranger*, that, after that ship departed for America he remained in France, in the hope of receiving a more important command.

During the years 1778-9 various projects were discussed, in which he was to have a part. One idea was to make a descent upon Liverpool, with a body of

troops to be commanded by La Fayette. These plans all came to nothing, and his offers of service were repulsed; until at last a singular arrangement was proposed to him.

M. de Sartine, French Minister of Marine, in a letter of February, 14th, 1779, states that the King of France had decided to purchase, and put at the disposition of Captain Jones, the *Duras*—an old Indiaman of some size, then at l'Orient. To this vessel were added three more, procured by means of M. le Ray de Chaumont, a banker who had connections with the French Ministry.

Dr. Franklin, who, as Minister of the United States, was supposed, in a legal sense, to direct the whole affair, added the *Alliance*, 32, by virtue of authority from Congress.

The vessels thus procured formed a little squadron, composed of the *Bonhomme Richard*, *Alliance*, *Pallas*, *Cerf*, and *Vengeance*. The *Pallas* was a purchased merchantman; the *Vengeance* a small purchased brig; the *Cerf* was a large cutter, and, with the exception of the *Alliance*, the only vessel of the squadron built for war purposes. All but the *Alliance* were French built, and they were placed under the American flag by the following arrangement: the officers received appointments, which were to remain valid for a limited period only, from Dr. Franklin, who had been furnished blank commissions, to fill at his own discretion, ever since he had arrived in Europe. The vessels were to show the American ensign and no other. In short, the French ships were to be considered as American ships during this particular service; and when it was terminated they were to revert to their former owners. The laws and provisions made for the American navy were to govern, and command was

to be exercised, and to descend, according to its usages. Such officers as already had rank in the American Navy took precedence, agreeably to dates of commission, and new appointments were regulated by priority of appointment.

By especial provision, Captain Jones was to be Commander-in-chief, a post which his original commission entitled him to fill, as Captain Landais, the only other regular captain in the squadron, was his junior. The joint right of the American Minister and of the French Government to direct the movements of the squadron was recognized.

It is not exactly known from what source the money was obtained to fit out this squadron; and it is likely that it never will be known, especially as the French Revolution destroyed so many records, public and private. Although the name of the King was used, it is possible that private adventure was at the bottom of the enterprise, although the French Government furnished vessels and the use of its stores. Dr. Franklin expressly stated that he made no advances for the ships employed.

As everything connected with this remarkable expedition has interest for us, it is as well to go a little further into the composition of the force fitted out by Jones.

After many delays, the Bonhomme Richard was equipped and manned. It was intended to cast 18-pounders for her, but as that would take too much time, old 12's were substituted. With this change in armament, the Richard, as she was called by the sailors, got ready for sea.

She was, properly, a single-decked ship, that is, carrying her armament on one gun-deck, with the usual additions on the quarter-deck and forecastle.

But Commodore Jones, with a view to attacking the

enemy's large convoys, caused twelve ports to be cut in the gun-room, below, where six old 18-pounders were mounted, with the intention of fighting all of them on the same side, in smooth water. It was foreseen that these guns could only be of use in moderate weather, or when engaged to leeward, but the ship's height admitted of them, and it was done.

On her gun-deck proper the ship had twenty-eight ports, the regular construction of an English 38-gun ship at that time. Here the 12-pounders were placed. On her quarter-deck and forecastle were mounted eight 9's; making, in all, a mixed armament, rather light, to be sure, of 42 guns. If the six 18's were taken away, the ship would have been what was called a 32-gun frigate.

She was a clumsy vessel, built many years before, with the high, old-fashioned poop, which resembled a tower.

With a vessel of this singular armament and unwieldy construction, Jones was compelled to receive on board a crew of very doubtful composition. A few Americans filled officers' positions; but the crew embraced representatives of more than twelve nationalities. To keep this motley crew in order, one hundred and thirty-five marines, or soldiers, were put on board. These were nearly as much mixed, as to nationalities, as the sailors.

Just as the squadron was about to sail M. le Ray de Chaumont appeared at l'Orient, and presented a *concordat* or agreement, for the signature of all the commanders. This looked very much like a partnership in a privateering expedition, and was the cause of much after disobedience among Jones' captains.

On June 19th, 1779, the ships sailed, bound south, with a small convoy of vessels. These they escorted safely into the Garonne, and other ports; but not without repeated exhibition, thus early, of disobedience of orders,

and unseamanlike conduct, which marked the whole career of this squadron, so ill assorted and manned.

While lying to, off the coast, the Alliance, by lubberly handling, got foul of the Richard, and lost her mizzen-mast; carrying away, at the same time, the head, cutwater and jib-boom of the Richard. This necessitated a return to port, to refit.

When at sea again, and steering to the northward, the Cerf cutter was sent in chase of a strange sail, and parted company.

The next morning she engaged a small English cruiser, of 14 guns, and caused her to strike, after a sharp fight of an hour; but she was forced to abandon her prize by the approach of an enemy's vessel of superior force. The Cerf went into l'Orient again.

On the 23d three enemy's vessels-of-war were seen by the squadron; and, having the wind, they ran down in a line abreast, when, most probably deceived by the height and general appearance of the Richard, they hauled up and escaped under a press of sail. On the 26th the Alliance and Pallas parted company with the Richard, leaving that ship with the Vengeance brig only, for consort. On reaching the Penmarks, a headland of Finisterre, the designated rendezvous, the missing vessels did not appear. On the 29th, the Vengeance having gone, by permission, into Groix Roads, the Richard fell in with two more of the English cruisers, which, after some hesitation, also ran, evidently under the impression that the Richard was a two-decker.

Jones had reason to be satisfied with the spirit of his crew on this occasion, the people manifesting a strong disposition to engage.

At last, on the 30th, the Richard ran into Isle Groix,

off l'Orient; and about the same time the Pallas and Alliance came in.

Then another delay occurred. A court was convened to inquire into the conduct of Captain Landais, of the Alliance, in running foul of the Richard. Both ships also had to undergo repairs. Luckily, just then a cartel arrived from England, bringing more than one hundred exchanged American seamen, most of whom joined the squadron. .

This was a most important accession to the crew of the Richard, and that of the Alliance. Neither of these ships had had many Americans among their crews. Among those who came from the English prisons was Mr. Richard Dale, who had been captured as a Master's Mate, in the Lexington, 14.

This young officer did not reach France in the cartel, however, but had previously escaped, came to l'Orient, and joined the Richard. Jones soon learned his worth, and, in reorganizing his ship, had made him First Lieutenant.

The Richard had now nearly one hundred American seamen on board, and all the officers were native Americans, but the commander and one midshipman. Many of the petty officers were Americans also. In a letter of August 11th, Jones states that the crew of the Richard consisted of 380 souls, including 137 soldiers, or marines.

On the 14th of August the squadron sailed a second time, from Groix Roads; having the French privateers Monsieur and Granville in company, and under Jones' orders. The first parted company almost immediately, on account of differences concerning a valuable prize; and another was taken the day she left.

On the 23d the ships were off Cape Clear, and while towing the Richard's head round, in a calm, the crew of

the boat, which happened to be manned by Englishmen, cut the tow-line, and escaped. Mr. Lunt, the sailing-master, manned another boat, and taking four marines, pursued the fugitives. A fog came on, and Mr. Lunt not being able to find the ships again, fell into the hands of the enemy. Through this desertion, and its immediate consequences, the Richard lost twenty of her best men.

The day after this escape the Cerf cutter was sent close in, to reconnoitre, and to look for the missing people; and, for some unexplained reason this useful vessel never rejoined the squadron. There appeared to have been no suspicion of any treachery on her part, and we are left to conjecture the cause of her disappearance.

A gale of wind followed, during which the Alliance and Pallas separated, and the Granville parted company, by order, with a prize. The separation of the Pallas was caused by the breaking of her tiller; but that of the Alliance was due to the unofficerlike and unseamanlike conduct of her commander.

On the morning of the 27th the brig Vengeance was the only vessel in company with the Commodore.

On August 31st the Bonhomme Richard, being off Cape Wrath, the northwest extremity of Scotland, captured a large English letter-of-marque, bound from London to Quebec; a circumstance which proves the expedients to which their ship-masters were then driven to avoid capture, this vessel having gone north about, to escape the cruisers on the ordinary track. While in chase of the letter-of-marque, the Alliance hove in sight, having another London ship, from Jamaica, as a prize.

Captain Landais, of the Alliance, was an officer who had been obliged to quit the French Navy on account of his unfortunate temper. He now began to show a disorganizing and mutinous spirit; pretending, as his

ship was the only real American vessel in the squadron, that that fact rendered him superior to Jones, and that he should do as he pleased with his ship.

That afternoon a strange sail was made, and the *Richard* showed the *Alliance's* number, with an order to close. Instead of obeying the signal, Captain Landais wore, and laid the head of his ship in the opposite direction. Other signals were disobeyed; and the control of Commodore Jones over the ship, which ought to have been the most efficient of the squadron, may be said to have ceased.

Jones now shaped his course for the rendezvous he had appointed, in hopes of meeting the missing ships, and the *Pallas* rejoined him, having captured nothing.

From then until the 13th of September the squadron continued its course round Scotland; the ships separating and rejoining constantly, and Captain Landais assuming power over the prizes, as well as over his own vessel, that was altogether opposed to discipline and to marine usage.

On the 13th of September the Cheviot Hills were in sight from the ships. Understanding that a 20-gun ship, with two or three man-of-war cutters, were lying at anchor off Leith, in the Frith of Forth, Commodore Jones planned a descent upon that town. At this time the *Alliance* was absent, and the *Pallas* and *Vengeance* having chased to the southward, the necessity of communicating with those vessels caused a fatal delay, and ruined a promising project. The attempt was at last made, but when the men were actually in the boats the ships were driven out of the Frith by a heavy blow; and when in the North Sea one of their prizes actually foundered.

The design was so audacious that it is probable the English would have been taken by surprise; and no

doubt much damage would have been done to them, but for the gale. Dale, a modest and prudent man, thought so.

After this bold project was abandoned, Jones appears to have meditated another still more daring; but his *colleagues*, as he bitterly styles his captains, refused to join in it. We do not know what it was; but only that the officers of Jones' own ship heartily approved it. Jones had much respect for the judgment of Captain Cottineau, of the *Pallas*, and as he disapproved of it, it was dropped.

The *Pallas* and *Vengeance* even left the *Richard*—probably with a view to prevent the attempt to execute this nameless scheme; and the Commodore was compelled to follow his captains to the southward or lose them altogether.

Off Whitby they came together again, and on Sept. 21st the *Richard* chased a collier ashore, near Flamborough Head.

The next day she was at the mouth of the Humber, the *Vengeance* being in company, and several vessels were taken or destroyed. Pilots were enticed on board, and a knowledge of the state of things inshore obtained. It appeared that the whole coast was alarmed, and that many persons were burying their plate. By this time about a dozen vessels had been taken, and rumor increased the number. No vessels had ever before excited such local alarm on British shores, for centuries.

Under the circumstances Commodore Jones did not think it prudent to remain so close in with the land, and he accordingly stood out under Flamborough Head. Here he was joined, next day, by the *Pallas* and *Alliance*. This was on the 23d of September.

The wind was light from the southward, the water

smooth, and many vessels in sight, steering in different directions. About noon the squadron, with the exception of the *Cerf* and the two privateers, being all in company, Jones manned one of the pilot-boats he had detained, and sent her in chase of a brig, which was lying to, to windward. On board the little vessel were Mr. Lunt, the Second Lieutenant, and fifteen men, all of whom were absent from the ship for the rest of the day.

In consequence of the loss of the two boats off Cape Clear, the absence of the party in the pilot-boat, and the number of men that had been put in prizes, the *Richard* was now left with only one lieutenant, and with but little more than three hundred souls on board, exclusive of prisoners. Of the latter there were about one hundred and fifty in the *Richard*.

The pilot-boat had hardly left the *Richard* when the leading ships of a fleet of more than forty sails were seen stretching out on a bowline from behind Flamborough Head, turning down to the south. From previous intelligence this fleet was immediately known to be the Baltic ships, under the convoy of the *Serapis*, 44, Captain Richard Pearson, and a hired ship that had been put into the King's service, called the *Countess of Scarborough*. The latter was commanded by Captain Piercy, and mounted 22 guns.

As the interest of the succeeding details will principally centre in the two ships, the *Serapis* and *Bonhomme Richard*, it may be well to give a more minute account of the actual force of the former. At that period 44's were usually built on two decks; and such was the construction of this ship, which was new, and was reputed to be a fast vessel. On her lower gun-deck she mounted 20 18-pound guns; and on her upper gun-deck 20 9-pound guns; and on her quarter-deck and fore-

castle ten 6-pound guns; making an armament of fifty guns.

She had a regularly trained man-of-war's crew of 320 souls, of whom fifteen are said to have been Lascars.

When Jones made out the convoy, the men-of-war were inshore, astern, and to leeward, probably with a view to keeping the merchantmen together. The officials at Scarborough, perceiving the danger into which this fleet was running, had sent a boat off to the *Serapis*, to apprise her of the presence of a hostile force, and Captain Pearson fired two guns, signaling the leading vessels to come under his lee. These orders were disregarded, however, the headmost ships continuing to stand out from the land.

Jones, having ascertained the character of the fleet in sight, showed signal for a general chase; and another to recall the lieutenant in the pilot-boat.

The *Richard* then crossed royal-yards. These signs of hostility alarmed the nearer English merchant ships, which hurriedly tacked, fired alarm guns, let fly their top-gallant-sheets, and made other signals of the danger they found themselves in; while they now gladly availed themselves of the presence of the men-of-war to run to leeward, or else seek shelter close in with the land.

The *Serapis*, on the contrary, signaled the Scarborough to follow, and hauled boldly out to sea, until she got far enough to windward, when she tacked, and stood inshore again, to cover her convoy.

The *Alliance* being much the fastest vessel of the American squadron, took the lead in the chase, speaking the *Pallas* as she passed. It has been proved that Captain Landais told the commander of the latter vessel, on this occasion, that if the stranger proved to be a

fifty-gun ship, they had nothing to do but to escape. His subsequent conduct fully confirms this; for no sooner had he run down near enough to the two English vessels-of-war to ascertain their force, than he hauled up, and stood off from the land again. This was not only contrary to all regular order of naval battle, but contrary to the positive command of Jones, who had kept the signal to form line flying; which should have brought the Alliance astern of the Bonhomme Richard, and the Pallas in the van. Just at this time the Pallas spoke the Richard, and inquired what station she should take, and she was directed to fall into line.

Captain Cottineau was a brave man, who subsequently did his duty in the action, and he had only thought that, because the Richard had suddenly hauled up from the land, her crew had mutinied, and that she was being run away with. Such was the want of confidence in the force so singularly composed, and such were the disadvantages under which this celebrated combat was fought.

So far, however, from meditating retreat or mutiny, the crew of the Richard had gone cheerfully to their quarters, although every man on board was conscious of the force of the enemy with whom they were about to contend; and the spirit of the commanding officer appears to have communicated itself to his men.

It was now quite dark, and Jones was compelled to use a night-glass, to follow the movements of the enemy. It is probable that the darkness added to the indecision of the captain of the Pallas, for even after the moon rose it was thick, and objects at a distance were seen with difficulty. The Richard continued to stand steadily on; and at about half-past seven she came up with the Serapis; the Scarborough being a short distance to leeward. The American ship was to windward, and, as she

slowly approached, Captain Pearson hailed. The answer returned was purposely equivocal, and both ships delivered their broadsides at almost the same moment.

As the water was quite smooth, Jones had relied very much upon the eighteen-pounders which were in the Richard's gun-room; but at this first discharge, two of the six that were fired bursted, blowing up the deck above, and killing or wounding many of the people stationed below. This disaster rendered it impossible to make the men stand at the other heavy guns, as they could have no confidence in them. It at once reduced the broadside of the Richard to about one-third less than that of her opponent; and the force which remained was distributed among the light guns, in a disadvantageous manner. In short, the battle was now between a twelve-pounder and an eighteen-pounder frigate; with the chances almost preponderatingly in favor of the latter.

Jones himself said that after this accident his hopes rested solely upon the twelve-pounders that were immediately under the command of his First Lieutenant, Dale.

The Richard, having backed her top-sails, exchanged several broadsides, when she filled again and shot ahead of the Serapis; which ship luffed across her stern, and came up on the weather quarter of her antagonist, taking the wind out of her sails, and, in her turn, passing ahead.

All this time, which was about half an hour, the fire was close and furious. The Scarborough now drew near; but it is uncertain whether she fired or not. The officers of the Richard state that she raked them at least once; but her commander reported that, owing to the smoke and darkness, he was afraid to discharge his guns, not being able to make out which ship was friend and which foe.

Unwilling to lie by and be uselessly exposed to shot,

Captain Piercy edged away from the combatants, exchanging one or two broadsides, at a great distance, with the Alliance, and shortly afterward was engaged at close quarters by the Pallas, which ship compelled him to strike to her, after a creditable resistance of about an hour.

Let us now return to the principal combatants :—

As the Serapis kept her luff, sailing and working better than the Richard, it was the intention of Captain Pearson to pay broad off, across the Richard's fore-foot, as soon as he had got far enough ahead. But making the attempt and finding he had not room, he put his helm down, to keep clear of his adversary, and this double movement brought the two ships nearly in a line, the Serapis leading.

By these evolutions the English ship lost some of her way, while the American, having kept her sails trimmed, not only closed, but actually ran on board of her antagonist, bows on, a little on her starboard quarter. The wind being light, much time was consumed in these manœuvres, and nearly an hour had elapsed between the firing of the first gun and the moment when the vessels got foul of each other, in the manner just described. The English thought it was the intention of the Americans to board; and for some minutes it was uncertain whether they would do so or not, but the position was not safe for either party to pass into the opposing ship.

There being at this time a complete cessation of the firing, Captain Pearson hailed, and asked whether the Richard had struck. "I have not yet begun to fight," was the answer from Jones.

The Richard's yards were then braced aback, and the sails of the Serapis being full, the ships separated.

As soon as they were far enough apart, the *Serapis* put her helm hard down, laid all aback forward, shivered her after sails, and wore short round on her heel, with a view, most probably, of luffing up across the *Richard's* bow, in order to rake her. In this position the *Richard* would have been fighting her starboard, and the *Serapis* her port guns; but Jones, by this time, had become convinced of the hopelessness of success against so much heavier metal; and so backed astern some distance, filled on the other tack, and luffed up, with the intention of meeting the enemy as he came to the wind, and of laying him athwart hawse.

In the smoke and dim light, one or the other party miscalculated the distance, for the vessels came foul again, the bowsprit of the English vessel passing over the poop of the American. As neither had much way the collision did but little injury, and Jones, with his own hands, immediately lashed the enemy's head-gear to his mizzen-mast. The pressure on the after sails of the *Serapis*, which vessel was nearly before the wind at the time, brought her hull round, and the two ships gradually fell close alongside of each other, head and stern; the jib-boom of the *Serapis* giving way with the strain. A spare anchor of the English ship now hooked in the quarter of the American, and additional lashings were got out on board the latter, to secure her opponent in this position.

Captain Pearson, who was a brave and excellent officer, was fully aware of his superiority in weight of metal; and he no sooner perceived that the vessels were foul than he dropped an anchor, in the hope that the *Richard* would drift clear of him. But, of course, such an expectation was futile, as the yards were interlocked, the hulls pressed close together, there were lashings fore and aft, and every projection aided in holding the two ships together. When

the cable of the Serapis took the strain, the vessels slowly tended, with the bows of the Serapis and the stern of the Richard, to the tide.

At this time the English made an attempt to board, but were repulsed, with trifling loss. All this time there was a heavy fire kept up from the guns. The lower ports of the Serapis having been closed as the vessel swung, to prevent boarding, they were now blown off, to allow the guns to be run out; and cases actually occurred in which the rammers had to be thrust into the ports of the opposing ship, in order to be entered in the muzzles of their proper guns. It was evident that such a state of things could not last long. In effect, the heavy metal of the Serapis, in one or two discharges, cleared all before it, and the main-deck guns of the Richard were almost abandoned. Most of her people went upon the upper deck, and a great number collected on the fore-castle, where they were safe from the battery of the Serapis; continuing the fight by throwing grenades and using muskets.

At this stage of the action, then, the Serapis was tearing the American to pieces, below, at each discharge of her battery; the latter only replying to the English fire by two guns on the quarter-deck, and three or four of her twelve-pounders. To the quarter-deck guns Jones succeeded in adding a third, by shifting a gun from the port side; and all these were used with effect, under his own eye, until the close of the action.

He tried to get over a second gun, from the port side, but did not succeed.

The fight must now have been decided in favor of the English, but for the courage and activity of the people aloft. Strong parties were placed in the tops, and, after a sharp and short contest, the Americans had driven

every man of the enemy from the upper deck of the English frigate. After this they kept up so sharp a fire of small-arms upon the quarter-deck of the English ship as to keep it clear, shooting down many in the operation.

Thus, this singular condition of affairs obtained, that, while the English had the battle very much to themselves, below, the Americans had control of their upper deck and tops. Having cleared the latter, some of the American seamen laid out on the Richard's main-yard, and began to throw hand grenades down upon the deck of the British ship; while the men on the Richard's fore-castle seconded these efforts by casting grenades, and other combustibles, through the ports of the Serapis.

At length one man, in particular, became so bold as to take up his post on the extreme end of the yard; and being provided with a bucket of grenades and a match, he dropped the explosives upon the enemy, one of them passing down the Serapis' main hatchway. The powder boys of the English ship had got up more cartridges than were needed at the moment, and had carelessly laid a row of them along her main deck, parallel with the guns.

The grenade which came down the hatch set fire to some loose powder on the deck, and the flash passed to these cartridges, beginning abreast of the main-mast, and running away aft.

The effect of the explosion was awful. More than twenty men were instantly killed; many of them being left with nothing on them but the collars and wrist-bands of their shirts, and the waist-bands of their duck trowsers. This is often the effect of explosions in confined places.

The official returns of Captain Pearson, made a week after the action, show that there were no less than thirty-three wounded on board then, still alive, who had been

injured at this time; and thirty of them were said to be in great danger.

Captain Pearson reported that the explosion destroyed nearly all the men at the five or six aftermost guns of the *Serapis*; and, altogether, nearly sixty of the *Serapis'* men must have been instantly disabled by this sudden blow.

The advantages thus obtained by the coolness and intrepidity of the topmen of the *Bonhomme Richard*, in a measure restored the chances of the fight, and, by lessening the fire of the enemy, enabled Jones to increase his. And in the same degree that it encouraged the Americans did it diminish the hopes of the English.

One of the guns, directed by Jones himself, had been for some time firing against the main-mast of his enemy; while the two others were assisting in clearing his decks with grape and canister. Kept below decks by this double attack, where they had a scene of horror before their eyes in the agonies of the wounded, and the other effects of the explosion, the spirits of the English crew began to droop, and a very little would have caused them to surrender. From this despondency they were temporarily raised by one of the unlooked-for events which characterize every battle, whether afloat or ashore.

After exchanging the ineffectual and distant broadsides with the *Scarborough*, as already mentioned, the *Alliance* had kept standing off and on, to leeward of the two principal ships, and out of the direction of their shot, when, about half-past eight, she appeared, crossing the stern of the *Serapis*, and the bow of the *Richard*, and firing, at such a distance, and in such a way, that it was impossible to say which vessel would suffer the most.

As soon as she had drawn out of range of her own guns, her helm was put up, and she ran down near a mile

to leeward, and hovered about, aimlessly, until the firing had ceased between the Pallas and the Scarborough, when she suddenly came within hail, and spoke both vessels.

Captain Cottineau, of the Pallas, earnestly entreated Captain Landais, of the Alliance, to take possession of his prize, and allow him to go to the assistance of the Richard, or else to stretch up to windward in the Alliance, and go to the succor of the Commodore.

After some delay, Captain Landais took the very important duty of assisting his consort into his own hands, and, making two long stretches, under top-sails only, he appeared, at about the time at which we have arrived in the story of the fight, directly to windward of the two ships which were locked together in mortal combat. The head of the Alliance was then to the westward. This ship then opened fire again, doing at least as much damage to friend as foe. Keeping away a little, she was soon on the port-quarter of the Richard; and some of the people of the latter affirmed that her guns were discharged until she had got nearly abeam.

Many voices now hailed, to inform the Alliance that she was firing into the wrong ship; and three lanterns were shown in a line on the off-side of the Richard, which was the regular signal for recognition in a night action. An officer was then directed to hail, to command Captain Landais to lay the enemy on board; and, the question being put as to whether the order was understood, an answer was given in the affirmative.

As the moon had now been up for some time, it was impossible not to distinguish between the two vessels. The Richard was all black, while the Serapis had yellow sides; and the impression among the people of the Richard was that Landais had intentionally attacked her.

Indeed, as soon as the Alliance began to fire, the

people left one or two of the twelve on board the Richard, which they had begun to fight again, saying that the English in the Alliance had got possession of the ship and were helping the enemy.

The Alliance's fire dismounted a gun, extinguished several battle-lanterns on the main deck, and did much damage aloft. This ship now hauled off to some distance, always keeping the Richard between her and the enemy; and then she re-appeared, edging down on the port beam of her consort, and hauling up athwart the bows of that ship and the stern of her antagonist. The officers of the Richard reported that her fire then recommenced, when by no possibility could her shot reach the Serapis, except through the Bonhomme Richard. In fact, it appears that this Landais was one of those men who, for generations, affected the French character for seamanship and conduct in naval battles.

There were, and are, many excellent French seamen, and as builders of vessels they are unexcelled. But some men, like Landais, at that time had destroyed their reputation afloat.

Ten or twelve men appear to have been killed on the forecastle of the Richard at this time, that part being crowded, and among them an officer of the name of Caswell, who, with his dying breath, maintained that he had received his death wound from the friendly vessel.

After crossing the bows of the Richard and the stern of the Serapis, delivering grape as he passed, this "lunatic Frenchman" ran off to leeward again, standing off and on, and doing absolutely nothing for the remainder of the fight. It was as if a third party, seeing two men fighting, should come up and throw a stone or two at them both, and then retire, saying he had rather the little fellow whipped.

The fire of the Alliance certainly damaged the Bonhomme Richard, and increased her leaks; and the latter vessel by this time had leaked so much through her shot-holes that she had begun to settle in the water. Many witnesses affirmed that the most dangerous shot-holes received by the Richard were under her port bow and port-quarter; or, in other words, where they could not have been received from the Serapis. But this is not entirely reliable, as it has been seen that the Serapis luffed up on the port-quarter of the Richard in the commencement of the action, and, forging ahead, was subsequently on her port bow, endeavoring to cross her fore-foot. These shots may very possibly have been received then, and as the Richard settled in the water, have suddenly increased the danger. On the other hand, if the Alliance did actually fire while on the bow and quarter of the Richard, as appears by a mass of testimony, the dangerous shot-holes may have very well come from that ship.

Let the injuries have been received from what quarter they might, soon after the Alliance had run to leeward again an alarm was spread throughout the Richard that she was sinking.

Both the contending ships had been on fire several times, and the flames had been extinguished with difficulty; but here was a new enemy to contend with, and, as the information came from the Carpenter, whose duty it was to sound the pump-well, it produced a good deal of alarm.

The Richard had more than a hundred English prisoners on board; and the Master-at-Arms, in the hurry of the moment, and to save their lives, let them up from below. In the confusion of such a scene, at night, in a torn and sinking vessel, the Master of the letter-of-marque

that had been taken off the north of Scotland, passed through a port of the Richard into one of the Serapis, where he reported to Captain Pearson that a few minutes would probably decide the battle in his favor, or carry his enemy down, as he (the Captain of the privateer) had been liberated in order to save his life.

Just at this moment the gunner of the Bonhomme Richard, who had not much to do at his quarters, came on deck, and not seeing Commodore Jones, or Mr. Dale, both of whom were occupied with the liberated prisoners, and believing the Master (the only other superior officer of the ship) to be dead, he ran up on the poop, to haul down the colors, and, as he believed, save all their lives.

Fortunately, the flag-staff had been shot away, and as the ensign already hung in the water, he had no other means of letting his intentions be known than by bawling out for quarter.

Captain Pearson now hailed, to inquire if the Richard demanded quarter, and Commodore Jones, hearing the hail, replied "No."

It is probable that the reply was not heard; or if heard, supposed to come from an unauthorized source; for, encouraged from what he had heard from the escaped prisoner, by the cries, and by the confusion which appeared to reign on board the Richard, the English Captain directed his boarders to be called away, and, as soon as they were mustered, he directed them to take possession of the prize. Some of the Englishmen actually got upon the gunwale of the American ship, but, finding boarders ready to repel boarders, they precipitately retreated. The Richard's topmen were not idle at this time, and the enemy were soon driven below again, with loss. In the meantime Mr. Dale (who was afterwards Commodore Dale) had no longer a gun which could be

fought, and he mustered the prisoners at the pumps, turning their consternation to account, and probably keeping the Richard afloat by this very blunder that had come so near losing her.

Both ships were now on fire again, and both sides, with the exception of a very few guns on board each vessel, ceased firing, in order to turn to and subdue this common enemy.

In the course of the battle the Serapis is said to have been on fire no less than twelve times; while, towards its close, as will be seen in the sequel, the Bonhomme Richard had been burning all the time. As soon as order was restored in the American ship, after the gunner's call for quarter, her chances of success began to increase; while the English, driven under cover, appeared to lose the hope of victory. Their fire slackened very materially, while the Richard again brought a few guns to bear.

It was an example of immense endurance, on either side; but as time went on, the main-mast of the Serapis began to totter, and her resistance, in general, to lessen.

About an hour after the explosion, or about three hours and a half after the first gun was fired, and about two hours and a half after the ships were lashed together, Captain Pearson hauled down his colors with his own hands, his men refusing to expose themselves to the fire of the Richard's tops.

As soon as it was known that the English colors were down, Mr. Dale got upon the gunwale of the Richard, and, laying hold of the main-brace pendant, swung himself on board the Serapis. On the quarter-deck he found the gallant Captain Pearson, almost alone, that officer having maintained his post throughout the whole

of this close and murderous engagement, proving himself a man of great nerve and ability.

Just as Mr. Dale addressed the English Captain the First Lieutenant of the *Serapis* came up from below, to inquire if the *Richard* had struck, as her fire had entirely ceased. Mr. Dale informed the English officer that he had mistaken the position of things, the *Serapis* having struck to the *Richard*, and not the *Richard* to the *Serapis*. Captain Pearson confirming this, his surprised subordinate acquiesced, offering to go below and silence the guns on the main deck, which were still playing on the American ship. To this Mr. Dale would not consent, but passed both the English officers at once on board the *Bonhomme Richard*. The firing below then ceased. Mr. Dale had been closely followed to the quarter-deck of the *Serapis* by a midshipman, Mr. Mayrant, with a party of boarders, and as the midshipman struck the quarter-deck of the prize, he was run through the thigh with a boarding pike, in the hands of a man who was ignorant of the surrender. Thus did the close of this remarkable sea-fight resemble its other features in singularity, blood being shed, and shot fired, while the boarding officer was in amicable discourse with his prisoners.

As soon as Captain Pearson was on board the *Bonhomme Richard*, and a proper number of hands sent to Mr. Dale, in the prize, Commodore Jones ordered the lashings to be cut, and the vessels to be separated, hailing the *Serapis*, as the *Richard* drifted from alongside of her, and ordering her to follow his own ship. Mr. Dale had the head-sails of the *Serapis* braced sharp aback, and the helm put down, but the vessel did not obey either the canvas or the helm. Mr. Dale was so surprised and excited at this that he sprang from the binnacle, to see the cause, and fell, full length, on deck. He had been

severely wounded in the leg, by a splinter, and until that moment had been ignorant of the injury. He had just been picked up and seated, when the Master of the *Serapis* came up and informed him of the fact that the ship was anchored. By this time Mr. Lunt, the Second Lieutenant, who had been away in the pilot-boat, had got alongside, and came on board the prize, when Mr. Dale gave him charge, the cable was cut, and the ship followed the *Richard*, as ordered.

Although this protracted and bloody contest had now ended, the victors had not done with either dangers or labors. The *Richard* was not only sinking, from shot-holes, but she was on fire, so that the flames had got within the ceiling, and extended so far that they menaced the magazine; while all the pumps, in constant use, could barely keep the water in the hold from increasing.

Had it depended upon the exhausted crews of the two combatants the ship must soon have foundered; but the other vessels now sent men on board to assist. So imminent did the danger from the fire become, that all the powder left was got on deck, to prevent an explosion. In this manner did the night of the battle pass, with one gang always at the pumps and another fighting the flames, until about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 24th, when the fire was got under.

Before daylight that morning eight or ten Englishmen, of the *Richard's* crew, had stolen a boat of the *Serapis*, and made their escape, landing at Scarborough. Several other men of the *Richard* were so alarmed at the condition of the ship that, during the night, they jumped overboard and swam to the other vessels. At daylight an examination of the ship was made. Aloft, on a line with those guns of the *Serapis* which had not been disabled by the explosion, the timbers were nearly all beaten in, or

beaten out, for in this respect there was little difference between the two sides of the ship. It is said, indeed, that her poop and upper-decks would have fallen into the gun-room, but for a few futtocks which the shot had missed.

So large was the vacuum, in fact, that most of the shot fired from this part of the *Serapis*, at the close of the action, must have gone through the *Richard* without touching anything. The rudder was cut from the stern-post, and her transoms were nearly driven out of her. All the after part of the ship, in particular, that was below the quarter-deck, was torn to pieces; and nothing had saved those stationed on the quarter-deck but the impossibility of elevating guns which almost touched their object.

The result of the examination was to convince every one of the impossibility of carrying the *Richard* into port, in the event of its coming on to blow.

Commodore Jones reluctantly gave the order to remove the wounded, while the weather continued fair.

The following night and a portion of the succeeding day were employed in this duty; and about nine in the morning the officer who was in charge of the ship, with a party at the pumps, finding that the water had reached the lower deck, at last abandoned her.

About ten, the *Bonhomme Richard* wallowed heavily, gave another roll, and went down, bows foremost.

The *Serapis* suffered much less than the *Richard*, as the guns of the latter were so light, and so soon silenced; but no sooner were the ships separated, than her main-top-mast fell, bringing with it the mizzen-topmast. Though jury-masts were erected, the ship drove about, nearly helpless, in the North Sea, until the 6th of October, when the remains of the squadron, with the two prizes, got into the Texel, the port to which they had been ordered to repair.

In this battle an unusual number of lives were lost; but no authenticated report seems to have come from either side. The English stated the loss of the *Richard* to have been about three hundred, in killed and wounded. This would include nearly all on board that ship, and was, of course, a mistake. The muster-roll of the *Richard*, excluding the marines, which roll was in existence long after, shows that 42 men were killed, or died of wounds very shortly, and that 41 were wounded. No list of the casualties of the marines is given. This would make a total of 83 out of 227 souls. But some of those on the muster-roll were not in the battle at all, for both junior lieutenants, and about 30 men with them, were absent in prizes.

There were a few volunteers on board, who were not mustered, and so, if we set down 200 as the regular crew during the action, we shall not be far wrong. Estimating the marines at 120, and observing the same proportion for casualties, we shall get 49 for the result, which will make the entire loss of the *Richard* one hundred and thirty-two.

It is known, however, that in the course of the action the soldiers suffered out of proportion to the rest of the crew, and as general report made the gross loss of the *Bonhomme Richard* 150, it is probable that this was about the number.

Captain Pearson made a partial report, putting his loss at 117; admitting, at the same time, that there were many killed who were not reported.

Probably the loss of the two ships was about equal, and that nearly or quite half of all engaged were either killed or wounded.

In a private letter, written some time after, Jones gives an opinion that the loss of men in the two ships was

about equal. Muster-rolls were loosely kept, in those days.

That two vessels of so much force should be lashed together for more than two hours, making use of artillery, musketry, and all the other means of offence known to the warfare of the day, and not do even greater injury to their crews, must strike every one with astonishment. But the fact must be ascribed to the peculiarities of the battle, which, by driving the English under cover early in the fight, and keeping the Americans above the chief line of fire of their enemy, in a measure protected each side from the missiles of the other. As it was, it was a most sanguinary conflict, with a duration prolonged by unusual circumstances.

Great interest has always attached to this typical sea-fight. Scarcely any of the eye-witnesses agreed as to the facts. The principal information was given to Fennimore Cooper by Commodore Dale. Captain Pearson stated that the Alliance kept about them all the time, raking them fore and aft. This statement is contradicted by the certificates of the officers of the Richard, by persons who were on board the Alliance, by the persons who were in the boat, and by officers of the other vessels near.

The First Lieutenant and the Master of the Alliance admitted that they were never on the free side of the Serapis at all, and their ship never went round her. They also said that they engaged the Scarborough, at long shot, for a short time; a fact corroborated by Captain Piercy. They added that their ship was a long time aloof from the fight, and that she only fired three broadsides, or parts of broadsides, at the Richard and Serapis.

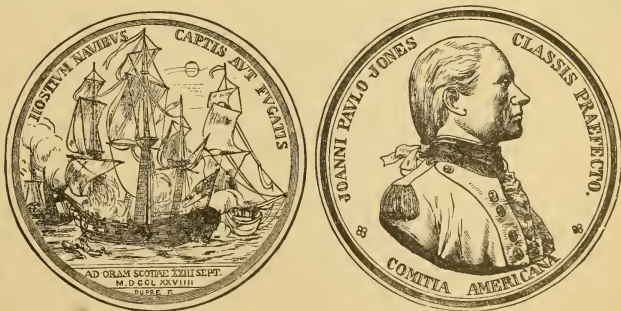
From the testimony it is likely that the Alliance injured the Richard much more than she did the Serapis. This does not detract from the merit of the gallant Captain

Pearson, who could not have known that, and the proximity of the Alliance no doubt influenced him in inducing him to lower his flag.

It is and always will be a matter of doubt as to whether the Scarborough raked the Bonhomme Richard before she was engaged with the other ships.

Altogether, this was one of the most remarkable sea-fights on record.

The arrival of Jones and his prizes in the Texel excited much interest in the diplomatic world. The English demanded that the prizes should be released and Jones himself given up as a pirate. The Dutch government, though favorable to the Americans, was not prepared for war, and therefore temporized. A long correspondence ensued, and the following expedient was adopted. The Serapis, which had been refitted, was transferred to France, as was the Scarborough, while Jones took command of the Alliance; Landais having been suspended, and ordered to quit the country. Landais was afterward restored to command, but deposed again, on the ground of insanity; and eventually discharged the service.



MEDAL AWARDED TO JOHN PAUL JONES BY THE AMERICAN CONGRESS.

WASP AND FROLIC. A. D. 1812.



ON November 13th, 1812, the American 18-gun ship-sloop Wasp, Captain Jacob Jones, with a crew of 137 men, sailed from the Delaware, and ran off southeast, to get into the track of the West India traders. On the next day she encountered a heavy gale, and lost her jib-boom and two men who were upon it. On the 17th, the weather having moderated somewhat, she discovered several sail, which were part of a convoy of merchantmen from Honduras, bound for England, under convoy of the British 18-gun brig-sloop Frolic, of 19 guns and 110 men, commanded by Captain Whinyates. They had been dispersed by the gale of the 16th, in which the Frolic had lost her main-yard. The Frolic had spent the next day in repairing damages, and by dark, six of her missing convoy had rejoined her. On Sunday, the 18th, which was a fine day, the convoy was discovered ahead and to leeward of the American ship, Captain Jones not choosing to close during the night, as he was ignorant of the force opposed to him.

The Wasp now sent down top-gallant yards, close reefed her top-sails, and bore down under short fighting canvas. The Frolic lashed her damaged yard on deck, and hauled by the wind, under her boom main-sail and close reefed fore-top-sail, hoisting Spanish colors to decoy

the stranger down, and permit her convoy to escape. By half-past eleven the ships were close together, and running on the starboard tack, parallel, and not more than sixt yards apart. They then commenced firing, the Wasp her port, and the Frolic her starboard battery. The latter fired very rapidly, delivering three broadsides to the Wasp's two, both crews cheering loudly as the ships wallowed through the water, abreast of each other. There was a very heavy sea running, left by the gale, which caused the vessels to roll and pitch heavily. The Americans fired as the engaged side of their ship was going down, aiming at the Frolic's hull, while the English fired while on the crest of the seas, their shot going high.

The water flew in clouds of spray over both vessels, which rolled so that the muzzles of the guns went under, but in spite of this the firing was spirited and well directed. In five minutes the Wasp's main-top-mast was shot away, and fell across the port fore and fore-top-sail braces, rendering her head yards unmanageable. Ten minutes after her gaff and mizzen-top-gallant mast came down, and by eleven o'clock every brace and most of her rigging was shot away, so that it was impossible to brace her yards.

But in the meantime the Frolic had suffered dreadfully in her hull and lower masts, and her gaff and head braces were also shot away. The slaughter among her crew was also very great; but the survivors kept at their work with the dogged courage of their race. At first the two vessels ran side by side, but the American gradually forged ahead, throwing in her fire from a position in which she herself received little injury. By degrees they drew so close together that the Americans struck the Frolic's side with their rammers, in loading, and began to rake the British vessel with dreadful effect.

The Frolic then fell on board her antagonist, her jib-boom coming in between the main and mizzen-rigging of the Wasp, and passing over the heads of Captain Jones and Lieutenant Biddle, who were standing by the capstan, on the quarter-deck.

This forced the Wasp up into the wind, and she again raked the Frolic, Captain Jones trying to restrain his crew, who were anxious to board, until he could put in another broadside. But they could not be held back, and Jack Lang, a seaman from New Jersey, leaped on the Frolic's bowsprit. Lieutenant Biddle then mounted the hammock-cloth, to board, but got his feet entangled in some rigging, and one of the midshipmen seizing his coat-tails, to help himself up, the Lieutenant tumbled back on the deck. As the ship rose to the next swell he succeeded in getting on the bowsprit, on which were one or two seamen of his ship. But there was no one to oppose them. The man at the wheel stood grim and undaunted, and there were two or three more about the deck, among them Captain Whinyates and his First Lieutenant, both so severely wounded that they could not stand without support. There could be no more resistance, and Lieutenant Biddle hauled down the flag himself, at a quarter-past twelve—just forty-three minutes after the action commenced. Almost immediately both the Frolic's masts went by the board.

Of her crew not twenty men escaped unhurt. Every officer was wounded and two were killed. Her total loss was thus over ninety, about thirty of whom were killed outright or died of wounds.

The Wasp suffered severely in her rigging and aloft generally, but only two or three shots struck her hull. Five of her men were killed—two in her mizzen-top, and

one in her main-top-mast rigging, and five were wounded, chiefly aloft.

The two vessels were practically of equal force. The loss of the Frolic's main-yard had converted her into a brigantine, and as the roughness of the sea made it necessary to fight under very short canvas, her inferiority in men was fully compensated for by her superiority in metal. She had been desperately defended; no men could have fought more bravely than Captain Whinyates and his crew. On the other hand, the Americans had done their work with a coolness and skill that could not be surpassed. The contest had been mainly one of gunnery, and had been decided by the greatly superior judgment and accuracy with which they fired. Both officers and crew had behaved well.

The French Vice-Admiral Jurien de la Gravière, commenting on this action, says: "The American fire showed itself to be as accurate as it was rapid. On occasions, when the roughness of the seas would seem to render all aim excessively uncertain, the effects of their artillery were not less murderous than under more advantageous conditions. The corvette Wasp fought the brig Frolic in an enormous sea, under very short canvas, and yet, forty minutes after the beginning of the action, the Americans who leaped on board the brig found on the deck, covered with dead and dying, but one brave man, who had not left the wheel, and three officers, all wounded, etc., etc."

The characteristics of the action are the practical equality of the contestants in point of force, and the enormous disparity in the damage each suffered. Numerically the Wasp was superior by five per cent., and inflicted a ninefold greater loss.

Captain Jones was not destined to bring his prize into

port, for a few hours afterward the Poitiers, a British 74, hove in sight. Now appeared the value of the Frolic's desperate defence; if she could not prevent herself from being captured, she had at least ensured her own recapture, and also the capture of her foe. When the Wasp made sail they were found to be cut into ribbons, and she could not make off with sufficient speed. The Poitiers soon overtook her, and carried both vessels into Bermuda. Captain Jones and his officers and men were soon exchanged, and Congress voted them prize money for their capture; while the Captain and Lieutenant Biddle were both deservedly promoted.

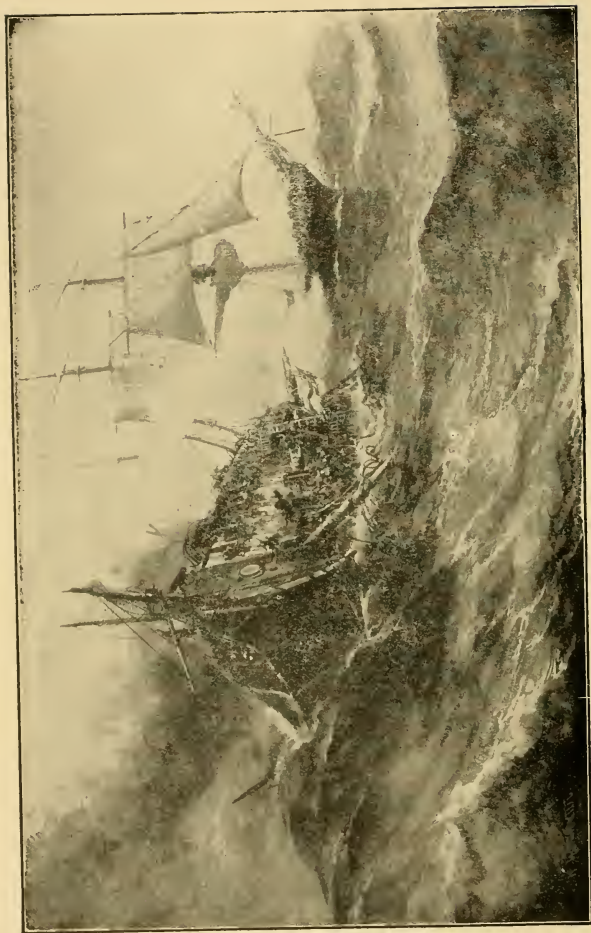
CONSTITUTION. A. D. 1812.



AFTER the declaration of war with England, on the 18th of June, 1812, Vice-Admiral Sawyer, of the British Navy, prepared a squadron at Halifax, and dispatched it, on July 5th, to cruise against the United States. This squadron was commanded by Captain Broke, of the *Shannon*, 38, an officer of great merit and experience, who had under him the *Belvidera*, 36, Captain Byron, another excellent officer, the *Africa*, 64, and the *Æolus*, 32.

On the 9th of July, off Nantucket, they were joined by the *Guerrière*, 38, Captain Dacres. This squadron, on the 16th, fell in with and captured the United States brig *Nautilus*, 14, which, like all the brigs of that day, was overloaded with men and guns; she threw her guns overboard, and made use of every expedient to escape, but with no avail.

At 3 P. M. on the following day, when the British squadron was off Barnegat, and about twelve miles from the shore, a strange sail was seen in the southeast, or windward quarter, standing to the northeast. This vessel was the United States frigate *Constitution*, 44, Captain Isaac Hull. When the war broke out he was in the Chesapeake, engaged in getting a new crew. Having on board about four hundred and fifty souls, he sailed



CAPTURE OF THE GUERRIERE BY THE CONSTITUTION

on the 12th of July. His crew was entirely new, drafts of men coming on board up to the last moment. Hull wrote, just before sailing, that "the crew are as yet unacquainted with a ship-of-war, as many have but lately joined and have never been on an armed ship before. We are doing all that we can to make them acquainted with their duty, and in a few days we shall have nothing to fear from any single-decked ship." On the 17th, at 2 p. m., Hull discovered four sail to the northward, heading to the westward. An hour after, the wind being very light, the Constitution made more sail, and tacked ship, being in eighteen and a-half fathoms. At four p. m. the Constitution discovered a fifth sail, which was the *Guerrière*. At about six o'clock the wind shifted and blew lightly from the south, bringing the American ship to windward, and she immediately wore, with her head to the eastward, set studding-sails and stay-sails, and at half-past seven beat to quarters, intending to speak the nearest vessel, the *Guerrière*. The two frigates neared each other gradually, and the Constitution, at ten p. m., began making signals. These were not answered, and the two frigates gradually drew near each other; the *Guerrière* discovered, on her lee beam, the other British vessels, and signalled to them.

They did not answer the signals, thinking she must know who they were—a circumstance which afterwards gave rise to sharp recriminations. Dacres, concluding them to be Commodore Rodgers' American squadron, tacked, and stood away from the Constitution for some time before discovering his mistake.

The next morning, soon after daylight, Hull had just enough steerage-way to keep the Constitution's head to the east, on the starboard tack. On his lee quarter, bearing northeast by north, were the *Belvidera* and

Guerrière, and astern the Shannon, *Æolus*, and *Africa*. At half-past five in the morning it fell dead calm, and Hull called away his boats, to tow the ship to the southward. At the same time he got two long guns aft, and cut away the taffrail, to give them more room to work; while he ran out of the cabin windows two of the long main-deck 24's.

By this time the British had followed his example, and had their boats out to tow. Soon, however, a light breeze sprang up, and the *Constitution* set all studding-sails and stay-sails. At this time the *Shannon* opened upon her with her bow-guns, but ceased when she found she did not reach the American ship. By half-past six in the morning the light breeze had died away again, and the *Shannon* began to gain on the *Constitution*, in consequence of most of the boats of the British squadron being set to tow her. Just then the *Constitution* sounded in twenty-six fathoms, and Lieut. Charles Morris suggested to Captain Hull to try kedging. This was adopted, and all the spare rope bent on to the kedges, paid out into the cutters, and then one kedge run out half a mile ahead and let go. The crew then clapped on and walked the ship up to the kedge—over-running and tripping it as she came to the end of the line. Meanwhile, the other kedge and lines were carried out; and the ship thus glided away from her pursuers.

At half-past seven A. M. a little breeze sprang up, and the *Constitution* then set her ensign and fired a shot at the *Shannon*—the first shot of this remarkable chase. It soon fell calm again, and the *Shannon* began to near. This was a critical time, for, if the *Shannon* got close enough to disable in the slightest degree the spars of the American frigate, she must inevitably be captured. But about nine o'clock an air from the southward struck the

Constitution, bringing her to windward. The breeze was seen, freshening the glassy surface of the sea, her sails were trimmed, and as soon as possible she was brought close upon the port tack. The boats which were engaged in kedging dropped alongside; those which belonged to the davits were run up, and the others lifted clear of the water by purchases from the chains and spare spars, so that they could be used again at a moment's notice. The *Guerrière*, on her lee beam, now opened fire, but, as it fell short, Hull paid no attention to it. Again, to Hull's vexation, it fell calm—it was, indeed, just such a summer's day as is often seen off the Jersey coast, when it seems as if the wind had died out forever—and he started two thousand gallons of water, and once more lowered his boats to tow; having to use great exertion to keep the *Shannon*, which had most of the boats of the squadron, from gaining on her. Again a breath of air ruffled the water, and this time the *Belvidera* gained on the other British ships, and their boats were all put on to tow her. (Cooper says that this ship was the *Shannon* still, but Roosevelt, a very careful writer, says it was the *Belvidera*.) Captain Byron, of this ship, observing how the *Constitution* crept away from them by warping, did the same thing; and he even improved upon the operation by working two kedge anchors at the same time—paying the warp out of one hawse hole as it was run in through the other. Having men from the other English ships on board, and a lighter ship to work, he gradually gained upon the *Constitution*. Hull fully expected to be overtaken, but he made all his arrangements to endeavor to disable the first frigate before her consorts could come up. The English frigates, on the other hand, were deterred from coming very close, for

fear of having their boats sunk by the American frigate's stern-chasers.

The Constitution's crew worked splendidly. Officers and men regularly relieved each other in the exhausting labor, the officers lying down on deck for a short rest, and the men sleeping at their guns. The Constitution rather gained, but the situation continued critical. The British ships continued towing and kedging, barely out of gun-shot, all the afternoon, the few light puffs of air being carefully watched, and made the most of by both sides. At seven in the evening, it being dead calm again, the towing and kedging was renewed, the men being much worn by their continued exertions. But partial breezes during the night gave them some rest, and at daylight the *Belvidera* was off the Constitution's lee beam, with a light breeze from the southeast. The *Æolus* was also well up, but the wind now freshened, and the Constitution and the English frigates were soon running off on the starboard tack, with every stitch of sail set. The *Africa* was so far to leeward as to be out of the race. At nine in the morning an American merchant ship hove in sight, and came down toward the English squadron. The *Belvidera* hoisted the American colors, as a decoy, but the Constitution immediately hoisted the British flag, and the merchant vessel hauled off. At noon Hull found he had dropped all the British ships. The *Belvidera* was the nearest, being in his wake, and at least two miles and a-half off. The *Shannon* was to leeward, and much further off; and the others were five miles off, on the lee quarter. The breeze freshened, and the Constitution's sails being watched and trimmed with consummate skill, she continued to draw away from her pursuers, so that at daylight the next morning the nearest was four miles astern. Soon after there were indications of a heavy

thunder squall, and the indefatigable Hull again had an opportunity to show that he excelled in seamanship even the able English captains who were pitted against him. The crew of the Constitution went to their stations for working ship, and everything was kept fast until the last moment. Just before the squall struck the ship sail was handsomely reduced; but as soon as Hull got the weight of the wind he sheeted home, set his fore and main top-gallant-sails, and was off on an easy bowline, at the rate of eleven knots an hour. The British vessels, seeing him reduce sail, began to let go, clew up and haul down, without waiting for the wind, and were steering on different tacks when the first gust struck them.

When the squall passed over the Belvidera had fallen much astern, and to leeward, while the other ships were nearly hull down. The wind now fell light and baffling, but Hull had the sails continually wet down, and continued to draw away from his pertinacious pursuers, so that on the morning of the 20th, being almost out of sight astern, they abandoned the chase. On July 26th the Constitution reached Boston.

“In this chase Hull was matched against five British captains, two of whom, Broke and Byron, were fully equal to any in their navy; and while they showed great perseverance, good seamanship, and ready imitation, there can be no doubt that the palm in every way belongs to the cool old Yankee. Every daring expedient known to the most perfect seamanship was tried, and tried with success; and no victorious fight could reflect more credit on the conqueror than this three days’ chase did on Hull. Later, on two occasions, the Constitution proved herself far superior in gunnery to the average British frigate; this time her officers and men showed that they could handle the sails as well as they could the guns. Hull

out-mancœuvred Broke and Byron as cleverly as, a month later, he out-fought Dacres. His successful escape and victorious fight were both performed in a way that place him above any single-ship captain of the war."

Hull left Boston, in the *Constitution*, on August 2d, and stood off to the eastward. Falling in with nothing, she took a turn to the Bay of Fundy, the coast of Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland, and finally, took up a station off Cape Race, where she took two brigs. As they were of small value, Hull burned them. On the 15th of August she re-captured an American brig from the British ship-sloop *Avenger*. The latter escaped, but Hull manned his prize, and sent her in. Soon after this he spoke a Salem privateer, which gave him information of a British frigate cruising to the southward. He made sail in that direction, and at 2 P.M. of August 19th, in latitude $41^{\circ}30'$ north, and 55° west, he made out a large sail to the east-southeast, and to leeward, which proved to be his old acquaintance, the frigate *Guerrière*, Captain Dacres.

It was a cloudy day, and the wind was blowing fresh from the northwest. The *Guerrière* was by the wind, on the starboard tack, under easy canvas. She hauled up her courses, took in her top-gallant-sails, and at half-past four backed her main-top-sail, to wait for her enemy. Hull then began to shorten sail, taking in top-gallant-sails, stay-sails, and flying jib, sending down his royal-yards, and placing a reef in his top-sails. The English ship then hoisted three ensigns, upon which Hull set his colors, one at each masthead, and one at the mizzen-peak.

The *Constitution* was running down with the wind nearly aft. The *Guerrière* was on the starboard tack, and at five o'clock opened with her weather guns, but

the shot fell short. She then wore round, and fired her port broadside, of which two shot struck the Constitution, the rest passing over and through her rigging. As the British frigate again wore, to open with her starboard battery, the Constitution yawed a little, and fired two or three of her bow guns. The *Guerrière* repeated her manœuvre three or four times, wearing and firing alternate broadsides, but with little or no effect, while the Constitution each time yawed, to prevent being raked, and occasionally she fired one of her bow guns. This continued for nearly an hour, as the ships were very far apart when the action commenced, and hardly any loss or damage was as yet inflicted by either party. At six the *Guerrière* bore up, and ran off, under her top-sails and jib, with the wind astern, or a little on the port quarter; when the Constitution set her main-top-gallant-sail and foresail, and in a few minutes closed within less than pistol shot, on her adversary's port beam. A furious cannonade now ensued, each ship firing as her guns bore. At twenty minutes past six the ships were fairly abreast, and the Constitution shot away the *Guerrière*'s mizzen-mast, which fell over her starboard quarter, knocking a large hole in her counter, and bringing the ship round against her helm. Hitherto the English vessel had suffered very greatly, and the Constitution scarcely at all. The latter, finding that she was ranging ahead, put her helm apart, and luffed short round her enemy's bows, delivering a heavy raking fire with her starboard guns, and shooting away the *Guerrière*'s main-yard. Then she wore, and again passed her enemy's bows, raking the *Guerrière* with her port battery. The *Guerrière*'s mizzen-mast, dragging in the water, had by this time pulled her bow round till the wind came on her starboard quarter; and so near were the two ships that the Englishman's bow-

sprit passed diagonally over the Constitution's quarter-deck, and as the latter ship fell off, it got foul of her mizzen rigging, so that the ships lay with the *Guerrière's* starboard bow against the Constitution's port, or lee quarter-gallery.

The bow guns of the English frigate now made great havoc in Captain Hull's cabin, which was set on fire by the close discharges, but the flames were soon extinguished. Both sides now called away boarders, and the British crew ran forward on their forecastle, but Captain Dacres gave up the idea of boarding when he saw the crowds of men on the American's decks. The Constitution's boarders and marines had gathered aft, but such a heavy sea was running that they could not gain the *Guerrière's* forecastle. A close musketry fire was now kept up, and almost the entire loss of the Constitution occurred at this time. Lieutenant Bush, of that ship's marines, sprang on the taffrail, to board, and was shot dead. Mr. Morris, the First Lieutenant, and the Master, Mr. Alwyn, both of whom had leaped upon the taffrail, to head the boarders, were wounded at this time, by musketry. The *Guerrière* suffered still more; most of the men on her forecastle being killed or wounded. Captain Dacres himself was wounded, by a musket ball from the Constitution's mizzen-top, while he was standing on the hammocks, cheering on his crew. Two of his Lieutenants and his Master were also shot down. Lying thus, the ships gradually worked round till the wind was once more on the port quarter, when they separated, and the *Guerrière's* fore and main-masts both went over the side at once, falling on the starboard side, leaving her a sheer hulk, rolling her main-deck guns into the water. It was now half-past six, and the Constitution boarded her tacks, ran off a little way to the eastward, and lay to.

A few minutes were now occupied in splicing and reeving new running rigging, which had been much cut.

Captain Hull then stood down under his adversary's lee, and the latter immediately struck. It was then just seven P. M., and exactly two hours from the time the first shot was fired. On the part of the Constitution, however, the actual fighting, exclusive of the six or eight guns fired during the first hour, while closing, occupied less than thirty minutes.

This account of the action is taken from Roosevelt, and we shall proceed to make some extracts from his judicious remarks upon the battle.

The Constitution had on board four hundred and fifty-six men, while of the *Guerrière's* crew, two hundred and sixty-seven prisoners were received on board the Constitution. Deducting ten Americans who would not fight, and adding fifteen killed outright, we get two hundred and seventy-two. Twenty-eight of her crew were absent in prizes.

The loss of the Constitution was seven killed and seven wounded, and almost all this loss occurred from musketry, while the ships were foul.

The *Guerrière* lost twenty-three killed and fifty-six wounded. Roosevelt thus sums up: Constitution, 1576 tons; comparative force one hundred; comparative loss inflicted one hundred. *Guerrière*, 1338 tons; comparative force seventy; comparative loss inflicted eighteen.

The Third Lieutenant of the Constitution was sent on board the prize, and the American frigate lay by her during the night. At daylight she was found to be in danger of sinking, and Captain Hull at once began removing the prisoners; and at three o'clock in the afternoon set the *Guerrière* on fire, when she very shortly blew up.

He then made sail for Boston, where he arrived on the 30th of August.

"Captain Hull and his officers," writes Captain Dacres, in his official letter, "have treated us like brave and generous enemies; the greatest care has been taken that we should not lose the smallest trifle."

The British journals and naval historians laid very great stress on the rotten and decayed condition of the *Guerrière*; mentioning particularly that the main-mast fell solely because of the weight of the falling fore-mast. But until the action took place she was considered a very fine ship. Dacres declared, some time before, that she could take a ship in half the time the *Shannon* could. The fall of her main-mast occurred when the fight was practically over; it had no influence whatever on the conflict. "It was also asserted that the *Guerrière's* powder was bad; but on no authority. Her first broadside fell short; * * * * but none of these causes account for the fact that her shot did not hit. Her opponent was of such superior force—nearly in the proportion of three to two—that success would have been very difficult in any event, and no one can doubt the gallantry and pluck with which the British ship was fought; but the execution was very greatly disproportioned to the force.

The gunnery of the *Guerrière* was very poor, and that of the *Constitution* excellent. During the few minutes the ships were yard-arm and yard-arm, the latter was not hulled once, while no less than thirty of her shot took effect on the *Guerrière's* engaged side, underneath the water line. The *Guerrière*, moreover, was out-manœuvred. Lord Howard Douglass says, "in wearing several times and exchanging broadsides in such rapid and continual changes of position, her fire was much more harmless than it would have been if she had kept more steady."

The Constitution was faultlessly handled. Captain Hull displayed the coolness and skill of a veteran, in the way in which he managed, first to avoid being raked, and then to improve the advantage which the precision and rapidity of his fire had gained.

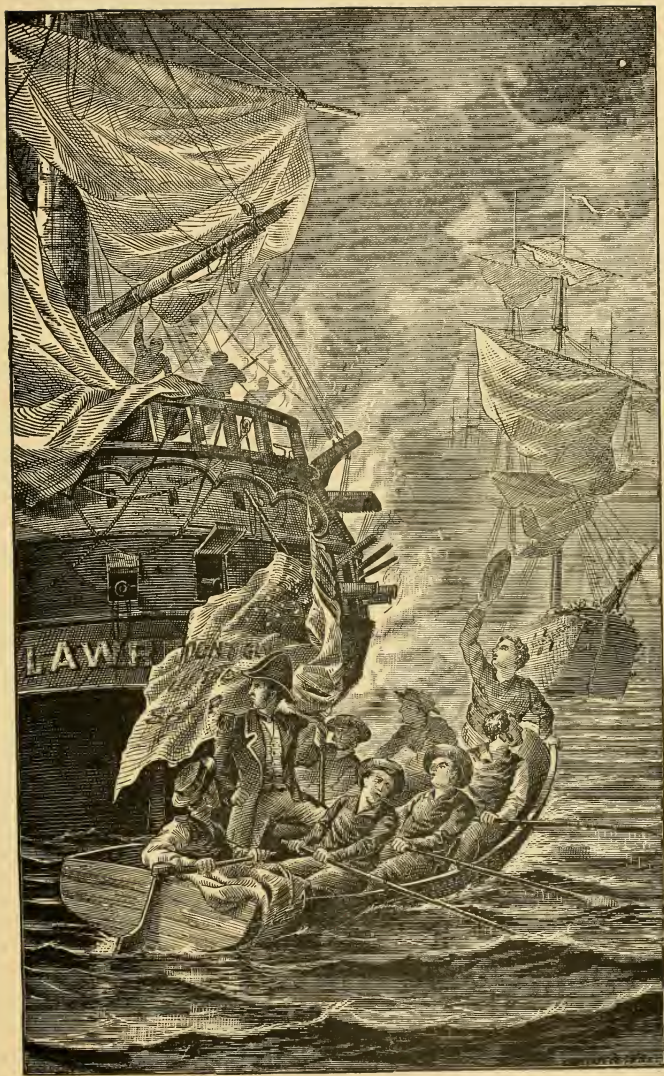
Cooper says, "After making every allowance claimed by the enemy, the character of this victory is not essentially altered. Its peculiarities were a fine display of seamanship in the approach, extraordinary efficiency in the attack, and great readiness in repairing damages; all of which denote cool and capable officers, with an expert and trained crew; in a word, a disciplined man-of-war." The disparity of force, 10 to 7, is not enough to account for the disparity of execution, 10 to 2. Of course, something must be allowed for the decayed state of the Englishman's masts, although it probably had not any real influence upon the battle, for he was beaten when the main-mast fell. It must be remembered, on the other hand, that the American crew were absolutely new, and unaccustomed to a fighting ship, while the *Guerrière* was manned by old hands. So that, while admitting and admiring the gallantry, and, on the whole, the seamanship, of Captain Dacres and his crew, and acknowledging that he fought at a disadvantage, especially in being short-handed, yet it must be acknowledged that the combat showed a marked superiority, particularly in gunnery, on the part of the Americans. Had the ships not come foul, Captain Hull would probably not have lost more than three or four men; as it was, he suffered but slightly. That the *Guerrière* was not so weak as she was represented to be, can be gathered from the fact that she mounted two more main-deck guns than the rest of her class; thus carrying on her main-deck 30 long 18-pounders in battery, to oppose to the 30 long 24's, or

rather (allowing for the short weight of shot), long 22's of the Constitution.

"Characteristically enough, James, though he carefully reckons in the long bow-chasers in the bridle-ports of the Argus and Enterprise, yet refuses to count the two long eighteens mounted through the bridle-ports on the Guerrière's main-deck. Now, as it turned out, these two bow-guns were used very effectively when the ships got foul, and caused more damage and loss than all of the other main-deck guns put together."

Captain Dacres, very much to his credit, allowed the ten Americans he had on board to go below, so as not to fight against their flag, and, upon his court-martial, stated that "he was very much weakened by permitting the Americans on board to quit their quarters." "Coupling this with the assertion made by James, and most other British writers, that the Constitution was largely manned by Englishmen, we reach the somewhat remarkable conclusion, that the British ship was defeated because the Americans on board would *not* fight against their country, and that the American was victorious because the British on board *would*."





PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

LAKE ERIE. 10TH SEPTEMBER, 1813.

" September the tenth, full well I ween
In eighteen hundred and thirteen ;
The weather mild, the sky serene ;
Commanded by bold Perry,
Our saucy fleet at anchor lay
In safety, moored at Put-in-Bay.
'Twixt sunrise and the break of day
The British fleet
We chanced to meet ;
Our Admiral thought he would them greet
With a welcome on Lake Erie."

" Bold Barclay one day to Proctor did say,
I'm tired of Jamaica and sherry ;
So let us go down to that new floating town,
And get some American Perry ;
Oh ! cheap American Perry !
Most pleasant American Perry !
We need only bear down, knock, and call,
And we'll have the American Perry."



RECENT and judicious writer, Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Naval War of 1812," says, "The victory of Lake Erie was most important, both in its material results and in its moral effect. It gave us complete command of all the upper lakes, prevented any fear of invasion from that quarter, increased our prestige with the foe, and our confidence in ourselves, and ensured

the conquest of upper Canada; in all these respects its importance has not been overrated. But the 'glory' acquired by it most certainly *has* been estimated at more than its worth. Most Americans, even the well educated, if asked which was the most glorious victory of the war, would point to this battle. Captain Perry's name is more widely known than that of any other commander in the war. Every school-boy reads about *him*; * * * * yet he certainly stands on a lower grade than either McDonough or Hull, and not a bit higher than a dozen others. * * * * The courage with which the Lawrence was defended has hardly ever been surpassed, and may fairly be called heroic; but equal praise belongs to the men on board the Detroit, who had to discharge the great guns by flashing pistols at the touch-holes, and yet made such a terribly effective defence.

"Courage is only one of the many elements which go to make up the character of a first-class commander; something more than bravery is needed before a leader can really be called great."

"Captain Barclay handled his ships like a first-rate seaman. It was impossible to arrange them so as to be superior to his antagonist, for the latter's force was of such a nature that in smooth water his gunboats gave him a great advantage. In short, our victory was due to our heavy metal."

"Captain Perry showed indomitable pluck, and readiness to adapt himself to circumstances; but his claim to fame rests much less on his actual victory than on the way in which he prepared the fleet that was to win it. Here his energy and activity deserve all praise, not only for the success in collecting sailors and vessels, and in building the two brigs, but, above all, for the manner in which he succeeded in getting them out on the lake.

On *that* occasion he certainly out-generated Barclay; indeed, the latter committed an error that the skill and address he subsequently showed could not retrieve.

"But it will always be a source of surprise that the American public should have so glorified Perry's victory over an inferior force, and have paid comparatively little attention to McDonough's victory, which really was won against decided odds in ships, men, and metal. There are always those who consider it unpatriotic to tell the truth, if the truth is not very flattering."

"Lake Erie teaches us the advantage of having the odds on our side; Lake Champlain, that, even if they are not, skill can soon counteract them."

Oliver Hazard Perry, who derives his fame from this action, was born in Rhode Island, and entered the navy in 1799; seeing a good deal of varied service. About the time that war with England became imminent he was promoted to the rank of Master Commandant, and was in command of a flotilla of gunboats in Newport and in Long Island Sound. The employment was not congenial to Perry, as he longed for a chance to distinguish himself by some great action; and he saw others promoted, while he remained stationary. Failing to get command of a cruising ship, he applied for service upon the lakes.

At last, in February, 1813, Commodore Chauncey obtained for him a command on Lake Erie; where he was to build two heavy brigs of war, to meet the force preparing by the enemy. These vessels were of 500 tons each, to carry each twenty guns; such was the emergency, that the planks of which they were built were often cut and put in the vessel on the same day. Shipwrights and blockmakers, with their tools; canvas, and ordnance, were sent five hundred miles, through a half settled country, to finish and fit out these brigs.

While they were building Perry went over from Erie, by small boat and on horseback, and participated in the attack upon Fort George.

The British soon evacuated the whole Niagara frontier, and some American vessels which they had detained at Black Rock were then towed up, by oxen and soldiers, against the strong current of the Niagara, into Lake Erie. There were five of them, and they safely reached Erie, where the squadron was fitting out.

The enemy, having some years before begun the creation of a naval force on Lake Erie, had then complete control of that sheet of water, and a vastly superior force to that which Perry was taking to Erie. Great address and vigilance were required to get the little squadron there safely, and, although narrowly watched, with head winds, and himself ill, he got safely into Erie just as the British squadron hove in sight. Many of Perry's best men were ill at this time, principally from malarial causes, but the work was pushed on incessantly.

When completed, the different vessels of his squadron were very unequally manned; and the great want of seamen led to a great deal of correspondence and trouble, not necessary to be gone into at this late day. Of all the vessels, the Niagara is said to have had the best crew.

Perry at last got his squadron out into the lake, after lifting the heavy vessels over the bar at Erie with "camels"—a very difficult operation.

The weather and the drinking water had seriously affected a large number of his not too numerous force, but he went on, as if convinced of success.

On the 31st of August, at Put-in Bay, Perry received from General Harrison a reinforcement of one hundred men, which, after deducting deaths and disabilities, carried

the total of his muster-roll to four hundred and ninety officers and men. Some of the men received from Harrison were boatmen, but the major part were to serve as marines. They came from the Kentucky militia, and from the 28th Regular regiment, and were all volunteers for this duty.

At this time the enemy did not seem disposed to accept battle in the open lake.

On September 4th Perry sent the Ohio to Erie, for provisions and stores, with orders to hasten back; and the next day—the squadron being then in Sandusky Bay—three citizens arrived from Malden, and informed Perry that the British army under General Proctor being short of provisions, it had been determined that the English squadron should sail, and engage our's, and endeavor to open communication with Long Point, so as to draw the necessary supplies from that place. Perry at this time also received more accurate information as to the enemy's force.

This consisted of the Detroit, a new and strongly built ship of 500 tons and 17 guns—all long, except two 24-pound carronades; the ship Queen Charlotte, of 400 tons and 17 guns—three of them long. These two ships had each a long gun on a pivot. Then came the schooner Lady Prevost, of 13 guns—three of them long; the brig Hunter, of 10 guns; the sloop Little Belt, of two long 12s and one 18-pounder; and the schooner Chippewa, with one long 18.

This made sixty-three guns; twenty-five of which were long.

This squadron was commanded by Captain Robert Heriot Barclay, of the Royal Navy, a veteran officer, who had served with distinction in several engagements which had raised the flag of England to the first place on the

ocean; who had been at Trafalgar, with Nelson, and dangerously wounded in that battle. More recently, as First Lieutenant of a frigate, he had lost an arm in action with the French. He was a man not only of approved courage, but a skillful seaman. The second in command was Captain Finnis, also a brave and experienced officer—with others of excellent standing.

Barclay had recently received a draft of men from the English ships at Quebec, and had one hundred and fifty men of the Royal Navy, eighty Canadian lake sailors, and two hundred and forty soldiers from the 41st regiment-of-the-line, and the Newfoundland Rangers; making, by their own account, four hundred and seventy seamen and soldiers, to which must be added thirty-two officers, making five hundred and two souls.

The American vessels were the *Lawrence*, Captain Perry; the *Niagara*, Captain Elliott, each of twenty guns; the *Caledonia*, 3, Purser McGrath; the *Ariel*, 4, Lieutenant Packett; the *Trippe*, 1, Lieutenant Smith; the *Tigress*, 1, Lieutenant Conklin; the *Somers*, 2, Mr. Almy; the *Scorpion*, 2, Mr. Champlin; the *Ohio*, 1, Mr. Dobbins; and the *Porcupine*, 1, Mr. Senatt.

Of the American vessels, mounting altogether fifty-five guns, only the brigs *Lawrence* and *Niagara* could be considered men-of-war. The others were exceedingly frail, and had no bulwarks, and the carronades of the Americans, although heavy, rendered close action necessary.

On the receipt of the intelligence of Barclay's movements, Perry sailed from Sandusky, and, on September 6th, reconnoitred the enemy off Malden, and seeing him still at his moorings, returned to Put-in Bay, which place afforded every facility for observing his movements. Here the last preparations for battle were made, and the

last instructions given; the officers being summoned on board the *Lawrence* for that purpose.

Perry had had a battle flag prepared, a blue field, bearing, in large white letters, "Don't give up the ship," the dying words of the hero whose name the flag-ship bore. The hoisting of this at the main truck was to be the signal for battle.

The young Commander had made every preparation he could, and his men had become thoroughly familiar with the guns; but a large sick-list was a great drawback. On the morning of the battle there were one hundred and sixteen sick; but many of these went to their quarters. All the medical officers were ill except Assistant Surgeon Usher Parsons, who had to attend to all the vessels.

At sunrise, on September 10th, the British squadron was discovered from the mast-head, bearing northwest, and standing for Put-in Bay.

Barclay had a clear passage to Long Point, and he could have avoided Perry, but he came out to fight, and bore down to engage, with a long day before him in which to fight a battle; coming, indeed, more than half-way to meet his enemy on his own coast. This sets at rest any pretence that the English really felt themselves inferior in force—as has been alleged by British and other writers. The gallant Barclay made no such statement in his Court, after his return to England.

As soon as the British squadron was reported, the Americans got under way, and beat out of the harbor, against a light breeze from southwest; sometimes towing with the boats. Some islands of the Bass group interposed between our squadron and that of the enemy, and some hours passed in this work—the wind being light and baffling. About 10 A. M. Perry determined to wear

ship, and run to leeward of the islands. His Sailing Master remarked that this would force them to engage the enemy from to leeward. Perry exclaimed, "I don't care! To windward or to leeward, they shall fight to-day!"

The wind shifted suddenly, just then, to southeast, and enabled Perry to clear the islands, and retain the weather-gage. If he had surrendered this he would have enabled the enemy to choose his distance for his long guns, and rendered his own carronades less effective. But the lee-gage had some advantages also; and Perry was a seaman, understood the situation, and was determined to fight. At 10 A. M. the *Lawrence* cleared for action. The shot racks were filled, as were the rope grummets; the men buckled on their cutlasses and pistols; matches were lit; preventer braces rove; the decks were wet and sanded, to prevent explosion of scattered powder, and to afford secure footing when the planks should become slippery with blood.

The enemy hove to, in line of battle, on the port tack, with their vessels' heads to the southward and westward.

The Americans approached at the rate of not more than three miles an hour, with fine weather and smooth water. There had been an early shower, after which it was a beautiful day.

The British vessels were all fresh painted, and their rigging tarred down; and being hove to in close order, with the morning sun shining upon their broadsides, and the red ensigns floating above them, they had a warlike and imposing appearance.

Our squadron bore down to engage, with the wind upon the port quarter, and it was seen that the *Chippewa* was in the enemy's van; then the *Detroit*; the *Hunter* third; *Queen Charlotte* fourth; *Lady Prevost* fifth; and *Little Belt* in the rear.

Upon discovering this arrangement of the enemy's vessels, Perry re-modelled his line-of-battle, so as to bring his heaviest vessels opposite their designated antagonists. When the line was reformed he bore up again, the interval between the squadrons being then about six miles.

He now produced his battle flag, and, mounting a gun-slide, asked, "My brave lads! This flag contains the last words of Captain Lawrence! Shall I hoist it?" "Ay, ay, Sir!"—and it was at once sent aloft.

The other vessels welcomed its appearance with three cheers; and at this time many of the sick came up and volunteered for duty, stimulated, by their patriotic feelings, to temporary ability. As the ordinary dinner-time (always held as sacred to the men of the navy as possible) would find them engaged, the noon-day grog and bread was now served out, and after that was disposed of, every one went quietly to his quarters. Perry carefully inspected each gun, and spoke to the gun's crew. Seeing some of the Constitution's old crew, he said, "Well, boys, are you ready?" The veterans simply touched their hats, and replied, "All ready, your honor!" This was at that time the customary mode of address to a commanding officer. Many of the men (as was the fashion then, in their "hammer and tongs" kind of fighting) stripped to the belt, retaining only their trousers, and tying handkerchiefs round their heads. Perry smiled, and said, "I need not say anything to you. You know how to beat these fellows." And then he spoke a few words to his "Newport boys," who had come with him from his own home—the sons of neighbors. The words were quiet, few, and earnest.

Now ensued a weary waiting, and silence, for a long hour and a half, as the squadron slowly approached the

British line, under a light air; the silence being only broken by an order, now and then, in a subdued voice, or the ripple of the waters, as the ship divided them. This inactivity before the crash of battle is always trying, and especially so on board ship; and messages are then given to friends, and last instructions of many kinds. Perry wrapped his public papers in lead, to be thrown overboard in case of capture. He destroyed his private papers.

The long suspense was at last broken by the blast of a bugle, on board the Detroit, and three cheers from the British line; and at a quarter-before twelve the British flag-ship fired the first gun. It was aimed at the Lawrence, and fell short. The Lawrence was in advance, for some of the American vessels were dull sailers, and by this time much out of line. The second shot from the Detroit's long gun was fired five minutes later, and took effect upon the Lawrence, as she slowly bore down, in the lead. The English fire now began to be felt, and at this time the distribution of our guns in small vessels gave advantage to the heavy, concentrated broadsides of the enemy.

Owing to the English superiority in long guns (the entire armament of the Detroit, with two exceptions, being of this description), their fire soon became very destructive to the Lawrence, and there were no other American vessels near enough to draw a part of it.

To hasten the moment when his carronades would take effect, and enable him to return successfully the enemy's fire, Perry made all sail again, and passed the word, by trumpet, from vessel to vessel, along his line, to close up and take station. They did not all do so at once, however, and there was much trouble and recrimination afterwards, in regard to the conduct of the Com-

mander of one of them. Meanwhile the Lawrence was suffering terribly, as she approached the enemy slowly. At noon Perry luffed up, and fired his starboard guns; but finding they would not reach, bore away again, and continued to draw nearer, very slowly, until a quarter-past twelve, when he opened again with his whole starboard broadside, continuing to approach until within about three hundred and fifty yards, when he hauled up on a course parallel to that of the enemy, and opened a most rapid and destructive fire upon the Detroit. So steady had been the approach of the Lawrence, in bearing down, and so unwavering the purpose of her Commander, that Barclay had apprehended an intention to board. Perry's object was only to get within effective reach of his carronades. It required great coolness and determination to effect this, under the fire of the English long guns, as Perry was obliged to see his men killed, and his vessel cut up, without being able to answer until within distance for close action. Half an hour's exposure of the Lawrence to the fire of twenty long guns had caused great carnage and destruction on board of her. Nevertheless, she now commenced to fire with spirit and effect; and, notwithstanding great odds, from want of support—having thirty-four guns almost entirely directed against her—she continued to reply, with steady and unwavering effort. In this unequal contest she was soon nobly sustained by the Scorpion and Ariel, which were on her weather bow. These vessels, being small, and but slightly noticed by the enemy, or injured by his shot, were enabled to direct their fire with sure aim, and almost without interruption.

The Commander of the Caledonia, with the same sense of duty and gallant spirit which animated Perry, followed the Lawrence into close action as soon as possible, and closed with her designated antagonist, the

Hunter; but for some reason, which afterwards caused serious imputations against her Commander, the Niagara, which, when the action commenced had been within hail of the Lawrence, did not follow her down towards the enemy's line, so as to engage her proper antagonist, the Queen Charlotte. This was a great interference with the order of battle laid down by Perry, as the Captain of the Niagara failed to engage, at short distance, the adversary his orders required him to meet. The Queen Charlotte was thus enabled to contribute to a concentrated fire upon the Lawrence; and the latter was forced to struggle against unexpected odds.

Her first division of starboard guns was directed against the Detroit, and the second against the Queen Charlotte—with an occasional shot from her after gun at the Hunter, which lay on her quarter, and with which the Caledonia continued to sustain a hot but unequal engagement.

The Scorpion and Ariel, from their station on the weather bow of the Lawrence, were making every effort that their small force permitted.

The Niagara was by this time in a position which prevented her from firing, except with her long gun, and at the sternmost English vessel. The rest of the American vessels, all small, were then too far off for their fire to have much effect.

With a force of thirty-four guns against her ten in battery, the Lawrence kept up the battle—with the aid of the Scorpion, Ariel, and Caledonia—for two hours. She fired with great spirit, and showed the good training of the men at the guns, until, one by one, these guns were disabled, and their crews killed or wounded. Her surgeon, in speaking of the action, says they fired all this time as deliberately as if at their ordinary exercise.

By this time the Lawrence's rigging was almost completely shot away, sails torn to pieces, spars wounded and falling, and the braces and bowlines cut, so as to render it impossible to trim the yards and keep the vessel under control. If the destruction was great aloft, on deck it was terrible. Some of the best trained veteran English seamen had been firing at the Lawrence for two hours, at close quarters, until only one gun remained on board of her that could be fired. Her bulwarks were beaten in until round and grape-shot passed through unopposed. The slaughter was almost unexampled in naval battles. Of one hundred well men who had gone into action, twenty-two were killed, and sixty-two wounded.

The killed were hastily removed out of the way of the guns, and the wounded crowded together upon the berth-deck. It was impossible for Dr. Parsons, the only medical officer fit for duty, to attend to such a press of wounded. Bleeding arteries were hastily secured; shattered limbs supported by splints, and those which were nearly severed by cannon balls hastily removed.

Owing to the shallowness of the vessels necessary for lake navigation, the wounded were all above the water line, and liable to be struck again by balls passing through the vessel's sides.

Midshipman Laub, while leaving the Surgeon, after having a tourniquet put upon his arm, was struck by a cannon ball, which passed through his chest.

A Narragansett Indian, named Charles Poughigh, was killed in like manner, after his leg had been taken off.

Perry had a favorite dog on board, a spaniel, which had been put into a state-room, below, to be out of the way. The confinement, the noise, and the groans of the wounded, terrified the animal, and at each broadside he

howled fearfully. During the action a shot made a large hole in the bulkhead of the room, and the dog thrust his head out, yelping for release, in such a ludicrous manner that the wounded lying about burst out laughing, in the midst of their suffering.

Perry kept up the fire from his single remaining carronade, although he had to send down to the Surgeon for the men employed in moving the wounded, to enable him to man this single gun.

At last the Captain himself, Purser Hambleton, and the Chaplain, Mr. Breese, helped to serve that gun, until it too was disabled.

"Perry never seemed to lose heart, and kept up the courage and enthusiasm of those about him by his undaunted bearing. Calm and cool, his orders were issued with precision, and obeyed with steady alacrity, in the midst of the surrounding carnage. Sometimes a single ball, or a round of grape or canister, would kill or disable a whole gun's crew; but the survivors would exchange a glance with Perry, and then coolly step into their shipmate's stations. As long as he was spared they seemed to think that triumph was secure; and they died cheerfully in that belief."

In the heat of the fight Yarnall, the First Lieutenant, came to Perry, and told him that all the officers of the first division were either killed or wounded. Yarnall was himself wounded in the forehead and in the neck, and covered with blood, while his nose was dreadfully swollen by a blow from a splinter. Perry good-humoredly expressed some astonishment at his appearance, and sent him the desired aid. Soon Yarnall returned, with the same story, and Perry then told him, "You must make out by yourself; I have no more to furnish you." Perry, even at this critical time, could not help smiling at

Yarnall's appearance, for, in addition to his disfigured nose, he was covered with down of "cat-tails," from the hammock mattresses which had been struck, and which had adhered to the blood upon his face. Dr. Parsons describes him as looking like a huge owl.

When he went below, after the action, even the wounded men laughed at his hideous appearance, and one of them exclaimed, "The Devil has come for his own."

Another incident is characteristic of the calm cheerfulness of Perry and his officers. Dulany Forrest, the Second Lieutenant (who died a Commodore), was standing immediately beside Perry, fighting his division, when a grape-shot struck him in the breast, and he fell. Perry raised him, and seeing no wound, for it was a spent shot, told him to rally, for he could not be hurt.

The Lieutenant, who was only stunned, soon recovered consciousness, and pulling out the shot, which had lodged in his waistcoat, said, "No, Sir! I'm not hurt, but this is my shot."

More than one man was shot down while actually speaking to Perry. One of these was the Captain of a gun, whose tackle had been shot away. Perry advanced to see what was the matter. The sailor, an "old Constitution," said, "I can fire, Sir," and was in the act of doing so, when a twenty-four pound shot passed through his body, and he fell at Perry's feet.

Another incident illustrates the carnage on board the *Lawrence*. An excellent young officer, Lieutenant John Brooks, commanded the marines. He was remarkable for his good looks and amiable disposition. While speaking to Perry, he was struck on the thigh by a cannon ball, and carried some distance. He shrieked with pain, and implored Perry to shoot him—so great

were his sufferings. Perry ordered him to be taken below, and as this was being done, his servant, a mulatto boy, rolled upon the deck, crying out that his master was killed, but at an order returned to his duty as powder boy, the tears running down his face all the time, at the thought of his master's suffering.

Perry's brother, a mere youth, had several shots through his clothes and hat, and was knocked down by a hammock torn from the nettings by a ball, but escaped unscratched.

At 2.30 P. M. the last gun of the Lawrence had been disabled, and only eighteen persons of those on board remained unwounded, beside Perry himself and his young brother.

It now became necessary for him to go on board some other vessel. The Niagara, as we have said, had kept well to windward, and had remained out of reach of her proper opponent, the Queen Charlotte, while the Caledonia had borne down to the relief of the Lawrence, and had suffered much. The Lawrence's men had bitterly commented upon the manner in which the Niagara had kept aloof, when they were suffering so severely. As the last gun of the Lawrence became disabled, and the vessel, now an unmanageable wreck, was dropping astern, the Niagara was seen to be upon her port beam, while the Caledonia was passing the Lawrence's starboard beam, between that disabled ship and the enemy.

Perry at once ordered his boat, saying that he would bring the Niagara up; and adding that she did not seem much injured, and that the American flag should not be hauled down that day, over *his* head. He left the command of the Lawrence to Mr. Yarnall, and stepped

down into the boat, calling to Yarnall, as he shoved off, "If a victory is to be gained, I'll gain it."

When he left the *Lawrence* the *Niagara* was passing her weather, or port beam, "at a distance of nearly half a mile." The breeze had freshened, her main-top-sail filled, and she was passing the British squadron rapidly. Standing erect in his boat, Perry pulled for the *Niagara*, anxious to get a fresh battery in action; being conscious that he had already much damaged the enemy.

The latter, seeing his movements, soon penetrated his design; and, apprehending the consequences of Perry's getting on board a fresh vessel—after the proof he had given them of his tenacity and fighting powers—immediately opened on the boat a fire of great guns and musketry, trying to destroy the boat and crew. Several oars were splintered, the boat traversed by musket balls, and the crew wet through with the spray thrown up by round shot and grape, that tore up the water on every side.

Perry, unmindful of danger, continued to stand erect, although his boat's crew besought him to sit down. At last he did so, and the crew pulled with a will; but the breeze was now quite fresh, and it took him fifteen minutes to reach the *Niagara*.

His passage was, of course, watched with breathless interest by both sides, as so much depended upon it. As they saw him cross the gangway of the *Niagara*, the little group of unwounded men left on board the *Lawrence* gave three hearty cheers. These survivors now took heart, and felt that they had not sustained the long and bloody contest in vain.

As the *Lawrence's* colors were still flying, she remained a mark for the enemy's shot, although unable to reply. To save further loss of life, Lieutenant Yarnall, after

consultation with others, determined to surrender, and the colors were hauled down, amid cheers from the British vessels, which manned their bulwarks, while the men waved a triumphant defiance. But their triumph was short-lived. The first act of the play was over, with partial success remaining to the British; the second was now to begin, and to terminate less favorably for them.

On the berth-deck of the *Lawrence* the scene was at this time deplorable. Great despondency prevailed among the wounded, who shouted to those on deck to sink the ship rather than she should become a prize. Brooks was dying. Purser Hambleton lay with a shattered shoulder, received in working the last gun with his Commander. The single medical officer was hard at work, among the cries and groans of the wounded.

But there was the reaction of hope and joy when the word was passed that Perry had safely reached the Niagara; and he soon gave the enemy something else to do besides taking possession of the *Lawrence*.

Elliott, the Captain of the *Niagara*, met Perry with an inquiry as to how the day was going. Perry said, "badly." He had lost all his men, and his ship was a wreck. He then asked Elliott what the gun-boats were doing so far astern. Elliott offered to bring them up, and at once left in a boat to do so, with Perry's consent. Perry afterwards stated that he found the *Niagara* uninjured in crew and hull; and that from the moment he boarded her he felt confident of victory.

His first order, on boarding the *Niagara*, was to back the main-top-sail, as she was running out of action. His next was to brail up the main-try-sail, put the helm up, and bear down before the wind, with squared yards, straight for the enemy; or, in other words, at a right

angle with the course he found her upon. At the same time he set top-gallant-sails, and made signal for close action. The answering signals were promptly displayed along the line, and greeted with hearty cheers; as the bold manœuvre of the Niagara renewed the hopes of the squadron.

At this time the Trippe, which had been the sternmost of the line, had closed up to the assistance of the Caledonia; and the other vessels, under the freshening breeze, now approached rapidly, to take a more active part in the battle—the second stage of which had now begun.

It was then about forty-five minutes past two.

Seven or eight minutes, with the freshened breeze, brought the Niagara down upon the enemy. They raked her once or twice, but she reserved her fire; and the Detroit, of the British squadron, made an effort to wear ship, to present her starboard broadside to the Niagara, seven of the English vessel's port guns having been disabled already by the Lawrence's fire.

In this manœuvre the Detroit fouled the Queen Charlotte; and the Niagara, having shortened sail, passed slowly under the bows of the Detroit, at pistol-shot distance, and poured into both English vessels, as they lay entangled, a deadly and destructive fire of grape and canister.

The Niagara's port guns at the same time were directed, with equally fatal effect, into the sterns of the Lady Prevost and the Little Belt; and her marines cleared the decks of their adversaries by their musketry. Passing under the lee of the two English ships, which by this time had got clear of each other, Perry brought by the wind, on the starboard tack, with his head to the northward and eastward, and backed the Niagara's main-top-sail, to deaden her headway. In this position

he continued to pour his starboard broadside into the Queen Charlotte and the Hunter, which was astern of the Queen Charlotte. Some of his shot passed through the Charlotte's ports into the Detroit.

At this time the small American vessels succeeded in coming up to windward into close action, and poured in a destructive fire of grape and canister. Unfortunately their shot, when they missed the English ships, took effect upon the Niagara.

All resistance on the part of the British now ceased, and an officer appeared on the taffrail of the Queen Charlotte, to signify that she had struck, and her example was at once followed by the Detroit. Both vessels surrendered in about seven minutes after the Niagara opened her fire, and in about fifteen minutes after Perry had assumed the command of her.

The Hunter struck at the same time; as did the Lady Prevost, which lay to leeward, under the guns of the Niagara.

The battle had begun, on the part of the enemy, at about a quarter before noon; and at three P. M. the Queen Charlotte and Detroit had surrendered, and all resistance had ceased.

As the smoke blew away, the two squadrons were found to be completely mingled. The shattered Lawrence, which had borne the brunt of the hard fighting, lay to windward, a helpless wreck; but with her flag once more hoisted over her. The Niagara, with the signal for close action still flying, lay close under the lee of the Queen Charlotte, Detroit, and Hunter.

The Caledonia, Scorpion, and Trippe, which had gallantly followed the Niagara through the enemy's line, had taken a position to leeward, favorable for preventing the enemy's escape.

The smoke cloud still passing away to leeward, the English vessels Chippewa and Little Belt were discovered bearing up towards Malden, under a press of sail. The Scorpion and Trippe were at once sent in pursuit, and, after a few shots, compelled them to surrender.

And now began the taking possession of the enemy's ships, a proud, and yet a melancholy duty, for some of them were in a pitiable condition; though not worse than that of the Lawrence when Perry left her.

The Detroit was a perfect wreck. Her gaff and mizzen-top-mast hung over her quarter; all the other masts and yards were badly wounded; all her braces were shot away; not a single stay was standing, forward; and her heavy oak bulwarks were much shattered. Many 32-pound shot were sticking in her port side, which had been fired from Perry's carronades before the Lawrence got to close quarters. On the deck of the Detroit the carnage had been terrible. Many of her guns were dismounted, and the deck was strewn with killed and wounded, and slippery with blood, in spite of the "sanding down" preliminary to naval battles of the period. The deck was found nearly deserted, and in charge of the Second Lieutenant, the First Lieutenant having been killed about the middle of the action, and Commodore Barclay having been most dangerously wounded, somewhat earlier, by a grape-shot in the thigh. After being carried below, and placed in the hands of the Surgeon, and his wound temporarily dressed, he insisted upon being again carried on deck. When the Niagara bore down and delivered her raking fire, Barclay received a second grape-shot in the right shoulder, which, entering just below the joint, broke the shoulder blade to pieces, and made a large and dreadful wound. It will be remembered that he had already lost an arm, in action

with the French. It is said that when, about the close of the action, a messenger was sent down to tell this unfortunate and heroic officer that the day was lost, he had himself carried once more on deck, to convince himself that further resistance would be unavailing.

The other British vessels were also much cut up, especially the *Queen Charlotte*, which ship had lost, early in the action, her Commander, Captain Finnis, R. N., a brave and accomplished seaman. Her First Lieutenant was soon after mortally wounded; and the loss of life among her crew was very severe. Her hull and spars were also very much damaged.

The other British vessels suffered in like proportion. The *Lady Prevost* had both her Commander and her First Lieutenant wounded; and, beside other injury, had become unmanageable, from the loss of her rudder. The Commanders of the *Hunter* and the *Chippewa* were both wounded; and this left only the Commander of the *Little Belt* fit for duty at the close of the action.

In his official report, Commodore Barclay states that every Commander and every officer second in command was disabled. He reports his total of killed and wounded as, for the first, forty-one, including three officers, and ninety-four wounded, nine of whom were officers. These returns were probably not very complete, from the inability of the reporting officer to obtain information; and the British loss was supposed to be much greater; especially as the bodies of the British killed (with the exception of those of the officers) were thrown overboard as they fell.

The shattered condition of the English squadron, which three hours before had presented a proud and warlike array, and had begun the battle with cheers, as if certain of victory—hurling death and defiance at those

who had dared to brave the flag of England--was a most impressive contrast. When the Americans stood as victors on those blood-stained decks, human feelings at once took the place of the angry passions raised by the war, and by the immediate conflict. The prisoners were promptly and humanely cared for.

Our own vessels had suffered severely, as well as those of the enemy. The *Lawrence's* loss has been already given, and it showed an aggregate much higher than any previously known in modern naval combat, unless in cases where the conquered vessel has sunk, with her whole crew. The *Niagara* lost two killed and twenty-three wounded; all but two of the latter having been wounded after Perry took command. This is stated by the Surgeon who received them. The *Caledonia* had three wounded; and the *Somers* two wounded. On board the *Ariel* one was killed, and three wounded; while two were killed on board the *Scorpion*, and two wounded on board the *Trippe*. Aggregate, twenty-seven killed, and ninety-six wounded; being more than one in every four.

Two of the schooners, the *Tigress* and *Porcupine*, had no casualties whatever; and this, taken with the small loss of the *Trippe* and *Somers*, shows that, notwithstanding their efforts to close, they were unable to take any important part in the action until just before the enemy struck. The *Trippe*, although originally the last in the line, from her superior sailing, and the great exertions of her Commander, Lieutenant Holdup Stevens, was the first of the four sternmost small vessels to get into close action.

From the fact that the enemy awaited the attack in close line of battle, his vessels were all equally available

from the first, and only a part of our squadron fought the concentrated British fire.

The victory was a splendid one, and was pre-eminently due to the exertions of one person—a young man of twenty-seven, who had never before borne a part in a naval engagement.

He dashed into action in the *Lawrence*, with youthful ardor, trusting that his rear would get up in time. The want of support of the *Niagara* caused the fearful loss sustained by the *Lawrence*, more than the tardiness of the smaller vessels. We have seen that there was no thought of submission, even at the darkest moment, and Perry's act in passing, at great risk, to the *Niagara*, cannot be sufficiently extolled. It was a combination of genius and hardihood, which snatched victory from the grasp of an enemy whose exultant cheers had already claimed it.

Labor does not end with victory. After the enemy's colors had been hauled down, and the prizes officered and manned, the prisoners were confined, wounded masts secured, and shot-holes stopped, when all the vessels were hauled by the wind, on the starboard tack.

Perry then retired to his cabin, to communicate to General Harrison the intelligence of the event which was to admit of the immediate advance of his army, and the rescue of our territory from the savage warfare which the surrender of Hull's army and subsequent disasters had entailed upon it.

As far as the immediate seat of war was concerned, the British naval power was utterly destroyed, and a great and threatening danger removed.

Perry's letter was short, but covered the whole ground. It was as follows:—

"DEAR GENERAL,

We have met the enemy, and they are ours.
Two ships; two brigs; one schooner; and one sloop.

Yours with very great respect and esteem,
O. H. PERRY."

He also wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, by the same express:—

"U. S. BRIG NIAGARA,
OFF THE WESTERNMOST SISTER,
Head of Lake Erie,
Sept. 10, 1813—4 P. M.

SIR:—

It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemy on this lake.

The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict.

I have the honor to be, &c., &c.,
O. H. PERRY."

This letter, written without deliberation, in the moment of victory, is modest in describing his battle as a "sharp conflict;" and his allusion to the Almighty power was sincere, for Perry was a religious man.

After sending off his despatches, he made signal to anchor, to enable him to provide for the comfort of the wounded, the better security of his prisoners, and the reorganization of his squadron.

Seventy prisoners were placed on board the Somers, under Mr. Brownell. Forty were confined below; and the rest seated upon deck, the crew remaining under

arms all night, in spite of the fatigues of the day. After distributing the remaining prisoners, Perry returned to the *Lawrence*, to do what he could for his brave shipmates. It was also proper that he should receive on board his own ship the surrender of the English officers, and that the men who had done most to gain the victory should see the last act of it.

Dr. Parsons writes, "He had returned, and was safe; but to a deck slippery with blood and brains, and strewn with the bodies of officers and men, some of whom had sat at table with us at our last meal; and the ship resounded with the groans of the wounded. Those who could walk received Perry as he came over the side; but the meeting was a silent and mournful one.

"At the request of his officers he had, during the action, worn a uniform round-jacket, and he now resumed his uniform, and standing aft, received the officers of the different captured vessels, as they came to surrender. At the head of them was an officer of the 41st British Regiment, who acted as Marine Officer on board the *Detroit*, and who appeared in full dress, charged by the wounded Commodore Barclay with the delivery of his sword.

"When they approached, picking their way among the wreck and dead bodies on deck, they held their swords with the hilts towards Perry, and tendered them for his acceptance.

"With a dignified and solemn air, and in a low voice, he requested them to retain their side arms, and inquired with deep interest for Commodore Barclay and the other wounded officers, offering them any comforts his squadron afforded."

As it was impossible to reserve all the killed of the *Lawrence* for burial on shore, the seamen were buried

alongside, at nightfall; the few survivors attending the ceremony, and the burial service being read by the Chaplain.

It was a melancholy night on board the *Lawrence*, sleep being prevented by the groans of the wounded. Perry said he believed his wife's prayers had saved him, for he escaped untouched, as did his young brother, only twelve years of age, although the latter had several bullets through his clothing.

On the day after the battle Perry removed to the *Ariel*, and sent the *Lawrence* to Erie, as a hospital ship; but not before he had once more returned to her, to inquire after the wounded, and to encourage them under the operations which Dr. Parsons had to perform. Beside the wounded, there were many ill with fever and diarrhœa.

In the course of the day Perry visited Barclay, on board the *Detroit*; and a warm and enduring friendship sprang up, at once, between them. Perry placed every comfort he could command at Barclay's disposal; and became responsible for a considerable sum of money required by the British officers. He also, at Barclay's request, advanced money to the army officers serving in the British squadron.

At the very time he was doing this, cruelties were being exercised towards our countrymen who were prisoners to the English, so great as to lead to formal remonstrances and threats of retaliation. Just now it is the fashion to admire the English, and these things are forgotten, or ignored.

To relieve Barclay's mind while suffering from his severe wounds, and with the hope that restoration to his friends and country would restore him, Perry pledged himself that he should be paroled; and he made such

urgent representations to the Commissioner of Prisoners, and to the Secretary of the Navy (making the favor personal to himself, and the only one he had to ask), that he eventually succeeded.

While Perry was on board the *Detroit*, on his visit to Barclay, two strange beings were brought before him, who had been found in that vessel's hold, where they had been, without food, since the action. They proved to be Indian chiefs, ludicrously clad in sailors' clothes. With others, they had been taken on board to act as sharpshooters, in the tops.

Although probably brave enough in their own manner of fighting, these savages became entirely unnerved by the crash and destruction around them, and they fled to the hold, nearly frightened to death.

The English, in both their wars with us, had a great *penchant* for the use of the Indians they could hire; and their barbarous allies frequently led them into consequences they had not foreseen.

When these two Indians were brought before Perry, they expected to be at once shot and scalped; and they were astonished at his kind treatment. Soon after he sent them on shore, with a note to General Harrison, asking protection for them from our own friendly Indians.

At nine A. M., on the morning of September 11th, the two squadrons weighed anchor, and soon arrived at Put-in Bay. The burial of the officers who had fallen in battle took place on the twelfth.

The day was a serene and beautiful one, and the lake's surface was as smooth as glass. The boats, with colors half-masted, conveyed the bodies to the shore; keeping time, with their measured stroke, to the funeral march.

As usual on such ceremonies, when the procession reached the shore, they formed in reversed order. The

youngest of the killed was borne first; then the lowest in rank of the killed of the British squadron, and so on, alternately, an American and an English corpse—the body of Captain Finnis coming last.

The officers fell in, two American and two English, according to reversed rank; Perry himself closing the procession. The drums and fifes of both squadrons played the dead march, and minute guns were fired alternately from the captured vessels, as well as from the American squadron. The bodies were buried near the shore of the lake, and after the burial service they were, with due ceremony, lowered to their rest, and volleys of musketry closed the obsequies.

It was a remarkable scene. Conquerors and conquered were of the same stock; with the same traits, and the same language; the burial service of the Church of England sounding in their ears with equal familiarity.

Some of the results of Perry's success have been already given; but we may say that his defeat would have given the enemy command of all the lakes; enabling him to concentrate his forces, in succession, upon different important points, and would thus have laid our whole northern frontier open to his incursions.

His victory led to the immediate evacuation of Detroit, and the release of the whole Territory of Michigan from the horrors of fire, murder, and scalping, which the Indian allies of the British had carried there.

Perry's victory also wiped away the stigma incurred in the inglorious surrender of General Hull; strengthening the hands of the Government, and giving encouragement to those who were fighting, both on land and by sea. General Harrison's army now invaded Canada in turn; the squadron assisting to convey his forces.

This is not the place to recount Perry's subsequent

exploits as aid to General Harrison, or his participation in the battle of Tippecanoe, when he served with Cass, Shelby, Richard Johnson, and Gaines, who was then a Colonel; nor of the consequences of Perry's endeavor to shield Elliott's conduct, in the battle with the English squadron.

For this, and for Perry's subsequent service, and premature death, after distinguished services in Venezuela, we must refer the reader to the pages of our general history.

ESSEX, PHŒBE AND CHERUB.—VALPARAISO.
MARCH 28TH, A. D. 1814.



HIS naval action, fought in the vicinity of Valparaiso, during our last war with Great Britain, is so remarkable for the circumstances attending it, and for the pertinacity of the American defence against superior force, that, although not a decisive battle, we have thought it right to insert it here.

Few Englishmen would now attempt to uphold the breach of neutrality committed by the two English ships upon the Essex, with her anchor down upon Chilian soil, and with the Spanish flag flying upon forts and batteries within sight. But, as it was not the first, so it is not the last time that England has infringed such laws, where she has been able to do so with impunity.

The United States frigate Essex, 32, sailed from the Capes of the Delaware October, 6th, 1812, upon a cruise, the object and destination of which were kept profoundly secret. Her destination was the Pacific—still called the “South Seas”—the navigation of which was still comparatively unknown; new islands being constantly discovered, the inhabitants of which had never seen any other men than their fellow islanders.

The object of the cruise was to destroy the “South-sea-men,” or whalers, of Great Britain; as well as the

traders of the same nation, and thus inflict a heavy blow upon a sensitive part of an Englishman—his pocket.

The story of the cruise, by Captain Porter, the Commander of the Essex; with his passage to the Cape Verde Islands, the Coast of Brazil, around Cape Horn into the Pacific, and his operations there; together with the incidents of his stay at the Gallapagos and Washington groups, and his numerous captures, read like a romance of the sea. Yet it is all true; and the account is written in a circumstantial manner, with day and date, by a genuine and successful sailor.

This cruise is memorable for another reason—that Farragut, afterwards the greatest naval commander of his day, made his first cruise then, and witnessed his first naval action, while still a child, deporting himself with the coolness and gallantry which ever afterwards distinguished him.

David Porter, the Commander of the Essex, was born in Boston, in 1780, and was at this time thirty-three years of age—that glorious period of life which combines the fire and ability of youth with the experience and self-control derived from contact with the world. He entered the navy in 1798, and was a midshipman in the *Constellation*, in her action with the French frigate *Insurgente*, in February, 1799. He afterwards served on the West India station, as a Lieutenant, and had many conflicts, in the schooner *Experiment*, with the pirates and privateers which, at that time, and long after, infested those waters. In 1801 he was in the schooner *Enterprise*, and, off Malta, he captured, after an engagement of three hours, a Tripolitan cruiser of fourteen guns.

Soon after, in a boat expedition, at Tripoli, he was wounded for the second time; and in October, 1803, he

was captured in the frigate Philadelphia, and remained a prisoner until the war closed.

He was made a captain in 1812, and appointed to the Essex.

After the war with England, Porter became a member of the Board of Navy Commissioners, but resigned that post to take command of an expedition against the West Indian pirates. He was court-martialed for exceeding his powers during this cruise, and sentenced to be suspended for six months.

Upon this he resigned his commission and entered the Mexican service as Naval Commander-in-chief. After serving there for some years he returned to the United States in 1829, and was made United States Consul General for the Barbary States. He was afterwards transferred to Constantinople as *Chargé d'Affaires*, and soon became Minister Resident.

He died in Constantinople, in March, 1843, and his remains were brought home in a man-of-war, and interred in the Naval Asylum grounds.

And now, to return to the Essex and her cruise. All Americans should read Porter's account, which vies in interest with those of Anson or La Peyrouse, the difference being that their sole object was discovery, while Porter had principally in view the crippling of his enemy's resources. His attack upon British interests in that part of the globe was entirely unexpected, and the unbounded rage of the English was excited when they learned, from prisoners sent in cartels, that such wholesale destruction was going on, and their trade being completely annihilated; and they hastened to take means to stop Porter's career.

The latter, in the meantime, was living off the enemy, showing the greatest activity and resource, maintaining

discipline under exceptional circumstances, and keeping his crew in good humor, with much tact and knowledge of sailor character.

In those days no docks or dockyards were to be found anywhere south of the line. Ports were few and not much frequented, for fear of blockade. Necessary food, sea-stores, rigging and material for repairs were, indeed, as far as Porter was concerned, only to be obtained by capture, and it required a man not only of pluck and nautical ability, but of resources in many other directions, to make such a cruise as he did. At the last, through no fault of his, he was overwhelmed in a harbor which should have afforded him security, and the career of the *Essex* brought to an end by a shameful violation of neutrality.

In the course of his cruise, Porter had seized and disarmed a Peruvian corvette, which had been preying upon American whalers, and then sent her away with a caution. He had also seized and disposed of, in different ways, English "South-sea-men," aggregating 3369 tons, with 302 men and 107 guns; had provisioned his own crew and partly paid his men, from the prizes. One of the latter, the *Atlantic*, he had fitted out for cruising, under his first lieutenant, Mr. Downes, re-naming her *Essex Junior*. This ship mounted 20 guns and was efficient as a cruiser against merchantmen and whalers, but was not expected to stand an engagement.

Porter had sent Downes, with some prizes, to Valparaiso, and upon his return the latter reported that Commodore James Hillyar, an English officer of experience, ability and courage, had been sent out in the frigate *Phœbe*, of 36 guns, to look for the American frigate, her work having caused great consternation when the news of it reached England. The English sloops

Raccoon and Cherub were also despatched to the Pacific, under Hillyar's orders.

The Essex being in much need of repairs after her long and stirring cruise, Porter determined to put her in as good condition as his resources permitted, and then seek to bring the enemy to action, if he could meet him on anything like equal terms.

He, therefore, went to Nukahivah, or Madison's Island, in the Washington group, which had been discovered by Captain Ingraham, of Boston. Here he caulked his ship and overhauled the rigging, made new water casks, and took from his prizes provisions and stores for four months.

On the 12th of December, 1813, he sailed for the coast of Chili, and arrived on January 12th, 1814. He could hear nothing of the British squadron reported to be looking for him. Some persons even supposed that they had been lost in trying to double Cape Horn. At this period Porter had completely broken up British navigation in the Pacific, as those vessels which had not been captured by him were laid up, and dared not venture out of port.

He had, in the meantime, afforded ample protection and assistance to our own ships. The English whale fishery was entirely destroyed, and now a squadron was coming out to look for him, involving very great expense. As has been said, he had lived upon the enemy, and had been obliged to draw no bills, but, on the contrary, had been able to advance pay to both officers and crew.

Considering how much they had been at sea, his crew was very healthy, and he had had but one case of scurvy, then the curse of cruising ships. Two officers only had been lost: the Surgeon, from disease, and a Lieutenant, killed in a duel; while eight seamen and marines had been lost from sickness and ordinary casualties.

Porter believed that Hillyar would try to keep his arrival in the Pacific secret, and seek him at Valparaiso, and he, therefore, cruised in that neighborhood, where he hoped also to capture some merchant vessels expected from England.

On the 3d of February the Essex anchored in Valparaiso bay, and exchanged the usual salutes and civilities with the Spanish authorities.

These appeared civil, and even cordial, and the governor duly returned Captain Porter's visit.

The Essex Junior was directed to cruise off the port, for the twofold purpose of intercepting the enemy's merchant vessels, and of informing Porter immediately of the appearance of any of their men-of-war. Then work began, to put the Essex in order, after which liberty was given to the crew. The people of Valparaiso showed great civility, and this was returned by an entertainment on board the Essex, in which the Essex Junior participated, but kept a sharp lookout at the same time. They danced until midnight, and the Essex Junior then went outside.

Next morning they had not had time to take down the awnings, flags and decorations spread for the party, when the Essex Junior signalized two English ships in sight. At this time half the Essex' crew were on shore, on liberty. A gun was fired as a signal for their return, and the ship restored to her usual condition as soon as possible. Porter went out in the Essex Junior to reconnoitre, and found that both the English vessels appeared to be frigates; returning at once, he anchored the tender near the Essex, and prepared for mutual defence. When he returned to his own ship, at about 7.30 A.M., he had the gratification of not only finding the ship prepared for action, but *every man* on board. He felt great doubts

about the English respecting the neutrality of the port, but resolved to act upon the defensive entirely.

At 8 A. M. the two English ships, a frigate and sloop of war, came into the harbor. The frigate, which proved to be the Phœbe, ranged alongside the Essex, within a few yards, and between her and the Essex Junior. The Phœbe was seen to be all ready for action.

Captain Hillyar hailed, and politely inquired after Captain Porter's health, and the usual compliments were exchanged between them.

Captains Hillyar and Porter had been acquainted in the Mediterranean. Among the American officers at that time on the station, no British officer was so much liked as Hillyar, and his family was visited, at Gibraltar, by Porter and many others. On one occasion Hillyar's family had gone, as passengers, with Commodore Rodgers, from Malta to Gibraltar. The relations between the two Captains, thus brought face to face, with tompons out and matches lighted, were rather peculiar.

Finding the Phœbe approaching nearer the Essex than either prudence or the neutrality of the port would permit, Porter called to Hillyar that the Essex was all ready for action, and that he should act on the defensive.

Hillyar replied, in an off-hand way, "Oh, I have no intention of getting on board of you."

Porter replied that if he did fall on board of him there would be much blood shed. Hillyar merely called out again that he had no intention of falling on board the Essex. Porter, finding that he was luffing up so much as to cause his ship to be taken aback, and her jib-boom coming over the Essex' forecastle, called, "All hands to board the enemy;" directing them, if the ships touched, to spring on board the Phœbe. The latter vessel was

now in a precarious condition, for not a gun of hers could be brought to bear upon either of the American vessels, while her bow was exposed to the raking fire of one, and her stern to that of the other. The Phœbe's consort, the Cherub, of 28 guns, was too far off to leeward to afford any assistance. The Phœbe had been informed, by a boat which had pulled out from an English merchant ship, that the Essex was in great confusion, from the entertainment of the night before, and that half her crew were on shore, on liberty.

Great was the surprise of the Englishmen, then, when they saw a full crew ready to board them, and kedganchors triced up to the yard-arms, ready to drop and grapple them.

Captain Hillyar at once sang out that he had no intention of boarding; that it was an accident that his ship was taken aback, and that he was sorry to be put in an equivocal situation, and had no hostile intention.

The Phœbe was, at this moment, entirely at the mercy of the Essex; and Porter could have destroyed her. The temptation was great to do so. Porter would have been justified, upon the plea of self-defence; but Captain Hillyar's assurances disarmed him, and Porter at once hailed the Essex Junior, and ordered Captain Downes not to begin firing without orders. Captain Hillyar was then allowed to extricate his ship from her disagreeable position; the Phœbe separating from the Essex, and drifting by the American vessels, constantly exposed to their raking fire, to finally anchor on the east side of the harbor, just within shot of the Essex' 18-pounders, but beyond the reach of her carronades. The Cherub anchored quite close upon the port bow of the Essex; whereupon Porter ordered the Essex Junior to so place herself that the Cherub would be between two fires; an

arrangement which seems to have excited the ineffectual anger of Captain Tucker, the Commander of the smaller English vessel.

Porter tells us that, on going on shore, great astonishment was expressed by the officials and people of Valparaiso, that he had not taken advantage of the opportunity, and destroyed his enemy. Porter replied that he respected the neutrality of the port, and should continue to do so. He had reason, not very long after, to regret his moderation.

When on shore in Valparaiso Porter generally staid at Senor Blanco's, and the two British Captains paid him a visit there, on the day after their arrival. This visit was returned, and a rather friendly intercourse was soon established, not only between the Commanders, but the officers of the respective ships, whenever they met on shore—their conduct being such that no one could have supposed that they belonged to nations at war with each other.

At the first meeting on shore, Porter told Hillyar that it was important to know whether he (Hillyar) intended to respect the neutrality of the port. Hillyar replied, very emphatically, "*You* have paid so much respect to the neutrality of the port that I feel myself bound in honor to respect it."

Porter rejoined that his assurance was sufficient, and that he should henceforth feel at his ease, and not always prepared for action.

The English frigate had hoisted a flag (motto flags were then the fashion), bearing the words, "God and country; British sailors' best rights; traitors offend both." Porter asked Hillyar what the flag meant, and was informed that it was a reply to Porter's motto, "Free trade and sailors' rights," which was particularly offensive

to the British navy; and that he should always hoist it when Porter hoisted his. The next time the English motto was hoisted Porter replied with a flag having, "God, our Country, and Liberty—tyrants offend them;" and each ship gave three cheers for their flag.

In spite of all this, personal intercourse and apparent good feeling continued between the two Captains. They discussed the objects of the British squadron; their long hunt for Porter, and the present status.

This intercourse between public enemies was, in fact, a very curious thing.

Hillyar asked Porter what he intended to do with his prizes; when he was going to sea; and other pertinent and delicate questions of a like nature.

Porter told him that whenever he sent away the Cherub the Essex would go to sea, and that his sailing day would be fixed by Captain Hillyar. Once met, Porter said he would test the force of the two ships, but as the Essex was smaller than the Phœbe, he would not be justified to his country in losing his ship, and so would not challenge him. If, however, the Captain of the Phœbe would send away the Cherub and then challenge the Essex, he (Porter) would be willing to fight. No doubt all this was discussed over a cigar and a glass of wine, but this we can only conjecture.

Hillyar said that success in naval actions depended upon so many accidents, and that the loss of a spar or mast sometimes determined the fate of the day, so he should trust to chance to bring the two ships together; that he was not disposed to yield the advantage of superior force, and should blockade Porter until other English men-of-war arrived, and at all events prevent him from doing further mischief to British commerce.

Porter told Hillyar that his prizes were only an encum-

brance to him under the circumstances, and that some time he should take them out to sea and destroy them. To this Hillyar rejoined that he dare not do so with him in sight. Porter merely answered, "We shall see."

As Hillyar was determined to lose none of the advantage of superior force, and it was known that other ships were soon coming to join him, Porter endeavored still to provoke the English Commodore to challenge him to a single contest.

The Cherub lying near the Essex, the crews sang original songs directed at each other. It is said that the Yankee songs had the most point, which is likely, for the average English nautical mind is not very brilliant. The officers encouraged this amusement, which took place in the fine, calm first watches, to the frequent annoyance of the English and the great amusement of neutrals. Captain Hillyar requested Porter to put a stop to it, but the latter refused to do so unless the Cherub ceased first.

At length the quasi-friendly relations between the Commanders became very much "strained," as the diplomats say, by the harboring of an escaped prisoner from the Essex on board the Cherub. This led to an exchange of strongly-worded letters. Porter and Hillyar continued to meet on shore quite frequently, and at this time Porter proposed an exchange of prisoners by sending one of the prizes to England as a cartel, to bring thence to the United States an equal number. This proposition came to nothing, but Porter liberated his English prisoners on condition that they should not serve until exchanged; and Hillyar undertook to write to England and have as many Americans liberated.

In the meantime the Essex Junior had gone outside to

reconnoitre a strange sail, and was **very** nearly cut off by the English vessels both going out, but the Essex manned her boats, sent them out and towed her in in safety.

The English ships then continued to cruise outside, and Porter, to try his rate of sailing with them, chose an opportunity, when they were well to leeward, to get under way and let them chase him. He found he could outsail them both, and could escape at almost any time, but he was led to remain in Valparaiso by the hope of bringing the Phœbe to single action. This resolution, though chivalric, was not exactly prudent.

One day Porter towed the ship Hector, a prize, to sea. The two British ships were then far in the offing, and Porter had the prize set on fire. He then returned to his anchorage, unmolested, although the English made every exertion to come up with him. This insult seemed to have the desired effect, and on the afternoon of the 22d of February, 1814, the Cherub was seen to be about three miles to leeward of the harbor, while the Phœbe was standing in alone. At 5 P.M. she hove about, a short distance from the Essex, with head off shore, shortened sail, fired a gun to windward (a nautical challenge), and hoisted her motto flag.

Porter instantly accepted the challenge, hoisted his motto, fired a gun and got under way.

The Phœbe made sail and stood off shore, while Porter followed, under all sail. He was nearing the English frigate fast, when to his astonishment, she bore off before the wind, and ran down for her consort. Porter fired two shots across her fore-foot, but they did not bring her to, and the Essex hauled her wind and returned to port, where she anchored before the two British vessels could reach her.

Porter did not spare some caustic remarks upon this affair, and they reached Hillyar, through British residents on shore.

Defiant letters were interchanged between the ships' companies. Porter wrote to Hillyar, and Hillyar to Porter, and, as was natural, angry feelings increased.

About the middle of March the First Lieutenant of the *Phœbe* (who was afterwards killed in the action) came on board the *Essex*, under a flag of truce, with a message from Captain Hillyar.

Presuming it was a challenge, Porter required the presence of some of his officers, and then asked the English officer the purport of his message.

The Englishman said that Captain Hillyar had heard that Captain Porter had publicly stated that Hillyar had acted in a cowardly manner, by running away from the *Essex* after challenging her, but that he could not believe the report, and had sent his first Lieutenant to ascertain the truth.

Porter at once told him that he had said so, and still thought so.

The English Lieutenant then stated that he was instructed to tell Captain Porter that the hoisting the flag and firing the gun, by the *Phœbe*, was not intended as a challenge, but as a signal to her consort.

Porter replied that Captain Hillyar had informed him that the flag was intended for the *Essex*, and there "was not a man, woman nor child in Valparaiso who did not think it a challenge." The Lieutenant repeated that Captain Hillyar desired him to assure Captain Porter that it was not intended for a challenge.

Porter said he was bound to believe Captain Hillyar, if he said so; but that he should always consider such a proceeding a challenge; and that, whenever he chose to

send away the Cherub, and repeat the manœuvre, he should act as he had before done. The Lieutenant once more assured Porter that it was not a challenge, and that Captain Hillyar did not approve of challenges, as he was a religious man.

Such a state of things as we have been describing could not, of course, last very long.

Exasperation was fast taking the place of self-control, on both sides; and as more British vessels were expected, it was necessary for Porter to take some decided step. A crisis was evidently approaching.

The relative strength of the two nations, in Valparaiso, was then as follows:—

The Phœbe carried thirty long eighteens; sixteen thirty-two pound carronades; one howitzer, and six three-pounders in the tops; in all, fifty-three guns. Her crew consisted of three hundred and twenty men.

The Cherub carried eighteen thirty-two pound carronades; eight twenty-fours; two long nines; and had a crew of one hundred and eighty men.

On the American side, the Essex mounted forty-six guns. Forty of these were thirty-two pound carronades, and six were long twelves. Her crew, reduced by those in prizes, was only two hundred and fifty-five men.

The Essex Junior, built for whaling, was principally a store-ship, or tender. She mounted twenty guns, taken from captured whalers. Ten of these were eighteen-pound carronades, and ten were short sixes. She had a crew of sixty men.

For six weeks the English ships had been mostly under way, and cruising off the port; and Porter was finally induced to put to sea by the certain intelligence that the Tagus, 38, and two other English frigates, were on their way to the Pacific. The Raccoon was also expected;

which sloop had been sent up to the northwest Coast of America for the purpose of destroying the American Fur Company's establishment, on the Columbia river.

Having agreed upon a rendezvous where he could meet the Essex Junior, Porter determined to allow the two British vessels to chase him off the coast, and thereby to permit his tender to escape.

On March 28th the wind came out fresh from the southward, and the Essex parted one of her cables, and dragged the other anchor directly out to sea; so that it was necessary to get sail on the ship instantly. The enemy were, at the time, close in with the western point of the bay; but when Porter had made sail, and opened them, he saw a chance of passing them to windward; and, taking in top-gallant-sails, which had been set over single-reefed top-sails, he braced up for that purpose.

Unfortunately, as the Essex came up with the point, and was passing it, it happened (as it often does in such localities) that a heavy squall struck the ship, and carried away her main-top-mast; and all the men aloft, furling the top-gallant-sail, were lost.

Admiral Farragut said, in after years, that the reason why they lost the main-top-mast was, that the yard jammed; and would not come down when the halliards were let go—the top-gallant-sail being clewed down.

The loss of this spar was most disastrous. Both the English ships at once gave chase, and the crippled Essex endeavored to regain the port. Finding he could not reach the usual anchorage, Porter ran into a small bay, about three-quarters of a mile to leeward of a small Chilian battery, on the east side of the harbor, and anchored within pistol-shot of the shore; intent upon repairing damages as soon as possible. The enemy's vessels continued to approach, and showed every inten-

tion of attacking him, regardless of the fact that the Essex was anchored close to neutral shores. They bore down with caution, however, hoisting a number of motto flags and jacks.

Porter went to quarters and got his ship clear of the wreck and ready for action as soon as possible, but he had not time to get a spring upon his cable, for at about 4 P. M. the attack was made, the Phœbe assuming a position under the Essex' stern, and the Cherub one on her starboard bow. Their fire was promptly returned, and the Cherub soon found her position a hot one, and she bore up to join the Phœbe under the Essex' stern, whence they delivered a severe raking fire. The Essex could not get her broadside to bear, but fought three long twelve-pounders out of the stern ports, which were worked with such bravery, skill and rapidity, that in half an hour both English ships were obliged to draw off to repair damages.

During the firing, the Essex succeeded, by dint of great exertion, in getting a spring upon the cable no less than three times, but the fire of the enemy was so heavy that it was each time shot away before her broadside could be brought to bear.

The Essex was already much damaged and had a good many killed and wounded, but the ship's company were in good spirits, and though they were caught at such a disadvantage, resolved to resist to the last.

The gaff, with the motto flag and ensign, had been shot away, but "Free Trade and Sailor's Rights" continued to fly at the fore. The ensign was now made fast in the main rigging, and several jacks displayed at different points. The enemy soon repaired damages and were ready to renew the attack, and both his ships now placed themselves on the Essex' starboard quarter, out of the

reach of her broadside carronades, and where her stern guns would not bear. They then opened and kept up a galling fire, which the Essex could not return at all, and there was no chance for the American ship, unless she could get underway and assail in turn. The Essex' top-sail sheets and halliards were all shot away, as well as the jib and stay-sail halliards. Indeed, the only rope of that kind not cut was the flying-jib halliards. This, the only available sail, was set, the cable cut, and Porter steered down upon the English vessels, intending to lay the Phoebe aboard. The firing on both sides was now incessant. Porter let fall his fore-top-sail and fore-sail, but the want of tacks and sheets rendered them almost useless. Yet he approached his enemy slowly, and although the decks were thickly strewn with dead, and the cockpit filled with wounded, and although the ship had been several times on fire and was almost a wreck, they still had some hopes, for the Cherub was just then compelled to haul off. This ship did not come into close action again, although she kept up a distant fire from her long guns. The disabled state of the Essex enabled the Phoebe, by edging off, to choose her own distance, and use her long guns, with which she kept up a tremendous fire, which mowed down the Essex' crew in a fearful way. Farragut, in his recollections, praises the Surgeons for their coolness and dexterity, although they had, at this time, patients killed under their hands.

Many of the American guns had been rendered useless, and many had their entire crews destroyed by this fire.

The remaining guns were again manned, however, and one gun was three times re-manned—fifteen people having been killed at that one piece during the action.

The captain of this same gun alone escaped, with a slight scratch.

Finding that the enemy had it in his power to choose his distance, and thus destroy him at leisure, and as the wind at the moment favored, Porter determined to run his ship on shore, land his men, and destroy her. When he was within musket-shot of the beach the wind suddenly shifted right off shore, and paid the Essex off, with her head towards the Phœbe; exposing her again to a deadly raking fire.

The Essex was by this time totally unmanageable, yet as her head was towards the enemy, and the latter was to leeward, Porter still had a faint hope that he might be able to board her.

Just then Lieutenant Downes, the Commander of the Essex Junior, thinking that the Essex would soon be taken, pulled out in his boat, and came on board to receive Porter's orders. In the wretched condition of the ship Downes could be of no use, and finding that the enemy had put his helm up and ran off, so that he could not board her, Porter directed Downes to return to his own ship, prepare for her defence, and if necessary, destroy her. Downes, therefore, took several of the wounded, left three of his own crew, and rejoined the Essex Junior.

The slaughter on board the Essex was now horrible; and the enemy continued to rake her, while she could not bring a gun to bear.

Porter then bent a hawser to his sheet-anchor, and cut the anchor away, thus bringing her head round.

Her broadside was then again brought to bear, and as the Phœbe was much crippled, and unable to hold her own, it is probable he would have drifted out of gunshot before he discovered that the Essex had

anchored again, had not the hawser unfortunately parted. The case of the Essex now seemed hopeless. Several fires had been extinguished during the engagement; but now fire made headway both forward and aft; and flames, supposed to come from near the magazine, were shooting up the hatchways. At this juncture they were about three-quarters of a mile from the shore, and there was a bare chance for those of the crew who could swim well to reach the land. The boats were all destroyed by the enemy's shot, and the fire was now burning fiercely, close to the after magazine.

Orders were given for those who could swim to jump overboard and make for the shore. Many did so, some with clothes already on fire. Some reached the beach, some were captured by the enemy's boats, and some perished. Most of the surviving officers and crew preferred to share, with the Captain, the fate of the ship. These were now wholly employed in endeavors to extinguish the flames; and in this they finally succeeded.

They then once more manned the guns, and renewed the engagement; but the crew were now so weakened that all saw the impossibility of further resistance, and entreated Captain Porter to surrender, as the ship was entirely disabled, and such a step was necessary, to save the wounded. Porter sent for the division officers, to consult them; but found only Lieutenant McKnight remaining. He confirmed the reports of the bad condition of the ship, below, and the disabled state of the guns, and their crews. Lieutenant Wilmer had been knocked overboard by a splinter, while getting the sheet-anchor overboard, and had been drowned, after fighting gallantly through the whole action. Acting Lieutenant Cowell had lost a leg. The Sailing Master, Mr. Barnewell, was badly wounded. Acting Lieutenant

Odenheimer had been knocked overboard, but managed to sustain himself upon some floating wreck, not succeeding, however, in regaining the ship until after her surrender. The cockpit, steerage, wardroom, and berth-deck were full of wounded; some of whom were killed while the Surgeons were operating upon them. More than this, it was evident that unless something was done the ship must soon sink, with all on board, from the numerous shot-holes below the water line.

The Carpenter reported that all his men were either killed or wounded; and he himself had narrowly escaped drowning, as the slings in which he was suspended, while overboard, stopping shot-holes, had been shot away. It was impossible to reach the enemy with the carronades; while they, from the smoothness of the water, and immunity from shot, were enabled to use their long guns upon the Essex, as upon a target.

It is said that, at this time, Lieutenant Ingram, of the Phœbe, wanted Captain Hillyar to bear down and board the Essex—saying it was deliberate murder to lie off and fire in this way. This gallant English officer was killed, among the last, that day.

The American ship continued to be hulled at every shot, and was cut up in a way seldom witnessed. In a word, there was no hope of saving her, and at half-past six in the evening Porter was forced to strike his colors.

Only seventy-five officers and men remained fit for duty; and many of these were wounded, and some afterwards died.

In spite of the colors being down, the enemy continued his deliberate fire, and the survivors continued to fall. Porter ordered an opposite gun to be fired, to intimate his surrender, but the fire continued, and several more men fell.

Porter now believed that they intended to show no quarter; and he was upon the point of hoisting his flag again, when, about ten minutes after the colors had been struck, the enemy ceased firing.

It is only fair to suppose that the smoke prevented them from seeing that the flag was down.

Porter, and his officers and crew, had shown unparalleled bravery, skill, zeal, and patriotism; and nothing but the absolute requirements of humanity caused their surrender—to save the helpless wounded. Had they been disposed of, there is little doubt they would have let the Essex sink under them, and have taken the chance of gaining the shore.

The action had been fought almost entirely with the great guns; musketry being only used during the first half hour. During most of the time the Essex could only use her six long twelves; and it is fair to say that every one did his whole duty. Farragut, then a mere child, was mentioned, among others, for gallantry, but was “too young to recommend for promotion.”

The Essex' ship's company were unfortunate, but not disgraced. Out of them fifty-eight were killed, or died subsequently of wounds; thirty-nine were severely wounded; twenty-seven were slightly wounded; and thirty-one were missing—mostly drowned. Lieutenant Cowell, whose leg was shattered, insisted upon waiting his turn, with the other wounded, for amputation, and thereby lost his life.

The enemy's loss, which was comparatively light, from the circumstances under which the battle was fought, included the First Lieutenant of the Phœbe, killed, and Captain Tucker, of the Cherub, severely wounded. Both the Essex and the Phœbe were in a sinking state,

and were with difficulty kept afloat until morning, when they anchored in the port of Valparaiso.

The Essex was afterwards repaired, and sent to England, when she was added to the British navy. The Phœbe had eighteen shot-holes through her, below the water line, and nothing saved both ships but the fact that the water was very smooth.

During the action the American Consul General, Mr. Poinsett, demanded from the Governor of Valparaiso that his batteries should protect the Essex.

This was refused; but he was promised that, if she fought her way in to the usual anchorage, he would send to the British Commander, and request him to desist, but would not use force under any circumstances. This, and other evidences of bias in favor of the British were so strong, that Mr. Poinsett left the country, having no hope that any claim for the restoration of the ship would be entertained.

The change of feeling in the authorities of Valparaiso, Porter attributed to a revolution, which had lately put new people into power; beside the fact that the South American nations always favored the strongest force.

Soon after their capture Captain Hillyar allowed the prisoners to proceed to the United States in the Essex Junior, which ship was disarmed, and furnished with a passport, to prevent recapture.

Porter, in his remarks upon the battle, says that while he could never be reconciled to Hillyar's course in attacking the Essex in neutral waters, he must do the English Captain the justice to say that, after the capture, he did all he could to alleviate the misery of the wounded and prisoners. Their private property was pilfered, to be sure, but it was against Hillyar's positive orders. Porter also very truly remarks that the Essex would almost

certainly have escaped to sea, but for the accident to her mast, and that it was a wonderful thing that the two ships should not have captured or destroyed her in a much shorter time.

The English frigate *Tagus* arrived a few days after the battle. She, with other English ships, had been sent to look for Porter in the China Seas, Timor and Australia. Porter estimated the cost to the English government of the capture of the *Essex* as, at least, \$6,000,000.

We now pass to the singular termination of the voyage of the *Essex Junior*, which ship left Valparaiso with the paroled American prisoners. She made a remarkably good passage of 73 days, to Sandy Hook, the prisoners hoping to be in time to be exchanged, fit out a vessel, and intercept the prize on her passage to England. But off Sandy Hook they fell in with the British ship *Saturn*, the Captain of which at first passed them, but two hours after boarded them again, and revoked the pass. As Captain Hillyar's pass was thus violated, Captain Porter revoked his parole, and declared himself the *Saturn's* prisoner. The *Essex Junior* was directed to remain all night under the *Saturn's* guns. The next morning the ships were some thirty miles off Long Island, within musket-shot of each other, and in a dense fog. Porter determined to escape. A boat was lowered and manned, and Porter entered it, leaving with Lieutenant Downes a message for Captain Nash, of the *Saturn*, to the effect that he was "satisfied that British officers were destitute of honor, and regardless of the honor of each other. That he was armed and intended to defend himself against boats sent out after him." He got nearly a gunshot off, in the fog, before it was discovered that he had left, and when he was pursued he eluded the enemy's boats and landed at Babylon, Long Island. The English

asserted breach of parole in his case, but the Government took up the matter, and it was finally satisfactorily arranged.

In connection with the homeward passage of the Essex Junior, we must not omit to mention the sad fate of Lieutenant Stephen Decatur McKnight, the only Lieutenant of the Essex who escaped unhurt from the sanguinary engagement with the Phœbe and Cherub.

Lieutenant McKnight and Midshipman Lyman had remained behind, and went to Rio Janeiro in the Phœbe, to make the affidavits necessary to condemn the Essex as a prize. They were then allowed the option of going to England in the Phœbe, or to be allowed to go to Europe in a merchant vessel, and thence home, on parole. They preferred the latter, and sailed from Rio in a Swedish brig called the Adonis. On the passage they met, at sea, the United States ship Wasp, Captain Blakely, on a cruise, and left the Adonis and joined the Wasp, in mid-ocean. The Wasp was never seen again after the Adonis left her.

It may further be of interest to have Admiral Farragut's recollections of this battle, as well as his comments thereon, when ripe in years and experience.

Farragut was only thirteen years old at the time of the battle; but, as we have seen, he was commended for his coolness and conduct.

He said that, when the English ships first came in, and while the Essex and Phœbe were close together, and the Captains talking to each other, a young fellow stationed at a gun-deck gun of the Essex, who had just come off from liberty, rather tipsy, fancied he saw a man on board the Phœbe grinning at him.

"My fine fellow," said he, "I'll soon stop your making faces!" and was about to fire his gun, when Lieutenant

McKnight saw him, and knocked him over. Farragut remarks that, if this gun had been fired, the battle would then have taken place, under such circumstances that the Phœbe would most likely have been taken.

He also mentions (which Captain Porter does not), that one night, while the English ships were outside, the Americans manned all boats, to board and capture them; but finding them prepared, and their men lying at their quarters, they returned.

In his later years the gallant Admiral gave his opinion as follows: "In the first place, I consider our original and greatest error was in attempting to regain the original anchorage, as, being of very fine sailing qualities, the Essex should have borne up and run before the wind. If we had come in contact with the Phœbe, we could have boarded her. If she avoided us—having all her masts, and ability to manœuvre—then we could have taken her fire, and passed on, leaving both vessels behind, until we could have replaced our topmast. By this time they would have separated, or it would have been no chase, as the Cherub was a dull sailer.

"Secondly. When it was apparent to everybody that we had no chance of success, under the circumstances, the ship should have been run on shore, throwing her broadside to the beach, to prevent raking; fought as long as was consistent with humanity, and then set on fire. But, having determined upon anchoring, we should have bent a spring on the ring of the anchor, instead of upon the cable, where it was exposed, and could be shot away as fast as it could be put on. This mode of proceeding would have given us, in my opinion, a better opportunity of injuring our opponents." Farragut further says, "It has been quite common to blame Captain

Hillyar for his conduct in this affair ; but when we come to consider the characteristics of the two Commanders, we may be inclined to judge more leniently ; although Porter's complaints in the matter will excite no surprise. Porter was then about thirty-one years of age, and the 'pink of chivalry,' and of an ardent and impetuous temperament ; while Hillyar was a cool and calculating man, of about fifty ; and he himself said, 'had gained his reputation by several single-ship combats ; and only expected to retain it on the present occasion by implicit obedience to his orders, viz : to capture the Essex with the least possible risk to his vessel and crew ;' and as he had a superior force, he had determined not to leave anything to chance, believing any other course would call down on him the disapprobation of his government."

Among other reminiscences by Farragut, we find that when Lieutenant Ingram visited the Essex, under a flag of truce, he was shown all over her, and made a very good impression by his frank and manly bearing. He said the happiest moment of his life would be to take her to England should she be captured in equal combat. Porter replied that, should such an event occur, he knew no British officer to whom he would more readily yield the honor. Poor Ingram was killed by a splinter, and the American officers who survived attended his funeral, in Valparaiso.

"During the action," says Admiral Farragut, in his later years, "I was, like 'Paddy in the Catharpins,' a man on occasions. I performed the duties of Captain's aid, quarter-gunner, powder-boy, and, in fact, did everything that was required of me. I shall never forget the horrible impression made upon me at the sight of the first man I had ever seen killed. He was a boatswain's mate,

and was fearfully mutilated. It staggered and sickened me at first, but they soon began to fall around me so fast that it all appeared like a dream, and produced no effect upon my nerves. I can remember well, while I was standing near the Captain, just abaft the main-mast, a shot came through the water-ways and glanced upward, killing four men who were standing by the side of a gun, taking the last one in the head, and scattering his brains over both of us. But this awful sight did not affect me half as much as the death of the first poor fellow. I neither thought of nor noticed anything but the working of the guns."

During the action Midshipman Farragut was knocked down a ladder by the body of a heavy man, who was killed. Farragut was only bruised.

The Admiral also tells an amusing story of a fight he had, on board the English frigate, after the action, when they were taken on board, prisoners. He saw an English midshipman who had captured a pet pig, called Murphy, belonging to him, and he stoutly claimed it. The English midshipman refused to surrender it, but his older mess-mates told Farragut that if he licked the English midshipman he should have his pig. A ring was formed, and, encouraged by shouts, of "Go it! my little Yankee! if you can thrash Shorty you shall have your pig!" he went in and licked the Englishman handsomely.



BATTLE OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN. SEPTEMBER 11TH, A. D. 1814.



THE battle of Lake Champlain, or Plattsburg, as it is often called, was one of the most important, in its results, of all fought during the war with Great Britain which began in 1812.

At the same time that the naval battle was fought, the Americans, under General Macomb, obtained a decided victory over the British land forces, which had advanced, on the west side of Lake Champlain, as far as Plattsburg.

Although Lake Champlain had been the scene of so many important events in the previous wars on this continent, two years of the "War of 1812" elapsed before anything of importance occurred there. Nor would it have then been the scene of any stirring event, if English military men had been capable of learning anything from previous operations there.

Towards the end of 1814 large reinforcements had arrived in Canada, from England, and an army of twelve or fifteen thousand men was collected in the vicinity of Montreal.

With this force the enemy intended an invasion of the northern counties of New York; undeterred by the fate of General Burgoyne, whose route, practically, they intended to follow.

In spite of the obstinacy and stupidity of the English military mind during these operations, many people have supposed that this expedition was not intended to be pushed very far into a country much more capable of resistance than in Burgoyne's time, but that the officers were probably directed to penetrate as far as Crown Point and Ticonderoga, perhaps with a view to attempts at further conquests in the spring.

Some thought that they hoped to reach Albany; a measure that would have involved the loss of their whole force, as double the number of men could hardly have accomplished such a feat in Burgoyne's time, through a sparsely settled country.

It is altogether probable that they intended to occupy a portion of the frontier, in the expectation of turning the occupation to account in the negotiations which were known to be impending; as the English Commissioners soon after advanced a claim which would have the effect of driving the Americans back from their ancient boundaries, with a view to leaving to Great Britain the entire possession of the lakes.

In such an expedition as this, with Canada as a base, the command of Champlain became of great importance, as it flanked the march of the invading army for more than a hundred miles, and offered great facilities for forwarding supplies, as well as for annoyance and defence.

Until the year 1814 neither nation had had a force of any moment on Lake Champlain; but the Americans had built a ship and a schooner, during the previous winter and spring. When it was found that the enemy had serious intentions, both by water and by land, the keel of a brig was laid, and a number of "row-galleys," or gun-boats, were also constructed.

During this period the English were not idle. In addition to several small vessels they already possessed on these waters, they built a brig, and, as soon as she was in frame, laid the keel of a ship. The latter vessel was to be of the greatest force and size possible for those waters, and great care was taken to make her so. The American brig, which was called the Eagle, was launched about the middle of August, and the English ship, which was called the Confiance, on the 25th of the same month. As the English army was already collecting on the frontier, the utmost exertions were made by both sides, and each ship appeared on the lake as she was got ready.

Captain Thomas McDonough, who commanded the American naval force, was an officer who, though young, had repeatedly distinguished himself since he had entered the service, in the year 1800, being appointed from the State of Delaware.

McDonough got out on the lake a few days before his adversary, and as cruising, in the ordinary sense of the term, was impossible upon such a long and narrow body of water, the American Captain advanced as far as Plattsburg, the point selected for the defence against the invaders, and anchored, on the 3d of September, on the flank of the American troops, which occupied entrenchments at that place.

Previously to this the English had made an attempt to sink a vessel in the mouth of the Otter Creek, to prevent the Americans from getting their vessels out, but they were beaten off. Otter Creek is some distance down the lake, on the Vermont side.

About this time Sir George Prevost, the English Commander-in-chief, advanced against Plattsburg, then held by Brigadier General Macomb. The latter had only

fifteen hundred men fit for duty, while Sir Geo. Prevost's army was estimated at twelve thousand.

Prevost's army was divided into four brigades, which were commanded by Lieutenant General De Rottenberg, Major Generals Brisbane, Power and Robinson, and Major General Baynes was Adjutant General.

With this formidably officered force Sir George Prevost advanced slowly down the right shore of the lake, waiting for the flotilla to get ready and to appear on his left flank.

From the 7th to the 11th of August the American skirmishers and scouts kept the English advance well upon the alert, while the latter were engaged in bringing up their battering trains, stores and reinforcements. Some fighting took place amongst detached bodies, on shore, but no move was made upon the water.

Cooper will be chiefly followed in the account of the battle which took place upon the lake, although Roosevelt does even more justice to McDonough than Cooper does. Like Cooper, too, Roosevelt ranks McDonough as much higher in the scale of ability, as a naval commander, than Perry, the commander on Lake Erie, while in regard to courage and conduct under fire, their claims are undoubtedly equal.

The English naval Captain, Downie, late in command of the Montreal, on Lake Ontario, had been sent by Sir James Yeo, the British naval Commander-in-chief, to take the command on Lake Champlain. He came, with the express understanding that he was not to come out until he considered his vessels ready.

In one sense, neither the English nor the American vessels were in a very forward state of preparation. The largest English vessel had been in the water but sixteen days when she was brought into action. The second vessel

in size of the Americans had been launched but thirty days when she was fought in the battle. In point of fact, the American Eagle was ready for service but eight days before the English Confiance. As all these vessels had little need of the stores supplied to a sea-going ship, and as the action between them was fought at anchor, they were, really, not much more than floating batteries.

But to illustrate the difficulties under which naval operations in those parts were carried on, we may say that when Captain McDonough first arrived, to build and fit out a squadron, he was so short of skilled seamen that he was obliged to turn to and strop blocks, and do other seaman's work, with his own hands.

Ready-witted Yankee landsmen soon learned to do a great deal, and after a time, seamen, in small numbers, were procured, such as had seen powder burnt.

On the 6th of September Captain McDonough ordered his galleys to the head of Plattsburg Bay, to annoy the British land forces, which they cannonaded for two hours. The wind then came on to blow a gale, which menaced the galleys with shipwreck, and they were ordered to retire. The boat which carried the order was in charge of a midshipman named Duncan, and it is supposed the enemy thought McDonough himself was in the boat, about to join the galleys, for they concentrated a fire upon it, and Mr. Duncan was severely wounded, losing an arm.

The general direction of Lake Champlain is north and south, but, at a point called Cumberland Head, in coming south, the land bends north again, forming Plattsburg Bay, which is a deep indentation of the shore, that leaves a basin open to the southward, and which, consequently, lies nearly parallel to the main lake. The east side of this bay is protected by the long, narrow neck of land that terminates in Cumberland Head. Its bottom, or northern

end, and its western shore, are encircled by the main land, while to the southward and eastward is the entrance. Near the centre of the western shore the Saranac enters the bay, and on both banks of that river stands the town of Plattsburg.

About a mile and a half from Cumberland Head, in a southwesterly direction, and quite near the western shore, is an extensive shoal and a small, low island, which commands the approach to the bay in that direction.

At this spot, called Crab Island, the naval hospital was established, and a one-gun battery erected.

Captain McDonough had chosen an anchorage a little south of the outlet of the Saranac. His vessels lay in a line parallel to the shore, extending north and south, and distant from the western shore nearly two miles. The last vessel to the southward was so near the shoal as to prevent the English from passing that end of the line, while all the American vessels lay out so much toward Cumberland Head that they brought the enemy within reach of carronades, should he enter the bay on that side.

The *Eagle*, Captain Henley, lay at the northern extremity of the American line, and what might, during the battle which followed, have been called its head; the wind being to the northward and eastward. The *Saratoga*, Captain McDonough's own vessel, was second; the *Ticonderoga*, Lieutenant Commanding Cassin, the third; and the *Preble*, Lieutenant Budd, last. The *Preble* lay a little further south than the pitch of Cumberland Head.

The first of the vessels just mentioned was a brig of twenty guns and 150 men, all told; the second, a ship of twenty-six guns, and 212 men; the third, a schooner of seventeen guns, and 110 men; and the last, a sloop of seven guns and 30 men.

The metal of all these vessels, as well as of those of the

enemy, was unusually heavy, there being no swell in the lake to make a heavy armament dangerous.

The Saratoga mounted eight long 24s, six 42s, and twelve 32-pound carronades. The Eagle had eight long 18s, and twelve 32-pound carronades. The Ticonderoga had four long 18s, eight long 12s, and four 32-pound carronades, beside one 18-pound columbiad. The Preble had seven long 9s.

In addition to these four vessels, the Americans had ten galleys or gun-boats—six large and four small. Each of the large ones mounted a long 24 and an eighteen-pound columbiad, while the smaller ones had each a long 12.

The galleys had, on an average, about thirty-five men each.

The total force of the Americans consisted, therefore, of fourteen vessels, of all classes, mounting 102 guns, and containing about eight hundred and fifty men, including officers, and a small detachment of soldiers, who did duty as marines, none of that corps having been sent to Lake Champlain.

To complete his order of battle, Captain McDonough directed two of the galleys to keep in shore, and a little to windward of the Eagle, to sustain the head of the line. One or two more were to lie opposite to the interval between the Eagle and the Saratoga; a few opposite the interval between the Saratoga and Ticonderoga; and two opposite the interval between the Ticonderoga and the Preble. If any order had been given to cover the rear of the line it was not carried out.

The Americans were, consequently, formed in two lines, distant from each other about forty yards, the large vessels at anchor, and the galleys under their sweeps. Owing to the latter circumstance, the inner line soon got to be very

irregular, "some of the galleys pressing boldly forward, while others were less impelled by the ardor of their commanders," which is certainly a good way of putting it.

The known force of the enemy was materially greater than that of the Americans.

The largest English vessel, the *Confiance*, commanded by Captain Downie in person, had the gun-deck of a heavy frigate, and mounted on it an armament of thirty long 24s.

She had a spacious top-gallant-forecastle, and a poop which came as far as the mizzen-mast. On her forecastle she mounted one long 24, on a circle, and four heavy carronades; and on the poop, two heavy carronades, making an armament of thirty-seven guns, in all. Her complement of men is supposed to have been more than three hundred.

The next vessel of the enemy was the *Linnet*, a brig of sixteen long 12s, with a crew of about one hundred men.

They had two sloops; the *Chubb* and the *Finch*. The first carried ten 18-pound carronades, and one long 6; the second six 18-pound carronades, one 18-pound columbiad, and four long 6s. Each of these sloops had about forty men.

To these four vessels were added a force of galleys, or gun-boats, in number, either twelve or thirteen; Captain McDonough gives the latter number; Captain Downie, the former. Thus, Downie's whole force consisted of sixteen or seventeen vessels, mounting, in all, one hundred and fifteen or sixteen guns, and manned by about one thousand men.

On the third of September the British gun-boats sailed from Isle aux Noix, to cover the left flank of their army, then marching on Plattsburg. The boats were under the orders of Captain Pring, and on the 4th that officer took

possession of Isle aux Motte, where he constructed a battery, and landed some stores for the troops.

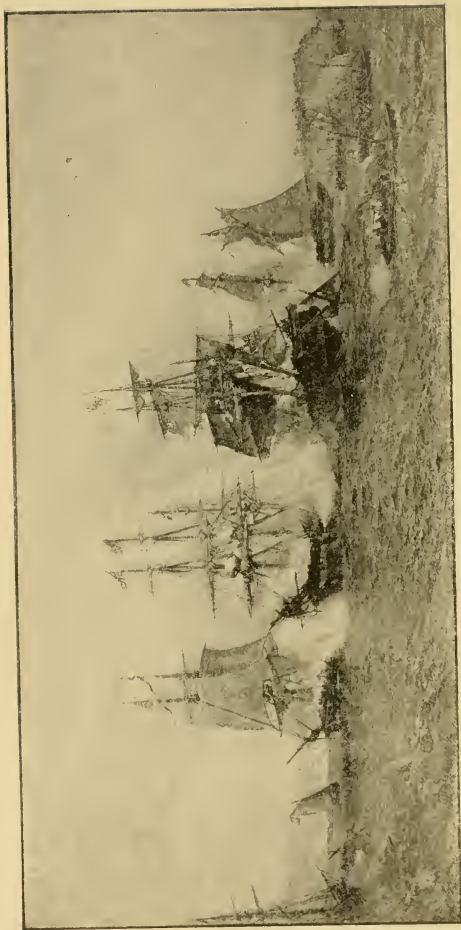
On the 8th, Captain Downie arrived, with the four large English vessels, and remained at anchor until the 11th. At daylight of that day the whole force weighed anchor and proceeded, in a body.

The American guard-boat pulled in, soon after sunrise, and announced the approach of the enemy. As the wind was fair—a good working breeze from the northeast—the English came down the lake rapidly, and Captain McDonough ordered the ships cleared for action, and preparations made to fight at anchor.

Eight bells were struck in the American squadron as the upper sails of the British vessels were seen passing along the neck of land in the main lake, on their way to double Cumberland Head, in order to enter the bay. They had the wind a little on the port quarter, the booms of their small vessels swinging out to starboard. The Finch led, followed by the Confiance, Linnet and Chubb, while the gunboats, which, like those of the Americans, each carried two latine sails, followed without much order; keeping just clear of the shore.

The first vessel which came round the head was a sloop, which is reported to have carried a company of amateurs, and which took no part in the engagement. She kept well to leeward, standing down towards Crab Island, and was soon lost to observation in the events which followed. It is this vessel, undoubtedly, which has made the difference in the numbers of the enemy reported by the two commanders.

The Finch came round next; and soon after the other large vessels of the enemy opened from behind the land, and hauled by the wind, in a line abreast; lying to until their galleys could join. The latter proceeded to leeward



MACDONOUGH'S VICTORY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN

and formed in the same manner as the larger vessels. The two squadrons were now in plain view of each other, and distant about three miles.

As soon as their gun-boats were in their stations, and the different commanders had received their orders, the English filled away, on the starboard tack, and headed in towards the American vessels, in a line abreast—the Chubb to windward and the Finch to leeward—most of their gunboats being to leeward of the Finch. The movements of the latter vessel had been a little singular ever since she led round the Head—for she is said not to have hove to, as the rest did, but to have run off with the wind, halfway to Crab Island, then to have tacked, and got into her station after the other vessels had filled.

This movement was either to reconnoitre, or to menace the American rear.

The enemy were now standing in, close-hauled, the Chubb looking well to windward of the Eagle, the vessel which lay at the head of the American line. The Linnet was laying her course for the head of the same vessel; and the Confiance was intending to fetch far enough ahead of the Saratoga to lay that ship athwart hawse. The Finch, with the gun-boats, was standing for the Ticonderoga and Preble.

Captain McDonough had taken up his anchorage with the eye of a seaman. As has been said, his line could not be doubled, on account of the shoal; there was not room to anchor on his broadside out of reach of his carronades, which formed so large a part of his armament; and in order to close, it was necessary, let the wind blow as it might, to stand in upon his vessels bows on. This was an experiment not rashly to be attempted; yet the English, accustomed to see it succeed in their European contests, did not hesitate to adopt it on this occasion, most

probably presuming upon their knowledge of the large proportion of short guns in their adversaries' vessels.

The Americans were, as a matter of course, anchored with springs. But, not content with this, McDonough had laid a kedge broad off on each bow of the *Saratoga*, and brought their hawsers in upon the two quarters, letting them hang in bights under the water. This timely precaution really gained him the victory.

As the enemy filled away the American vessels sprung their broadsides to bear, and then, for a few minutes, the solemn silence which always prevails before a naval action, in a well-disciplined ship, was only broken by the footsteps of the vigilant officers.

Suddenly the *Eagle* fired, in quick succession, the four long eighteens in broadside. In clearing the decks of the *Saratoga* some hen-coops were thrown overboard, and the poultry turned out, to run at large about the decks. Startled by the reports of these guns, a young cock flew upon a gun-slide, clapped his wings, and crowed.

At this animating sound the men spontaneously gave three cheers. This little incident relieved the solemn time which elapsed between preparation and combat, and had an especially powerful influence over the seamen—so apt to be swayed by signs and omens.

Although the enemy's galleys now opened fire, McDonough refrained from giving the order to reply, for it was evident that the *Eagle's* guns, which continued to try the range, did not yet reach. As soon, however, as it was seen that her shot told, McDonough himself sighted a long twenty-four, and the gun was fired. The shot struck the *Confiance* near her hawse-hole, and passed the whole length of her deck, killing and wounding several men, and carrying away her wheel. It was the

signal for the Americans to open with all their long guns, under which the English flag-ship especially suffered.

Still they steadily held their course, in the most gallant manner, confident that if they could once get their ships into the desired position, the great weight of metal of the *Confiance* would decide the fortune of the day.

But he had over-estimated his own powers of endurance, and, probably, under-estimated the force of the Americans. The anchors of the *Confiance* were hanging by the stoppers, in readiness to let go, and her port bower was soon cut away by shot, as well as a spare anchor in the port fore-chains. In short, after a long endurance of a galling fire from the Americans, the wind began to baffle, and Captain Downie found himself obliged to anchor while still distant a quarter of a mile from the American line. The helm of the *Confiance* was put a-port; the ship shot into the wind, and a kedge was let go, while the ship took a sheer, and brought up with her starboard bower. In doing this her kedge was fouled, and became of no use. In coming to, her halliards were let run, and she hauled up her courses.

At this time the *Linnet* and the *Chubb* were still standing in, further to the westward, and the former, when her guns bore, fired a broadside at the *Saratoga*. The *Linnet* soon after anchored somewhat nearer than the *Confiance*; getting an excellent position, forward of the *Eagle's* beam.

The *Chubb* kept under way, intending, if possible, to rake the American line. The *Finch*, by means of her sweeps, got abreast of the *Ticonderoga*, and was supported by the gun-boats.

The English vessels came to in very handsome style, and, although the whole American line was now firing, the *Confiance* did not discharge a single gun until she

was secured. As soon as this was done her battery was manned, and her side appeared one sheet of flame, as she fired her whole broadside at once, mostly at the Saratoga. The effect of this broadside, from sixteen long 24s, double-shotted, in perfectly smooth water, at point blank range, and coolly sighted, was terrible for the little ship which received it. Half her crew were prostrated, although many were knocked down who had received no real injury, but about forty men, or near one fifth of her complement were either killed or wounded, on board the Saratoga, by this one broadside. The hatches had been covered, as usual, but the decks were so encumbered by the bodies that it was found necessary to take off the gratings, and pass them below. For a moment the men seemed appalled, but then they resumed their fire as gallantly as ever. Among the killed by this broadside was Mr. Gamble, her First Lieutenant. He was on his knees, sighting the bow-gun, when a shot entered the port, split the quoin, drove a portion of it against his chest, and laid him dead, without breaking the skin.

Captain Downie was, a few moments later, killed by an American shot, without breaking the skin, as a dismounted gun struck him in the groin.

By the loss of Mr. Gamble but one lieutenant, and he an acting one, was left in the Saratoga. On the part of the principal vessels the battle now settled into a steady, animated, but, as guns were injured, a gradually decreasing cannonade. The Chubb, while manœuvring near the head of the American line, received a broadside from the Eagle, which crippled her, and she drifted down between the opposing vessels, until near the Saratoga, which ship fired a shot into her, and she immediately struck. A midshipman was sent in a boat, to take possession. The young officer hove the prize a line, and

towed her down astern and inshore of the Saratoga ; anchoring her near the mouth of the Saranac.

This first success occurred within a quarter of an hour after the enemy had anchored, and afforded great encouragement to our people ; although they well knew that on the heavily armed *Confiance* depended the fate of the day. The *Chubb* had suffered much, and nearly half her ship's company had been killed or wounded.

After about an hour's fighting, the *Finch* was also driven out of her station by the *Ticonderoga*, and, being crippled, she drifted down upon Crab Island Shoal, where, after receiving a shot or two from the gun mounted in battery, she struck, and was taken possession of by the invalids from the hospital.

At the end of the line the British galleys early made every effort to come to close action, and soon after the *Finch* had drifted away they forced the *Preble* out of the American line, that vessel cutting her cable, and shifting her anchorage to a station considerably inshore, where she rendered no more service that day.

The rear of the American line was certainly its weakest point ; and having compelled the little *Preble* to retreat, the enemy's galleys immediately attacked the vessel which was next ahead in the line, the *Ticonderoga*.

This schooner was not only more powerful than the *Preble*, but she was nobly fought by Lieutenant Cassin, her commander, who coolly walked the taffrail, where he could watch the movements of the enemy's galleys, amidst showers of canister and grape.

He fired, in return, bags of musket balls, and other light missiles, which kept the British gun-boats at a respectful distance. Many of the latter were very gallantly fought, and several times approached quite near, with the evident intention of boarding, but the steadiness of the *Ticon-*

deroga's fire beat them back, and completely covered the rear of the line for the rest of the day. So desperate were some of the attacks that the galleys got up within boat-hook's length of the schooner.

While the fight was thus progressing in the rear of the American line, the other extremity was suffering severely. The English vessel, the *Linnet*, had a capital position, and was most admirably fought, while the *Eagle* (which received all her fire and part of that of the *Confiance*), having had her springs shot away, found herself so situated as to be unable to bring her guns fairly to bear upon either of her opponents. Captain Henley had, previous to the engagement, hoisted his top-sail yards, with the sails stoppered, to the mast-heads. He now cut his cable, sheeted home his top-sails, cast the brig, and ran down and anchored by the stern, between the *Saratoga* and *Ticonderoga*, necessarily a little inshore of both. Here he used his port battery, which was fresh, upon the *Confiance* and the gun-boats. But this movement left the *Saratoga* exposed to nearly the whole fire of the *Linnet*, which brig now sprung her broadside so as to partially rake the American ship.

Soon after this important change at the head of the line the fire of the two ships began to materially diminish, as gun after gun became disabled. The *Saratoga*, in particular, had all her long guns disabled by shot; while most of her carronades were dismounted, either from the enemy's fire, or from a disposition in the men to over-charge them, which the paucity of officers rendered it difficult to prevent. At length, but a single carronade remained in the starboard battery, and on firing it, the navel-bolt broke, and the over-heated and over-charged gun not only flew off the carriage, but down the main hatch.

This left the ship of the American commanding officer, in the middle of the action, without an available gun. The only thing to be done was to immediately attempt to wind the ship.

A stream anchor which was suspended astern was let go. The men then clapped on the hawser that led to the starboard quarter, and brought the ship's stern up over the kedge; but here she hung, there not being sufficient wind or current to force her bows round. A line had been bent to the bight in the stream cable, with a view to help wind the ship, and she now rode by the kedge, and this line, with her stern exposed to the steady and well directed fire of the Linnet. The port battery having been manned, Captain McDonough ordered all the men from the guns, where they were uselessly suffering, and sent them forward. By rowing on the line, the ship was at length got so far round that the port aftermost gun would bear upon the *Confiance*, and it was instantly manned, and began to fire. The next gun was used in the same manner; but it was soon apparent that the ship could be got no further round, for she was nearly end on to the wind. At this critical moment Mr. Brum, the Master, thought of the hawser which had been led to the port quarter before the action commenced. It was got forward, under the bows, and passed aft to the starboard quarter, when the ship's stern was immediately sprung to the westward, so as to bring all her port guns to bear on the English ship with immense effect.

As soon as the preparations to wind the *Saratoga* were made, the *Confiance* attempted to perform the same evolution. Her springs were hauled on, but they merely forced the ship ahead; and, having borne the fresh broadside of the American until she had scarcely a gun with which to return the fire, and failing in all her efforts to get

round, her commanding officer lowered his flag, about two hours and a quarter after the commencement of the action.

By hauling again upon the starboard hawser, the *Saratoga's* broadside was immediately sprung to bear upon the *Linnet*, which brig struck, in about fifteen minutes after her consort.

At this moment, the enemy's galleys had been driven back nearly or quite half a mile. They were irregularly scattered, and setting fast to leeward, while they kept up only a desultory firing. As soon as they found the large vessels had submitted, they ceased firing, and lowered their colors; and not a single British ensign was left flying in the bay, out of the sixteen or seventeen which had entered it so gallantly less than three hours before.

Although this action was fought at anchor, it may be truly said that it was won as much by seamanship as by downright hard fighting.

The foregoing account, as has been said, is taken principally from Cooper, whose account of this action is acknowledged, on all sides, to be entirely impartial; while many capable persons have found fault with his account of Perry's victory on Lake Erie.

In the long and bloody conflict of Plattsburg the *Saratoga* had twenty-eight killed and twenty-nine wounded; or more than one-fourth of all on board. The *Eagle* had thirteen killed and twenty wounded; about the same proportionate loss. The *Ticonderoga* had six killed and six wounded. The *Preble* had two killed. The *Saratoga* was hulled fifty-five times, and the *Eagle* thirty-nine times.

After the first destructive fire of the broadside of the *Confiance*, her fire became less formidable, the shot passing higher at each discharge. By her second broadside nearly all the hammocks in the *Saratoga's* nettings

were cut to pieces; and it was seen, as the battle advanced, that the English shot cut the standing rigging further and further from the deck.

Few men were hurt, after the first fire, by anything but grape, or by the shot of the well-fought Linnet. This was a curious fact, considering the smooth water, and the ships being always at the same distance. The American officers came to the conclusion that the enemy had levelled his guns to point blank range, and that the quoins were not properly replaced, after each discharge had loosened them.

When the *Confiance* made her abortive attempt to wind, her decks were in great confusion, and after the battle, when the charges of her guns were drawn, one gun was found with a canvas bag, holding two round-shot, rammed home and wadded, without any powder; another with two cartridges and no shot; and a third with a wad below the cartridge.

According to the report of the Captain of the Linnet, dated September 12th, the *Confiance* lost forty-one killed and forty wounded. At a later date the English themselves stated the number of her wounded at 83. This included the slightly hurt, no doubt; and would make her total loss one hundred and twenty-four; and that number was thought to be short of the truth.

The Linnet is reported to have had ten killed and fourteen wounded; the Chubb six killed and ten wounded; while the Finch was reported by the English to have had but two men wounded. No American official report of the casualties on board the English vessels was ever given, or at least published, nor was any report, of any kind, given, of the loss in the English galleys, which were well up, during the action, and must have suffered severely.

As soon as the Linnet struck a Lieutenant was sent to

take possession of the *Confiance*. She was found to be in a much worse condition than her special opponent, the *Saratoga*. The *Confiance* had been hulled one hundred and five times, had nearly if not quite half her people killed and wounded, and her battery entirely disabled.

As the boarding officer was passing along the deck of the prize he accidentally ran against a lock-string, and thereby fired one of the *Confiance's* starboard guns, which sent its shot towards Cumberland Head. Up to this moment the English galleys had been slowly drifting to leeward, with their colors down, apparently waiting to be taken possession of; but at the discharge of the gun, which they appear to have understood as a signal, one or two of them began to move slowly off, and were soon after followed by the others, each pulling very few sweeps. It appears that they did not hoist their colors again.

Captain McDonough made signal for the American galleys to follow; but it was found that their men were needed at the pumps of the larger vessels, to keep them from sinking, the water being found over the berth-deck of the *Linnet*. The signal to chase was then revoked.

As there was not a mast among the larger vessels which would bear any canvas, the English galleys escaped, going off, at first, slowly and irregularly, as if distrusting their own liberty.

The turning point in the action just described was the winding of the *Saratoga*, so successfully accomplished, and next in importance was the defence of the rear of the line by the *Ticonderoga*, under Lieutenant Cassin. Once or twice the nearest vessels thought his vessel in flames, in consequence of the awful rapidity of her fire.

The *Saratoga* was twice on fire, from hot shot thrown from the *Confiance*, and her spanker was nearly con-

sumed. The English flag-ship had a party of artillerists on board and a furnace for heating hot shot.

Captain McDonough, whose reputation as an accomplished officer was before high, gained a great accession of reputation from this day's proceedings. His disposition for receiving the attack was highly judicious and seamanlike. By the manner in which he anchored his vessels, with the shoals so near the rear of his line as to cover that extremity, and the land of Cumberland Head so near his broadside as necessarily to bring the enemy within reach of his carronades, he made all his force completely available. The English were not quite near enough to give to carronades their full effect, but this disadvantage was unavoidable, the assailing party having, of course, the choice of the distance.

"The personal deportment of Captain McDonough in this engagement was the subject of general admiration in his little squadron. His coolness was undisturbed, throughout all the trying scenes on board his own ship, and, although lying against a vessel of double the force and nearly double the tonnage of the *Saratoga*, he met and resisted her attack with a constancy that seemed to set defeat at defiance." The winding of the *Saratoga*, under such circumstances, exposed, as she was, to the raking fire of the *Confiance* and *Linnet*, especially the latter, was a bold, seamanlike, and masterly measure, that required unusual decision and fortitude to imagine and execute.

Most men would have believed that, without a single gun on the side engaged, a fourth of their people cut down, and their ship a wreck, enough injury had been received to justify submission; but McDonough found the means to secure a victory, even in the desperate situation of the *Saratoga*.

Captain Downie's personal conduct and gallantry were beyond censure, yet the prudence and the nautical merits of his mode of attack have been much censured.

The *Confiance* had been built in so short a time, and by exertions so great, as to put it out of the power of the Americans to construct a vessel of her size in sufficient season to meet her, and it would be accusing the enemy of imbecility to suppose that, after the known result of many combats, he had not made his vessel of ample force to ensure victory.

Few naval men will deny that a ship with the gun-deck dimensions, metal and battery of a 44, ought to have been fully equal, at least, to contend with two such vessels as the *Saratoga* and *Eagle*. This admitted, it follows that Downie had much the superior force.

The plan of the campaign that was destroyed by this defeat; the high objects in view; the fact that the English were the assailants, and that they could not but know the force they were to attack, together with all the attendant circumstances, were so many assurances that the battle of Plattsburg Bay was fought, on the part of the enemy, with a confidence of victory only justified by this known advantage. The very name given to their largest ship was a pledge to this effect.

Sir James Yeo, whose command extended to Lake Champlain, complained that Captain Downie had been hurried into action by the Governor General, before he was prepared; but he did not complain of an insufficiency of force. That Downie went into action before his own crew and vessel had been long subject to drill and preparation, is true; but McDonough was laboring under precisely the same disadvantage.

These are the incidents and drawbacks peculiar to

sudden enterprises, and they must be met by the resources of true seamen.

The Constitution took the *Guerrière* with a crew that had been acting together but little more than a month; and she was manœuvring before the English squadron, off New York—a much more delicate business—within five days of the time that a large proportion of her crew had joined her.

Captain Downie's professional character, as well as his published declarations, prove that he considered the *Confiance* ready to meet an enemy. Sir James Yeo, with greater reason than he had for his former complaint, said that Captain Downie stood square into the bay to make his attack—and by this exposed himself to a raking fire, which, no doubt, contributed to the loss of the day.

The leading into a hostile squadron bows on had frequently been practiced by the English in European waters, with comparative impunity. But it was an eminently hazardous experiment to make under the guns of an American man-of-war. Still, Downie's bearing was highly gallant, and assuring to his ships' companies. The weatherly position he attained was much in his favor; and, judging from the force of his own vessel, could he have got the berth he aimed at, there is great reason to think he would have been successful. That he was foiled, must be attributed to the immovable steadiness, cool deliberation, and admirable fire of the people he assailed.

Although many of the American officers were wounded, but two commissioned officers were killed. These were Mr. Gamble, whose death has already been alluded to; and Mr. Stansbury, the first lieutenant of the *Ticonderoga*.

Mr. Stansbury suddenly disappeared from the bulwarks, forward, while superintending some duty with the springs.

Two days after the action his body rose to the surface, near his own ship, and it was found to have been cut in two by a round shot.

Many officers were knocked down, during the engagement, without having blood drawn. At one moment there was a cry on board the *Saratoga*, that Captain McDonough was killed. He was lying on his face, on the quarter-deck, nearly senseless, and it was two or three minutes before he recovered. During most of the action he sighted a favorite gun, and, while bending his body to sight it, a shot cut the spanker boom in two, letting the spar fall upon his back, a blow which might easily have proved fatal.

In a few minutes the cry that "the Commodore" was killed was again heard. This time McDonough was lying on the deck, between two guns, covered with blood, and again nearly senseless. A shot had driven the head of the captain of his favorite gun in upon him, and knocked him into the scuppers. He soon recovered, as the blood turned out to be that of the unfortunate man.

Mr. Brum, the Master, a venerable old seaman, while engaged in winding the ship, had a large splinter driven so near his body that it actually stripped off his clothing. He was thought to be dead, but soon recovered, regained his feet, and, making an apron of his pocket-handkerchief, coolly went to work again at the springs.

A few months after the battle this veteran died; as it was thought, from the injury.

Lieutenant Vallette had a shot-box on which he was standing, knocked from under his feet; and he, also, was once knocked down by the head of a seaman, and at about the same time received a severe splinter wound.

In short, very few escaped altogether; and in this desperate fight it appears to have been agreed, on both

sides, to call no man wounded who could keep out of the hospital. Mr. Smith, the First Lieutenant of the *Eagle*, was severely wounded; but returned to his quarters, after his wound was dressed.

On the part of the enemy, beside Captain Downie, several officers were killed, and three or four were wounded.

Beside the usual medal from Congress for a successful engagement, Captain McDonough received compliments and gifts from several States, and was promoted.

The Legislature of New York presented him with a small estate on Cumberland Head, which overlooked the scene of his triumphs.

His officers and crews met with the customary acknowledgments, and the country generally rated the victory by the side of that of Lake Erie.

The Navy, best able to judge of all the circumstances, has always placed the battle of Plattsburg Bay among the very highest of its claims to glory.

The consequences of the victory were immediate, and very important.

During the naval action, Sir Geo. Prevost had skirmished in front of the American entrenchments, and was evidently upon the point of bringing up his overwhelming force for a more serious attack. As soon, however, as he ascertained the fate of the British squadron, he made a precipitate and most unmilitary retreat; abandoning much of his heavy artillery, stores, and supplies; and from that moment, till the end of the war, the northern frontier was cleared of the enemy.

Commodore McDonough died, in 1825, of consumption, at the age of 42, while in command of the Mediterranean squadron, with his flag in the *Constitution*.

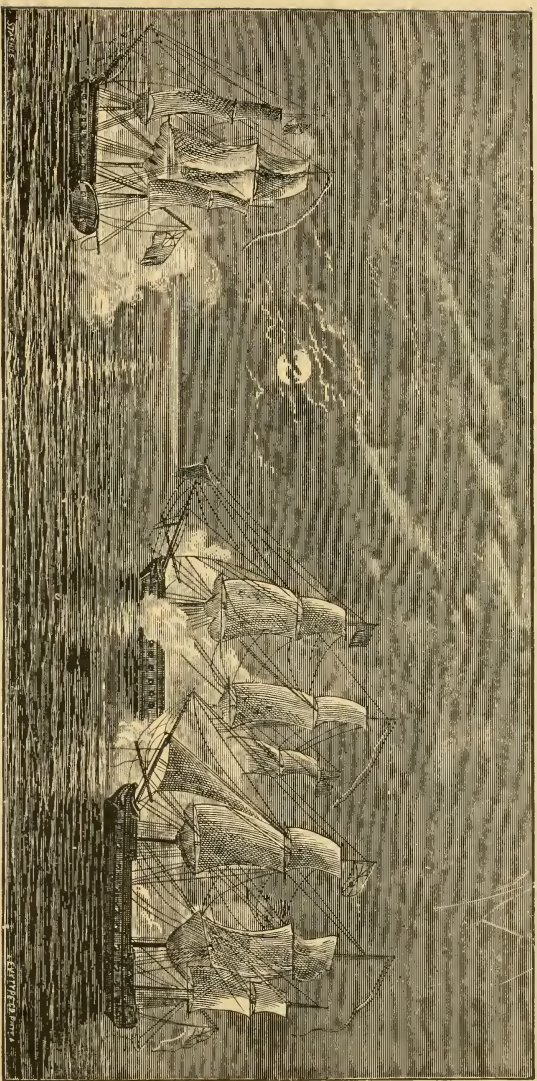
CONSTITUTION IN ACTION WITH CYANE AND LEVANT. 1815.



HIS remarkable action has always excited great interest among naval men, on account of the nautical ability displayed by Captain Stewart, and the very capital manner in which his officers and men seconded him, not only during the action itself, but in his subsequent escape from a superior force.

In the year 1813, during the war with Great Britain, the frigate *Constitution* (that favorite and most useful ship, already celebrated for her capture of the *Guerrière*, and for her remarkable escape from the pursuit of an English squadron) was found to be so decayed as to require extensive repairs. Her crew was therefore transferred to the *Lakes*, and when she was again ready for sea, a new one was shipped for her, and Captain Stewart was ordered to her command.

Charles Stewart was born in Philadelphia, in July, 1778. Going to sea in the merchant service at the age of thirteen, he rose to the command of an East Indiaman while still a youth. Upon the organization of the Navy, in 1798, he was appointed a Lieutenant. After seeing considerable active service in the West Indies, during which, in command of the schooner *Experiment*, he captured three French privateers, he went to the Mediterranean, in 1802,



LEVANT.

CONSTITUTION.

CYANE.

CAPTURE OF THE CYANE AND LEVANT BY THE CONSTITUTION.

as first lieutenant of the *Constellation*. Here he saw service against Tripoli. The next year he had command of the brig *Syren*, and convoyed the party, in the ketch *Intrepid*, which destroyed the frigate *Philadelphia*. After continued service against the Tripolitans he was named the Senior Master Commandant, in 1804. Returning home, he was promoted to Captain, and for some time employed in New York in superintending the construction of gun-boats, after which he returned to the merchant service for several years. During the war of 1812 he commanded the *Constellation* and the *Constitution*.

After the war he was long and honorably employed, both at sea and on shore, and was retired as Senior Commodore, in 1856, at the age of 78. In 1862 he was made a Rear Admiral, on the Retired List. He died at Bordentown, New Jersey, November 6th, 1869, aged 91, having been the senior officer of the Navy for 17 years, and having been 71 years in the service.

The repairs of the *Constitution* occupied so much time that Stewart was not able to put to sea until the winter of 1814, when he made a cruise down our Southern coast and through the West Indies.

On her way from the Caribbean Sea she fell in with and chased the *Pique*, an English 32, which escaped her in the night; but she soon after captured the English man-of-war schooner *Pictou*, 14, and several merchantmen. When the frigate arrived on the American coast she was seen by two British frigates which were cruising in company, and chased into Marblehead; but shortly after managed to get out again and reach Boston.

About the middle of December she left Boston on another cruise and ran off to Bermuda, and thence to the neighborhood of Lisbon. Not finding either an armed

enemy or a valuable prize, she next went into the Bay of Biscay, but with a like want of success.

Again she returned to the vicinity of Lisbon, and cruised for some time in the very high road of commerce, but only took one or two prizes, of very moderate value. During this time she was in sight of the British ship *Elizabeth*, 74, yet the state of wind and weather prevented them from coming in collision.

Finding nothing to reward a further stay off Lisbon, Captain Stewart, on the 20th of February, 1815, ordered the helm put up, and ran off, south-west, about sixty miles. At one P. M. of that day a strange sail was seen on the port bow, and the *Constitution* was hauled up two or three points, and sail made, in chase. The stranger was soon made out to be a ship; and, half an hour later, a second vessel was seen, further to leeward, which was soon ascertained to be another ship.

The *Constitution* held her course, all three vessels being upon a bowline, or close hauled, until 4 P. M., when the nearest of the strange ships made a signal to the one to leeward, and shortly after kept away and ran down toward her consort, who was about eight miles to leeward.

No doubt was now entertained, on board the *Constitution*, that the strange sails were enemies. The nearest ship had the appearance of a small frigate, and the vessel to leeward that of a large sloop-of-war.

The first was seen to be carrying studding-sails on both sides, while the second was running off under short canvas, evidently waiting for her consort to close.

Captain Stewart came to the conclusion that they were going to try to escape, and were keeping away on their best point of sailing until nightfall, when it would be comparatively easy to dodge him. He, therefore, crowded upon the *Constitution* every sail that would draw, with a

view to getting the nearest vessel under his guns. In the course of the afternoon the Constitution carried away her main-royal-mast, a defective spar, and the chase began to gain. Stewart now fired a few times from his chase guns, but finding that the shot fell short, soon ceased.

By half-past five it was seen that it was impossible to prevent the strange sails from forming a junction, and the Constitution, then a little more than three miles distant from the furthest ship, cleared for action. Ten minutes later the two strange sails passed within hail of each other, and, coming by the wind, with their heads to the northward, hauled up their courses, and were evidently clearing to engage. Soon they both suddenly made sail, close by the wind, evidently in order to weather upon the American frigate. But perceiving that the latter was closing very fast, they again hauled up their courses and formed upon the wind, the smallest ship ahead.

By six in the evening the Constitution had them within gun-shot, and she then showed her ensign. The other ships at once set the English colors. Five minutes later the American ship ranged up abeam of the sternmost and largest English vessel, at about a cable's length distance, passing ahead with her sails lifting, until the three ships formed nearly an equilateral triangle, the Constitution being to windward. In this favorable and masterly position the action began, the three keeping up a hot and unceasing fire for about fifteen minutes, when that of the English sensibly slackened.

The sea was now covered with a dense cloud of smoke, and Stewart ceased firing. Soon the smoke cleared away, and the moon having risen, the leading ship of the enemy was seen under the Constitution's lee beam, while the sternmost was luffing up, evidently intending to tack, and cross the American frigate's stern. Delivering a

broadside at the ship abreast of her, the Constitution threw her main and mizzen top-sails, with the top-gallant-sails set, flat back, shook everything forward, and let fly her jib-sheets, so that she backed swiftly astern, compelling the English vessel to fill away, in order to avoid being raked. This ship now attempted to tack, to cross the Constitution's fore-foot, when the latter filled, boarded her fore-tack, shot ahead, and forced her antagonist to wear under a raking broadside, and to run off to leeward to escape the weight of the American fire. The Constitution, perceiving that the largest ship was wearing also, wore in her turn, and crossing her stern, raked her with effect, although the Englishman came by the wind immediately, and delivered her port broadside. As the Constitution then ranged up close on her weather quarter, she struck. A lieutenant was at once sent to take possession, the prize proving to be the British ship Cyane, Capt. Falcon.

The other ship, which had run off to leeward, had no intention of abandoning her consort, but had been forced out of the fight by the crippled condition of her running rigging, as well as by the weight of the Constitution's fire. She was ignorant of the capture of the Cyane, and, at the end of about an hour, having repaired damages, she hauled up to look for her consort, and met the American frigate coming down in quest of her. It was nearly nine o'clock before the two ships crossed each other, on opposite tacks, the Constitution to windward; and the English sloop pluckily exchanged broadsides with her, as they passed. She very naturally found the Constitution's fire too heavy for her, and immediately bore up, in doing which she got a raking broadside.

The Constitution then boarded her fore-tack, and made sail after her, keeping up a very effective chasing fire from her two bow guns, nearly every shot of which told.

The two ships were, indeed, so near each other that the ripping of the enemy's planks, as the shot struck, was heard on board the American ship. There was no chance for the English sloop, which was unable to stand this treatment very long, and at 10 P. M. he came by the wind, fired a lee gun, and hauled down his ensign. When taken possession of she was found to be the *Levant*, 18, the Hon. Capt. Douglas.

During this cruise the *Constitution* mounted fifty-two guns; and she had a complement of about four hundred and seventy officers and men, a few of whom were absent in a prize. The *Cyane* was a frigate-built ship, that properly rated twenty-four guns, although in Steele's list she appeared as only a twenty. But she mounted twenty-two 32-pound carronades on her gun deck, and ten 18-pound carronades and two chase guns on her quarter deck and forecastle; making thirty-four guns in all.

The *Levant* was a new ship, rated as an eighteen. She mounted eighteen 32-pound carronades; a shifting 18 on her top-gallant forecastle, and two chase guns; making twenty-one in all.

There were taken from the *Cyane* 168 prisoners, of whom 26 were wounded. The precise number of killed on board of her was never ascertained. Captain Stewart, probably judging from an examination of her muster-roll, computed it at twelve; while the English accounts differ, some putting the killed at only four, and others at six. Probably it was between the highest and lowest estimates. Her regular crew was about one hundred and eighty-five, all told; and there is no reason to believe that it was not nearly full. Captain Stewart supposed that she had about one hundred and eighty on board during the action.

The *Levant's* regular complement is said to have been one hundred and thirty, all told; but a statement was

published in Barbadoes. where some of her officers shortly after went, that there were a good many supernumeraries in both the English vessels, who were going to the Western Islands, to bring away a ship that was building there.

Stewart supposed the *Levant* to have had one hundred and fifty-six men in the action, of whom he believed twenty-three to have been killed and sixteen wounded. This estimate may have been too high, but the exact truth was never known.

It is believed that no English official account of this action was ever published, but the Barbadoes statement makes the joint loss of the two ships ten killed and twenty-eighty wounded. Other English accounts make it forty-one in all. Captain Stewart's account of the wounded must certainly have been correct, whatever may have been the other estimates he made. Their loss, when exposed to the heavy and destructive fire of the *Constitution*, handled with the skill that that frigate was, could not fail to be very considerable.

The *Constitution* had three men killed and twelve wounded.

By midnight of the 20th the frigate was ready for another engagement. She was not very much cut up for, although it was nearly four hours from the time the action began until the *Levant* struck, the actual fighting did not occupy three-quarters of an hour.

Considering that it was a night action the execution, on both sides, was remarkable; the English firing much better than usual.

The *Constitution* was hulled oftener in this action, than in both her previous battles, although she suffered less in crew than in the combat she had with the *Java*. She had not an officer hurt.

The manner in which Captain Stewart handled his ship on this occasion was the subject of praise among nautical men, of all nations, as it was an unusual thing for a single ship to engage two opponents and avoid being raked. So far from this occurring to the *Constitution*, however, she actually raked both her opponents, and the manner in which she backed and filled, in the smoke, forcing her two antagonists down to leeward, when they were endeavoring to cross her stern, or her fore-foot, is as brilliant manœuvring as any recorded in naval annals.

It is due to a gallant enemy to say that Captain Douglas commanded the entire respect of the Americans by his intrepidity and perseverance in standing by his consort. The necessity of securing possession of the *Cyane* employed the *Constitution* for some time, and gave the *Levant* an opportunity of making off; but of this he nobly refused to avail himself.

Captain Stewart proceeded, with his two prizes, to Porto Praya, in Saint Jago, Cape de Verdes, where he arrived on the 10th of March. At this place a vessel was chartered for a cartel, and more than a hundred of the prisoners were landed, to assist in fitting her for sea.

On the 11th of March, at a little after noon, while a party from the *Constitution* was absent in a cutter, to bring the cartel close down to the frigate, Mr. Shubrick, who was acting as First Lieutenant, was walking the quarter-deck, when his attention was attracted by a hurried exclamation from one of the English midshipmen, that a large ship was in the offing. A severe reprimand, in a low tone, followed from one of the English Captains. On looking over the quarter Mr. Shubrick ascertained the cause. The sea, outside the roads, was covered with a heavy fog, which did not, however, rise very high, so that above it the upper sails of a large vessel were visible.

She was close hauled, on the wind, standing in shore, and evidently coming into the roads.

After examining the strange sail the Lieutenant went below and reported to Captain Stewart. The latter at once remarked that, from the Lieutenant's description, she must be either an English frigate or a large India-man; and he directed all hands to be called, so as to get ready and go out to attack her.

The officer had no sooner given the order to call all hands than he turned to take another look at the stranger, when he discovered the canvas of two other vessels rising over the fog bank, in the same direction.

They were evidently men-of-war, and heavy ships; and were at once reported to the Captain. That prompt, cool, and decided officer did not hesitate an instant as to the course he was to take. He knew very well that the ships were probably English; and that they would disregard the neutrality of any port that had not force enough to resist them, or which did not belong to a nation they were bound to respect.

He immediately ordered the Constitution's cable cut, and got underway, at the same time making signal for his prizes to follow his motions.

In ten minutes after the order had been given, and in fourteen minutes after the first ship had been seen, the American frigate was standing out of the road, under her three top-sails. The cool and officer-like manner in which sail was made and the ship cast has been much extolled; not an instant having been lost by hurry or confusion. Her prizes followed her with like promptitude.

The harbor is to leeward of the island, and the north-east trades prevail there, and the three vessels passed out to sea hugging the easterly point; and being then about a gunshot to windward of the strange squadron. As

soon as she was clear of the east point the Constitution crossed top-gallant-yards, boarded her tacks, and set all light sail that would draw. The English prisoners who had been sent on shore at once took possession of a Portugese battery, and fired at the frigate as she passed out, thus drawing the attention of the incoming ships.

As soon as the Constitution and her prizes had gained the weather beam of the enemy, the latter tacked, and the six ships stood off to the southward and eastward, with a ten-knot breeze, and carrying everything that would draw.

The fog bank still lay so thick upon the water as to conceal the hulls of the strange ships ; but they were supposed to be two line of battle-ships and a large frigate ; the vessel most astern and to leeward being the Commodore. The strange frigate weathered upon all the American ships, and gained upon the Cyane and Levant, but fell astern of the Constitution ; while the larger vessels on that frigate's lee quarter held way with her. As soon as she was clear of the land the Constitution cut adrift two of her boats, which were towing astern, the enemy pressing her too hard to allow of their being hoisted in.

The Cyane gradually dropped astern and to leeward, rendering it certain that, if she stood on, the most weatherly of the pursuing vessels would soon be alongside of her ; so, at about one p. m. Captain Stewart made signal for her to tack. This order the Prize Master, Lieutenant Hoffman, at once obeyed, and it was expected that one of the chasing vessels would go about, and follow her, but this hope was disappointed.

The Cyane, finding that she was not pursued, stood on until she was lost in the fog, when Mr. Hoffman tacked again, supposing that the enemy might chase him to lee-

ward. This officer very prudently improved his advantage by keeping long enough on that tack to allow the enemy to pass ahead, should they pursue him, and then he squared away for America, and arrived safely, in New York, on the 10th of April.

The three ships still continued to chase the Constitution and the Levant; and although, as they left the land the fog lessened, it still lay so low and dense as to put in doubt the exact force of the strange vessels.

The English officers who were prisoners on board the Constitution affirmed that the ship which was getting into her wake was the *Acasta*, 40, Captain Kerr, a ship which carried 24-pounders; and it was thought that the three composed a squadron that was known to be cruising for the American ships *President*, *Peacock*, and *Hornet*; consisting of the *Leander*, 50, Sir George Collier; *Newcastle*, 50, Lord George Stuart; and the *Acasta*. They subsequently proved to be those very ships.

The vessel on the lee quarter of the Constitution was the *Newcastle*, and by half-past two the fog had got so low that her officers were seen standing on the hammock cloths, though the line of her ports was not visible.

She now began to fire by divisions, and some opinion of her armament could be formed as her guns flashed through the fog. Her shot struck the water quite close to the American ship, but did not rise again.

By three in the afternoon the *Levant* had fallen so far astern that she was in the same danger as the *Cyane* had been, and Captain Stewart made her signal to tack.

Mr. Ballard, her prize-master, immediately did so, and a few minutes later the three English ships tacked, by signal, and chased the prize, leaving the Constitution steering in an opposite direction, and going eleven knots.

Lieutenant Ballard, finding the enemy bent upon

following the *Levant*, and that the *Acasta* was to windward of her wake, ran back into Porto Praya, where he anchored at about four in the afternoon, within one hundred and fifty yards of the shore, and under a strong battery. The enemy's ships followed her in, having commenced firing as soon as it was seen that she would gain the anchorage, and, after bearing their fire for some time, her colors were hauled down. The English prisoners who had seized the shore battery also fired upon her; but little injury was done, as Mr. Ballard caused his men to lie down on deck as soon as the anchor was let go.

Sir George Collier was much criticised for the course he pursued on this occasion. It was certainly a mistake on his part to call off more than one ship to chase the *Levant*, although it may be said that the position of the *Leander*, in the fog, and so far to leeward and astern, did not give the senior officer the best opportunity for observing the true condition of affairs. There was certainly every prospect of the *Acasta's* bringing the *Constitution* to action in the course of the night, if she had kept up the pursuit.

The result would, of course, have been very doubtful, as her consorts would have been far astern by that time, but she could probably have sufficiently disabled the American frigate as to render her ultimate capture certain.

Whatever may be thought of the conduct of the enemy, there could be but one opinion in regard to that of Captain Stewart.

His promptitude in deciding upon his course when the enemy were first sighted, the good judgment with which he ordered the prizes to vary their courses, and the general steadiness of conduct on board the *Constitution*, advanced

to an exalted position a professional reputation which was already very high.

This action and the subsequent chase terminated the exploits of the favorite ship which he commanded—as far as that war was concerned.

Stewart, after landing his prisoners at Maranham, went to Porto Rico, where he learned that peace was proclaimed; and he at once carried the ship to New York.

In the course of two years and nine months the Constitution had been in three actions; had been twice critically chased, and had captured five vessels of war, two of which were frigates, and one frigate built.

In all her service, as well before Tripoli as in this war, her good fortune was remarkable. She was never dismasted; never got on shore; and suffered scarcely any of the usual accidents of the sea.

Though so often in action, no serious slaughter ever took place on board of her. One of her Commanders was wounded, and four of her Lieutenants had been killed, two on her decks, and two in the Intrepid. But, on the whole, she was what is usually called a “lucky ship.” This was probably due to the fact that she had always been ably commanded; and in her last two cruises had as fine a crew as ever manned a ship. They were mostly New England men, and it has been said that they were almost qualified to fight the ship without her officers.



MERRIMAC AND MONITOR. MARCH 9TH, 1862.



THE United States Navy Department had been informed that the Confederate authorities had raised the hull of the fine frigate Merrimac, which had been burned at the Navy Yard at Norfolk, at the breaking out of the civil war, and had erected a huge iron casemate upon her.

With her engines in good working order, it was confidently expected by the Confederates that this novel and formidable craft would be able to capture or destroy the Union fleet, in Hampton Roads, raise the blockade at the Capes of Virginia, and proceed to Washington, when the Capitol would be at the mercy of her powerful battery. This battery consisted of ten heavy rifled guns.

In those days nothing was known about ironclads, and as week after week passed, and the monster, so often spoken of by the Norfolk papers, which was to clear out Hampton Roads, and to brush away the "insolent frigates" which were blockading the James River at Newport News did not appear, people began to regard her as a bugbear. At any rate, the Union frigates were very sure that, if they could once get her under their broadsides, they would soon send her to the bottom.

About the 1st of March, 1862, a Norfolk newspaper contained a violent attack upon the Confederate authori-

ties for their bad management in regard to the Merrimac, or "Virginia," as they had re-christened her. The paper declared that her plating was a failure, that her machinery was defective, and that she very nearly sank when brought out of dock. This was all a ruse, for she was then making trials of machinery, and had her officers and crew on board and under drill.

The Navy Department was better informed than those in the immediate vicinity, and hurried up the means it had created to meet the ironclad.

In Hampton Roads, at that time, were the Minnesota, a fine steam-frigate, the Roanoke, of the same size, but crippled in machinery, and several other vessels of much less power, together with numerous transports, coal-ships, and others.

A few miles above, at Newport News, lay the Congress, a sailing frigate of 50 guns, and the Cumberland, a heavy sloop of 24 guns. These were the "insolent frigates" which, during many preceding months, had entirely prevented the Confederates from using the water communication between Richmond and Norfolk. The danger in leaving these vessels, without steam, in such a position, was fully recognized, and they were to be replaced by others about the middle of March.

On shore, at Newport News, was a camp of about four thousand men; and the Congress and Cumberland lay just off this camp, in the fair way of the channel, and about a quarter of a mile apart; the Cumberland being the furthest up the James river.

On Saturday, the 8th of March, the Merrimac at last appeared, accompanied by two or three tugs armed with rifled guns, and joined, eventually, by two armed merchant steamers from up the James. The Merrimac moved with great deliberation, and was seen from the vessels at

Newport News, coming down the channel from Norfolk, towards Sewell's point, at about half-past twelve. She could not then be seen from Hampton Roads, but when she did at last show herself clear of the point, there was great commotion there. But she turned up, at a right angle, and came up the channel toward Newport News. It is said by some that she came by a channel not generally known, or, at least, not commonly used.

The tide had just turned ebb, and the time selected was the best for the iron-clad, and the worst for the vessels at Newport News, for their sterns were down stream, and they could not be sprung round.

The Merrimac approached these ships with ominous silence and deliberation. The officers were gathered on the poops of the vessels, hazarding all sorts of conjectures in regard to the strange craft, and, when it was plain she was coming to attack them, or to force the passage, the drum beat to quarters. By about two o'clock the strange monster was close enough to make out her ports and plating, and the Congress fired at her from a stern gun. The projectile, a 32-pound shot, bounced off the casemate as a pebble would.

The ironclad threw open her forward ports, and answered with grape, killing and wounding quite a number on board the Congress. Then she steamed up past that frigate, at a distance of less than two hundred yards, receiving a broadside, and giving one in return. The shot of the Congress had no effect upon the Merrimac; but the broadside of the latter, upon the wooden frigate, had created great destruction. One of her shells dismounted an 8-inch gun, and either killed or wounded every one of the gun's crew. The slaughter at other guns was fearful. There were comparatively few wounded, the shells killing, as a general rule.

After this broadside the Merrimac passed up the stream, and the Congress' men, supposing she had had enough of it, began to cheer; and for many of them it was the last cheer they were ever to give. The iron-clad went up stream far enough to turn at right angles, and ran into the Cumberland with her ram. The Cumberland began to fill, at once, and in a few minutes sank, her flag flying, and having kept up her fire as long as her gun-deck was above water. Her mizzen-top remained out of water, but it was deeper under her forward part, and her fore and main top went under. A small freight boat, of the quartermaster's department, and some tugs and row-boats put off from the wharf at the camp, to save the lives of her crew. These were fired at by the Rebel gun-boats, and the boiler of the freight boat was pierced, and the wharf itself damaged, but the greater part of those in the water were saved.

The Cumberland lost one hundred and seventeen out of three hundred on board. Buchanan, the Captain of the Merrimac, hailed Morris, the First Lieutenant of the Cumberland, and temporarily in command, saying, "Do you surrender?" "No, Sir!" shouted back Morris, whose ship was then sinking. The last gun was fired by acting Master Randall, now in the navy, but retired. The ship heeled suddenly as she sank, and the ladders were either thrown down, or became almost perpendicular, so as to render it difficult to get on deck. The Chaplain was drowned, on this account. One of the gunners' mates got up safely, however, all the way from the magazine, and swam to the mizzen-top. The marine drummer boy was pushed and hoisted up by some of the men, holding fast to his drum, which he saved, and creating laughter, even at that terrible moment, by the way in which he clung to it.



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ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE MONITOR AND MERRIMAC

When the survivors of the Cumberland reached the shore they were enthusiastically received by the soldiers, and flasks of whisky, plugs of tobacco, and other soldiers' and sailors' luxuries, forced upon them. Captain Radford, of the Cumberland, now Admiral Radford, was at Hampton Roads, sitting on a court-martial, when the Merrimac ran out. He went on shore, got a horse, and rode madly, in hopes of reaching Newport News in time; but he only got there to see his pendant waving from the truck, and sweeping the water which had swallowed up so many of his fine crew.

In ramming the Cumberland the Merrimac had twisted her prow or beak, but the leak it occasioned was not noticed at once. She then turned down stream, to renew her attack upon the Congress. The latter ship had been set on fire by the shell of the first broadside, and one of the seats of fire was aft, near the after magazine; this was never extinguished, and was the eventual cause of her destruction.

Seeing the fate of the Cumberland, which sank in deep water, the Congress slipped her chains, set the top-sails and jib, and with the help of the tug Zouave, ran on the flat which makes off from Newport News point. Here she heeled over, as the tide continued to fall, leaving only two 32-pounders which could be fought, and these were in the stern ports, on the gun-deck.

The Minnesota and one or two other vessels had started up to the relief of the Congress and Cumberland, but they got on shore before they had achieved half the distance. It turned out to be well, for they would otherwise probably have shared the fate of the Cumberland, in which case the lives of their crews would have been uselessly jeopardized.

It was about half-past two when the Merrimac came to attack the Congress once more. She took up a position

about one hundred and fifty yards astern of her, and deliberately raked her with rifled shells, while the small steamers all concentrated their guns upon the same devoted ship. A great many were now killed on board the Congress, including two officers. The ship kept up a fire from her two stern guns, having the crews swept away from them repeatedly. At last they were both dismantled. Nearly all the men in the powder division, below, were killed by this raking fire. This division was in charge of Paymaster Buchanan, who was a brother of the Captain of the Merrimac. Those now fared best whose duty kept them on the spar-deck. Even the wounded in the cockpit were killed, and the shells were momentarily setting fire to new places, rendering it necessary to drench the quarters of the wounded with ice-cold water. The commanding officer, Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith, was killed by a shell at this time.

The Congress had now borne this fire for nearly an hour, and had no prospect of assistance from any quarter, and was unable to fire a shot in return.

Under these circumstances there was nothing to do but to haul down the flag. A small gun-boat came alongside, the commanding officer of which said he had orders to take the people out, and burn the vessel. But before many could get on board the steamer she was driven off by the sharp-shooters of a regiment on shore. They now all opened on the Congress again, although she had a white flag flying, and could not be responsible for the actions of the soldiers on shore. After about fifteen minutes more, however, they all went down to attack the Minnesota, which ship was hard and fast aground. Fortunately they could not approach very near her, on account of the state of the tide, and night now drawing

on, the whole flotilla withdrew, and proceeded up the Norfolk channel.

It was now necessary for the survivors of the Congress to get on shore as soon as possible, and this was done, by about dark, by means of the two boats which had the fewest shot-holes in them. These made repeated trips, taking the wounded first, and the officers last, and the wearied and exhausted people were hospitably received in the camp.

The poor old ship, deserted by all but the dead, who were left lying just as they fell, burned till about midnight, when she blew up, with a report that was heard for many miles.

The next morning was fine, but hazy, but it soon became clear, as if to afford an uninterrupted view of the first ironclad fight.

The camp was early astir ; the regiments drawn up in line of battle, while the survivors of the two ships' companies manned the howitzers and field pieces in the earthworks to the west of the camp. For it was certain the Merrimac would return that morning, to complete her work, while information had been received that General Magruder, with a large force, was marching over from Yorktown, to take the camp in the rear, and thus, in conjunction with the ironclad, force a surrender.

About six o'clock the Merrimac was seen, through the haze, coming down again, apparently intending to attack the Minnesota, which ship was still aground. Her proceedings were watched with breathless interest by thousands, on all sides of the broad sheet of water, which formed an amphitheatre, so to speak, on the southern side of which the spectators were filled with hope and confidence, while to the north well-grounded apprehension was felt. Passing up the James River channel again, the

Merrimac opened fire upon the Minnesota with her bow guns, hulling her once or twice, when, suddenly, there darted out from under the shadows of the huge frigate a little raft-like vessel, almost flush with the water, and bearing on her deck a round, black turret.

At first no one in the camp seemed to know what it was, or how it came there, but at last it was conceded that it must be the strange, new ironclad, which was said to be building in New York, by Ericsson.

It was indeed the "Monitor," and although too late to prevent a terrible loss, she was in the nick of time to prevent much more serious disaster.

And now for a few words about this remarkable vessel, whose exploits were the cause of a revolution in the building of ships-of-war, throughout the world.

And first, as to her name. Ericsson proposed to call her Monitor, because she would prove a warning to the leaders of the Southern rebellion, as well as to the authorities of other countries who should be inclined to break our blockade, or otherwise interfere in our affairs.

Captain Ericsson was a native of Sweden, and in his youth had served in both the army and navy of that country. Thence he went to England, to pursue his profession as an engineer, and came out to America, to superintend the construction of the United States screw steamer Princeton, in 1839. Here he remained, dying in 1895, far advanced in years. In 1854 he planned a shot-proof iron-plated vessel, the drawings for which he forwarded to Louis Napoleon, saying, among other things, that his invention would place an entire fleet of wooden vessels at its mercy, in calms and light winds. Louis Napoleon politely declined to accept his proposition to build such a vessel for the French Navy.

When it became evident that a long and arduous

struggle was before us, at the opening of the Civil War, certain gentlemen entered into a contract to build such a vessel for our Government, on Ericsson's plans, and under his superintendence. The ironclad was contracted for in October, 1861, to be ready in the shortest possible space of time. The contract price paid for her hull was seven and a half cents a pound, and Ericsson and his backers were to forfeit payment for the whole, unless she was found to work in a satisfactory manner.

His plans were only partly drawn, and it is said that he frequently made his drawings, to overcome difficulties, the same day they were to be worked from.

The hull was built by Rowland, at Green Point, Long Island; the turret at the Novelty Works, New York; the machinery and mechanism of the turret at Delamater's, in New York; while the massive port-stoppers, which swung down by machinery, as the guns fired and the turret revolved, were forged in Buffalo.

Wonderful to relate, this entirely novel structure was finished in one hundred days from the time the plates for her keel were laid. She was launched on the 30th of January, 1862, having large wooden tanks under her stern, to prevent her from running under water, as she went off the ways.

She was delivered to the naval authorities, at the New York Navy-yard, on the 19th of February, following. After two trial trips it was found to be necessary to hurry this novel and almost untried piece of complicated machinery down to Hampton Roads, to meet the formidable ironclad whose doings we have just been relating.

The officers and crew were in circumstances entirely new to them. "Calmly and terribly heroic," says Dorr,

"was the act of manning this coffin-like ship," in which the crew was, as it were, hermetically sealed.

Lieutenant John L. Worden, of the Navy, having been ordered to the command, proceeded to select a crew from the receiving ships North Carolina and Sabine. He stated fairly to the men the difficulties and dangers which they might expect to encounter, and yet many more volunteered to go than were required. The officers were ordered in the usual way, except the First Lieutenant, S. D. Greene, who was a volunteer. Chief Engineer Stimers, of the navy, who had been employed as an inspector of some of the work, and who was interested in the performance of the vessel, went down in her as a passenger, and took part, as a volunteer, in her first action.

The Monitor's orders to Hampton Roads were issued on the 20th of February, but necessary work detained her; and on March 4th Admiral Paulding, the Commandant at New York, directed Worden to proceed the moment the weather would permit; and informed him that a tug would be sent to tow him, and two small steamers would attend.

On the afternoon of March 6th the Monitor left Sandy Hook, with a moderate westerly wind, and a smooth sea. The "Seth Low" was hired to tug her, and the Currituck and Sachem formed the escort. At midday of the 7th she was off the Capes of the Delaware, with a strong breeze and a rough sea. Water came freely in at the hawse-pipes, around the base of the turret, and in other places. At 4 p. m., the wind still increasing, the water broke over the smoke and blower pipes, which were six and four feet high, respectively. This wet the blower bands, which slipped and broke. A failure in the machinery to supply air must soon be fatal, in such a

craft, to all on board. The blowers being stopped there was no draft for the furnaces, and the fire and engine rooms soon filled with gas.

The engineer in charge, Isaac Newton, U. S. N., met the emergency promptly, but his department was soon prostrated by inhaling the gas, and they had to be taken up into the turret, to be revived.

The water was coming in rapidly, and the hand-pumps could not discharge it fast enough. Matters looked very gloomy, and the tug was hailed, and directed to head for the land. This she did at once, but made slow progress against wind and sea; but by evening she had got the Monitor into much smoother water; repairs were made, the gas had escaped, and at 8 o'clock she was on her course again. At midnight fears of disaster were again aroused by very rough water, in passing over the Chinco-teague Shoals; and, to add to their troubles, the wheel-ropes jammed, and the vessel yawed so that the towing hawser was in danger of parting.

These difficulties were in turn overcome by the stout hearts and skillful hands on board; and at four in the afternoon of the 8th of March she passed Cape Henry. Heavy firing was now heard to the westward, which Worden at once conjectured to be the Merrimac fighting the vessels in the Roads. He at once prepared the Monitor for action, and keyed up the turret. A pilot boat which came out to meet them soon put them in possession of the news, and of the damage done to the ships at New port News, as well as the position of the Minnesota. Reporting to the senior officer in Hampton Roads, Worden's first care was to find a pilot for that place. None being found, acting Master Howard, who had a knowledge of the locality, volunteered to act as pilot.

The Monitor then went up, and anchored near the

Minnesota, at one o'clock on Sunday morning. Worden went to see Captain Van Brunt, and informed himself, as well as he could, of the state of affairs, and then returned to the Monitor, after assuring the Captain that he would develop all the qualities of that vessel, both for offence and defence.

We now return to the moment when the Merrimac came down again, and the Monitor went out to meet her, Worden's object being to draw her away from the Minnesota. The contrast between the opposing ironclads was most striking, the Monitor seeming a veritable pigmy by the side of the Merrimac. The two vessels met on parallel courses, with their bows looking in opposite directions. They then exchanged fire. Worden and the engineers had been very anxious about the effect of heavy shot striking the turret, and causing it to jam. The heavy shot of the Merrimac *did* strike the turret, and, to their great relief, it continued to revolve without difficulty. Thus one great source of anxiety was removed. Moreover, it was plainly to be seen that the 11-inch solid shot of the Monitor made a very considerable impression upon the Merrimac's plating. The Monitor, though slow, steered well, and was much more agile than her long and heavy opponent, and she now ran across the Merrimac's stern, close to her, in the hopes of damaging her propeller or rudder, but in this she did not succeed.

After passing up on her port side, she crossed the Merrimac's bow, to get between her and the Minnesota again. The Merrimac put on steam, and made for the Monitor, to ram her. Finding that she would strike her, Worden put his helm hard-a-port, and gave his vessel a sheer, so that the blow glanced off from the quarter. The Monitor was now obliged to haul off for a few minutes, to do some repair or other, and the Merrimac

turned her attention to the Minnesota, hulling her, and exploding the boiler of a steam-tug lying alongside of her. The Minnesota's battery was brought to bear, and her 8-inch shot must have hit the Merrimac more than fifty times, but glanced from her sloping roof without inflicting damage.

The gallant little Monitor now came up again, and interposed between the two. Her shot soon caused the Merrimac to shift her position, and in doing so she grounded for a few minutes, but was soon afloat again. The fight had now lasted for a long time, and just before noon, when within ten yards of the Merrimac, one of her shells struck the pilot-house, just over the lookout hole or slit. Worden had just withdrawn his face, which had been pressed against it. If he had been touching it he would probably have been killed. As it was, he was stunned, and blinded by the explosion, and bears the indelible marks of powder blast in his face to this day.

The concussion partly lifted the top of the pilot-house, and the helm was put a starboard, and the Monitor sheered off. Greene was sent for, from the turret, to take the command, but just at that time it became evident that the Merrimac had had enough of it; and, after a few more shots on each side she withdrew, and slowly and sullenly went up to an anchorage above Craney Island. Greene did not follow her very far, and was considered to have acted with good judgment; it not being necessary to enter into the reasons for his action here. He returned, and anchored near the Minnesota, where he remained until that vessel was extricated from her unpleasant predicament, on the following night.

It is probable that the Monitor would, in firing at such close quarters, have completely broken up the Merrimac's armor plates, if a knowledge had existed of the endurance

of the Dahlgren gun. The fear of bursting the 11-inch guns, in the small turret, caused the use of the service charge of fifteen pounds of powder. After that time thirty pounds were often used. Then we must remember that the crew had only been exercised at the guns a few times, and that the gun and turret gear were rusty, from having been kept wet during her late passage from New York.

The Monitor was 124 feet long, and 34 feet wide in the hull. The armor raft was 174 feet long, and 41 feet wide. Her stern overhung 34 feet, and her bow 15 feet. Her side armor was of five one-inch plates, backed by twenty-seven inches of oak. Her deck armor consisted of two half-inch plates, over seven inches of plank. The turret was twenty feet in inside diameter, covered with eight one-inch plates, and was nine feet high. The top of the turret was of railroad bars, with holes for ventilation. The pilot-house was built of bars eight inches square, and built up log-house fashion, with the corners notched. She was very primitive in all her arrangements, compared with the monitors Ericsson afterwards produced.

She carried two 11-inch guns, which threw spherical cast-iron shot, weighing 168 pounds. The charge of powder has been mentioned.

In this engagement she was struck twenty-one times; eight times on the side armor; twice on the pilot-house; seven times on the turret, and four times on deck.

The Merrimac carried ten heavy guns; sixty-eight-pounders, rifled. One of these was broken by a shot from the Cumberland, which shot entered her casemate, and killed seven men. Captain Buchanan was wounded on the first day, by a musket-ball, it is said; and the Merrimac was commanded, in her fight with the Monitor, by Lieutenant Catesby Jones, formerly of the United States Navy, as were, indeed, all her other officers. On the

second day the Monitor injured many of her plates, and crushed in some of her casemate timbers.

From the day she retired before the Monitor to the 11th of May, when she was blown up by her own people, the formidable Merrimac never did anything more of note. There was, indeed, a plan concocted to capture the Monitor, as she lay on guard, in the Roads, by engaging her with the Merrimac, while men from two small steamers boarded her, and wedged her turret. Then the crew were to be driven out, by throwing balls of stinking combustibles below, by her ventilators. But nothing came of it.

The end of the Monitor must be told. After doing good service up the James River, during the eventful summer of 1862, she was sent down to Beaufort, South Carolina. On the night of the 30th of December, when off Hatteras, she suddenly foundered. About half of her officers and crew went down in her; the rest making their escape to her escort. The cause of her sinking was never known; but it was conjectured that the oak timbers which were fitted on the top rim of her iron hull had shrunk under the hot summer sun of the James River, and when she once more got into a rough sea, admitted the water in torrents.

Before we quit the subject of the Merrimac and Monitor, it may be of interest to mention that just about the time the Merrimac retired from the contest the head of Magruder's column appeared on the river bank. But the camp at Newport News was too strong and well entrenched to be attacked without aid from the water. Magruder was just a day too late, and had to march back again. His troops were the same which, a few weeks later, were opposed to McClellan, in the earthworks at Yorktown.

FARRAGUT AT NEW ORLEANS.



ABOUT the close of the gloomy and disastrous year 1861, the Government of the United States determined to regain control of the Mississippi, the greater part of which, from Memphis to the Gulf, was held by the Confederates, who were thus enabled to transport immense supplies from the southwest to the seat of war. Moreover, the Rebels, as they were then called, had, at New Orleans, a constantly increasing force of rams and armored vessels, under able officers of the old Navy, with which to defend the approaches from the Gulf, as well as from up the river.

After long consideration, Farragut was chosen as the naval officer to command in the Gulf. The story of his southern birth, and of his steadfast loyalty to his flag, is too well known to be here repeated.

His formal orders put him in command of the "Western Gulf Blockading Squadron," and these were issued in January, 1862. But confidential instructions were also given him, by which he was especially charged with the "reduction of the defences guarding the approaches to New Orleans, and the taking possession of that city."

He was to be assisted by a mortar-fleet of schooners, under Commander D. D. Porter.

Farragut had long before expressed a belief that he

could take New Orleans, and he had little confidence in a mortar-fleet, and would rather have dispensed with it; but since Porter had already been ordered to prepare it, when he was detailed for the command, he acquiesced in the arrangement.

He turned out to be right, as he generally was in such matters.

On February 2d, 1862, Farragut sailed for the Gulf, in the sloop-of-war *Hartford*, which was so long to bear his flag, successfully, through manifold dangers.

The *Hartford* was a wooden screw-steamer, full ship-rigged, and of nineteen hundred tons burthen. She was of comparatively light draught, and, therefore, well suited to the service she was called upon to perform.

She then carried a battery of twenty-two nine-inch, smooth-bore guns, two 20-pounder Parrotts, and her fore and main-tops had howitzers, with a protection of boiler iron, a suggestion of Farragut's. This battery was afterwards increased by a rifled gun upon the fore-castle. Like Napoleon, Farragut believed in plenty of guns.

The *Hartford* arrived at her rendezvous, Ship Island, one hundred miles north-northeast of the mouth of the Mississippi, on February 20th.

A military force, to co-operate with Farragut's fleet, was sent out, under General B. F. Butler, and arrived at Ship Island on March 25th. Butler's plan was to follow Farragut, and secure, by occupation, whatever the guns of the fleet should subdue.

Let us now see a little about the scene of action.

Farragut's son, in the "Life of Farragut," from which we principally quote in this article, says (quoting another person), that the Delta of the Mississippi has been aptly described as "a long, watery arm, gauntleted in swamps

and mud, spread out into a grasping hand," of which the fingers are the five passes, or mouths.

At that time the mud brought down by the great river formed bars at each pass, which bars are always shifting, and require good pilots to keep account of their condition. In peace times the pilots are always at work, sounding and buoying, and the chances are that all the efforts of the "Delta Doctors" will only end in transferring the bars further out into the Gulf.

New Orleans, on the left bank of the river, is about one hundred miles from its mouth, and was by far the wealthiest and most important city of the Confederacy. Loyall Farragut states that, in 1860, it had about 170,000 inhabitants; while Charleston had but about 40,000; Richmond even a smaller population; and Mobile but 29,000 people.

Just before the war New Orleans had the largest export trade of any city in the world; and this fact, together with the importance of its position from a military point of view, made it the most important object for any military expedition.

There is a great bend in the Mississippi, thirty miles above the head of the passes, the lowest favorable locality for defence, where two forts had been erected by the United States Government, St. Philip on the left, or north bank, and a little further down, Fort Jackson, on the right bank. A single fort at this point had held a British fleet in check for nine days, in spite of a vigorous shelling by their guns and mortars. Fort St. Philip was originally built by the Spaniards, but had been completely reconstructed. It was a quadrangular earthwork, with a brick scarp, and powerful batteries exteriorly, above and below. Fort Jackson was more important, and rose twenty-five

feet above the river and swamp, while St. Philip was only nineteen feet above them.

The Confederates had taken possession of these works, and had put them in complete order; Jackson mounted seventy-five powerful guns, and St. Philip forty. Fourteen of Fort Jackson's guns were in bomb-proof casemates. The works were garrisoned by fifteen hundred men, commanded by Brigadier General Duncan; St. Philip being commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Edward Higgins, formerly an officer of the United States Navy.

Above the forts lay a fleet of fifteen vessels, under Commodore J. K. Mitchell, formerly of the United States Navy, which included the ironclad ram *Manassas*, and a huge floating battery, covered with railroad iron, called the "*Louisiana*."

Just below Fort Jackson the river was obstructed by a heavy chain, brought from the Pensacola Navy-yard. This chain was supported by cypress logs, at short intervals; the ends made fast to great trees on shore, and the whole kept from sagging down with the current by heavy anchors.

This contrivance was swept away by a spring freshet, and was replaced by smaller chains, passed over eight dismantled hulks, anchored abreast, and partially by logs, as before. There was a battery at the end opposite Fort Jackson.

A number of sharpshooters patrolled the banks below, to give notice of any movements of the United States forces.

Farragut's task was to break through the obstructions, pass the forts, destroy or capture the Rebel fleet, and then to place New Orleans under the guns of his own ships, and demand its surrender.

He had six sloops-of-war, sixteen gun-boats—all steam-

vessels—and twenty-one schooners, each with a 13-inch mortar, and five sailing vessels, which were to act as magazines and store-ships. The fleet carried over two hundred guns, and was the largest that had ever been seen under our flag, up to that time; but was afterwards much exceeded by that which bombarded Fort Fisher.

There was little opportunity for General Butler and his fifteen thousand troops to co-operate in the passage of the forts; so they only held themselves ready to hold what Farragut might capture.

Farragut hoped to have taken the Colorado, a most powerful frigate, up the river, but she drew entirely too much water to be got over the bar. Great difficulty was experienced in getting the Brooklyn, Mississippi, and Pensacola into the river. The Mississippi, although lightened in every possible way, had to be dragged through at least a foot of mud.

When the arduous labor was finished, and the time for action arrived, Butler's troops were embarked on the transports, and Porter's mortar-schooners were placed on each bank, below the forts; being protected from the view of those in the batteries by the forest trees, and by having great branches lashed at their mast-heads, which blended with the foliage on the banks.

The mortars threw shells weighing two hundred and eighty-five pounds, and their fire was guided by a careful triangulation, made by Mr. Gerdes, of the Coast Survey. Fort Jackson received most of the shells, of which about a thousand a day were thrown, for six days. The Confederates had a good many killed and wounded by this means, and much damage was done, but the forts were not silenced; and Lieutenant Weitzel reported, after their surrender, that they were as strong as before the first shell was fired.



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THE CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS

One schooner was sunk, and one steamer disabled by the return fire from the fort.

In the course of the delay waiting for the result of the bombardment, many of Farragut's ships were damaged by collisions, caused by strong winds and currents, and by efforts to avoid the fire-rafts which the enemy sent down. Only one of the latter put the ships in any danger, and that was at last turned off. These fire-rafts were flatboats piled with dry wood, sprinkled with tar and turpentine. They were towed out of the way by the ships' boats.

Farragut had issued orders to his commanding officers in regard to preparing their ships for this particular service. After providing for the top hamper, and dispensing with many masts and spars, he says, "Make arrangements, if possible, to mount one or two guns on the poop and top-gallant-forecastle; in other words, be prepared to use as many guns as possible, ahead and astern, to protect yourself against the enemy's gun-boats and batteries, bearing in mind that you will always have to ride head to the current, and can only avail yourself of the sheer of the helm to point a broadside gun more than three points forward of the beam.

"Have a kedge in the mizzen-chains (or any convenient place) on the quarter, with a hawser bent and leading through in the stern chock, ready for any emergency; also grapnels in the boats, ready to hook on to and to tow off fire-ships. Trim your vessel a few inches by the head, so that if she touches the bottom she will not swing head down the river. Put your boat howitzers in the fore and main tops, on the boat carriages, and secure them for firing abeam, etc. Should any accident occur to the machinery of the ship, making it necessary to drop down the river, you will back and fill down under sail, or you can

drop your anchor and drift down, but in no case attempt to turn the ship's head down stream. You will have a spare hawser ready, and when ordered to take in tow your next astern, do so, keeping the hawser slack so long as the ship can maintain her own position, having a care not to foul the propeller.

“No vessel must withdraw from battle, under any circumstances, without the consent of the flag-officer. You will see that force and other pumps and engine hose are in good order, and men stationed by them, and your men will be drilled to the extinguishing of fires.

“Have light Jacob-ladders made to throw over the side, for the use of the carpenters in stopping shot-holes, who are to be supplied with pieces of inch board lined with felt, and ordinary nails, and see that the ports are marked, in accordance with the ‘ordnance instructions,’ on the berth deck, to show the locality of the shot-holes.

“Have many tubs of water about the decks, both for the purpose of extinguishing fire and for drinking. Have a heavy kedge in the port main-chains, and a whip on the main-yard, ready to run it up and let fall on the deck of any vessel you may run alongside of, in order to secure her for boarding.

“You will be careful to have lanyards on the lever of the screw, so as to secure the gun at the proper elevation, and prevent it from running down at each fire. I wish you to understand that the day is at hand when you will be called upon to meet the enemy in the worst form for our profession. You must be prepared to execute all those duties to which you have been so long trained in the Navy without having the opportunity of practicing. I expect every vessel's crew to be well exercised at their guns, because it is required by the regulations of the service, and it is usually the first object of our attention ;

but they must be equally well trained for stopping shot-holes and extinguishing fire. Hot and cold shot will, no doubt, be freely dealt to us, and there must be stout hearts and quick hands to extinguish the one and stop the holes of the other.

"I shall expect the most prompt attention to signals and verbal orders, either from myself or the Captain of the fleet, who, it will be understood, in all cases, acts by my authority."

After the bombardment had continued three days Farragut, who had made up his mind to attempt the passage of the forts in any event, called a council of his Captains, to obtain their opinion as to the best manner of doing so.

Immediately after the council Farragut issued the following general order:—

"UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, April 20th, 1862.

"The Flag-Officer, having heard all the opinions expressed by the different commanders, is of the opinion that whatever is to be done will have to be done quickly, or we shall be again reduced to a blockading squadron, without the means of carrying on the bombardment, as we have nearly expended all the shells and fuses and material for making cartridges. He has always entertained the same opinions which are expressed by Commander Porter; that is, there are three modes of attack; and the question is, which is the one to be adopted? his own opinion is, that a combination of two should be made; viz., the forts should be run, and when a force is once above the forts, to protect the troops, they should be landed at quarantine, from the Gulf side, by bringing them through the bayou, and then our forces should move

up the river, mutually aiding each other as it can be done to advantage.

"When, in the opinion of the Flag-Officer, the propitious time has arrived, the signal will be made to weigh and advance to the conflict. If, in his opinion, at the time of arriving at the respective positions of the different divisions of the fleet, we have the advantage, he will make the signal for close action, number 8, and abide the result, conquer, or be conquered, drop anchor or keep under way, as in his opinion is best.

"Unless the signal above mentioned is made, it will be understood that the first order of sailing will be formed after leaving Fort St. Philip, and we will proceed up the river in accordance with the original opinion expressed.

"The programme of the order of sailing accompanies this general order, and the commanders will hold themselves in readiness for the service as indicated.

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Flag-Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron."

Having decided to run by the forts, he confided to Fleet-Captain Bell the dangerous mission of proceeding, with the gunboats Pinola and Itasca, to make a passage for his fleet through the chain obstructions.

Lieutenant Caldwell, of the Itasca, and his party, with great coolness and bravery, boarded one of the hulks, and succeeded in detaching the chains. They were accompanied by the inventor of a new submarine petard, which he placed under one of the hulks. But a movement of the Pinola in the swift current snapped the wires, and it could not be exploded. In spite of a very heavy fire directed upon them, the party at last succeeded in making a sufficient opening for the fleet to pass through.

Farragut wrote, the next day: " * * * Captain

Bell went last night to cut the chain across the river. I never felt such anxiety in my life, as I did until his return. One of his vessels got on shore, and I was fearful she would be captured. They kept up a tremendous fire on him; but Porter diverted their fire with a heavy cannonade. * * * * Bell would have burned the hulks, but the illumination would have given the enemy a chance to destroy his gunboat, which got aground. However, the chain was divided, and it gives us space enough to go through. I was as glad to see Bell, on his return, as if he had been my boy. I was up all night, and could not sleep until he got back to the ship."

Farragut had determined to run by the forts at the end of five days' bombardment; but he was detained for twenty-four hours by the necessity of repairing damages to two of his vessels. At first he had determined to lead, in the Hartford, but was dissuaded from that, and appointed Captain Bailey, whose ship, the Colorado, drew too much water to get up, to lead the column, in the gun-boat Cayuga, Lieutenant Commanding N. B. Harrison.

Long before this—on the 6th of April—Farragut had himself reconnoitred the forts, by daylight, going up in the gun-boat Kennebec in whose cross-trees he sat, glass in hand, until the gunners in the fort began to get his range.

On the night of the passage, April 23–24, the moon would rise about half-past three in the morning, and the fleet was ordered to be ready to start about two.

In this, as in most other important operations during the war, the enemy were mysteriously apprised of what was to be done.

At sunset there was a light southerly breeze, and a haze upon the water. Caldwell was sent up, in the Itasca, to see if the passage made in the obstructions was still

open. At eleven at night he signalled that it was, and just at that time the enemy opened fire upon him, sent down burning rafts, and lighted immense piles of wood which they had prepared on shore, near the ends of the chain.

Soon after midnight the hammocks of the fleet were quietly stowed, and the ships cleared for action.

At five minutes before two, two ordinary red lights were shown at the peak of the flag-ship, the signal to get under way, but it was half-past three before all was ready. This was the time for the moon to rise, but that made little difference, with the light of the blazing rafts and bonfires.

The mortar-boats and the sailing sloop Portsmouth moved further up stream, to engage the water battery, as the ships were going by. This they promptly did, and then Captain Bailey led off, with his division of eight vessels, whose objective point was Fort St. Philip. All of these passed safely through the opening in the cable.

The forts opened on them promptly, but in five minutes they had reached St. Philip, and were pouring grape and canister into that work.

In ten minutes more the Cayuga had passed beyond range of the fort, to find herself surrounded by eleven Rebel gun-boats. Three of these attempted to board her at once. An 11-inch shot was sent through one of them, at a range of about thirty yards, and she was at once run ashore and burned up.

The Parrott gun on the Cayuga's forecastle drove off another; and she was preparing to close with the third, when the Oneida and Varuna, which had run in close to St. Philip, thus avoiding the elevated guns of that fort, while they swept its bastions with grape and shrapnel, came to the assistance of the Cayuga. S. P. Lee, in the Oneida, ran full speed into one of the enemy's vessels,

cut her nearly in two, and left her floating down the current, a helpless wreck.

She fired right and left into two others, and then went to the assistance of the Varuna, which had got ashore on the left bank, hard pressed by two Rebel gun-boats, one of which was said to be the Manassas. The Varuna was rammed by both of them, and fifteen minutes after, she sunk. In that time she had put three 8-inch shells into the Governor Moore, besides so crippling her with solid shot that she surrendered to the Oneida. She also forced another to take to the bank by her 8-inch shell. The Varuna was commanded by Commander (now Admiral) C. S. Boggs. It is said that, before sinking, he also exploded the boiler of another small steamer.

The Pensacola steamed slowly and steadily by, firing her powerful battery with great deliberation, and doing especial execution with her 11-inch pivot gun and her rifled eighty-pounder. In return she received a heavy fire, and lost thirty-seven in killed and wounded; the greatest number of any of the fleet. Her boats were lowered, and sent to assist the sinking Varuna.

The Mississippi came up next in line to the Pensacola, but escaped with light loss of life. She it was that met the ram Manassas, and the latter gave her a severe cut, below the water, on the port-quarter, and disabled her machinery. But the Mississippi riddled her with shot, boarded her, and set her on fire, and she drifted down below the forts and blew up.

The Katahdin ran close to the forts, passed them rapidly, got near the head of the line, and was engaged principally with the ironclad Louisiana. The Kineo ran by, close under St. Philip, and then assisted the Mississippi with the ram Manassas: but she was afterwards attacked by three of the enemy's gun-boats at once, and, having

had her pivot-gun-carriage injured, withdrew, and continued up stream.

The Wissahickon, the last of the eight vessels of the first division, was less fortunate. She got ashore before she reached the forts, got off and passed them, and ran on shore again above.

It must be remembered that these operations were carried on in the darkness and thick smoke, lighted only by the lurid flashes of more than two hundred guns.

The second division of the fleet was led by Farragut himself, in the Hartford, followed by the Brooklyn and Richmond. These were three formidable vessels. The Hartford opened fire on Fort Jackson just before four in the morning, and received a heavy fire from both forts. Soon after, in attempting to avoid a fire-raft, she grounded on a shoal spot, near St. Philip. At the same time the ram Manassas pushed a fire-raft under her port-quarter, and she at once took fire. A portion of her crew went to fire-quarters, and soon subdued the flames, the working of her guns being steadily continued. Soon she backed off, into deep water; but this movement set her head down stream, and it was with difficulty that she was turned round against the current. When, at last, this was accomplished, she proceeded up the river, firing into several of the enemy's vessels as she passed. One of these was a steamer, packed with men, apparently a boarding party. She was making straight for the Hartford, when Captain Broome's gun, manned by marines, planted a shell in her, which exploded, and she disappeared.

During the critical period when she was slowly turning up river, the Admiral stood aft, giving orders, and occasionally consulting a little compass attached to his watch-chain. During most of the engagement, however, he was forward, watching the progress of the fight.

The Brooklyn was also detained by getting entangled with a raft, and running over one of the hulks which held up the chain, during which time she was raked by Fort Jackson, and suffered somewhat from the fire of St. Philip.

Just as she was clear, and headed up stream, she was butted by the Manassas, which had not headway enough to damage her much, and slid off again into the darkness. Then the Brooklyn was attacked by a large steamer, but she gave her her port broadside, at fifty yards, and set her on fire. Feeling her way along, in a dense cloud of smoke from a fire-raft, she came close abreast of St. Philip, into which she poured such tremendous broadsides that by the flashes the gunners were seen running to shelter, and for the time the fort was silenced. The Brooklyn then passed on, and engaged several of the enemy's gun-boats. One of these, the Warrior, came under her port broadside, when eleven five-second shells were planted in her, which set her on fire, and she was run on shore. The Brooklyn was under fire an hour and a half, but did not lose quite so many as the Pensacola.

The Richmond, a slow ship, was the third and last of the centre division. She came on steadily, and without accident, working her battery with the utmost regularity. Her loss was not heavy, which her commander attributed mainly to a complete provision of splinter nettings.

The gun-boat Sciota, carrying Fleet-Captain Bell, led the third division. She steamed by the forts, firing as she passed, and above them burned two steamboats. Then she sent a boat to receive the surrender of an armed steamboat, but the latter was found to be fast ashore.

The Iroquois, Commander John DeCamp, had not such good fortune. She passed so close to Fort Jackson as to escape much injury, but received a terrible raking from

St. Philip, and was also raked by the armed steamer McCrea, with grape. She drove off the McCrea with an eleven-inch shell and a stand of canister, and then went through a group of the enemy's gun-boats, giving them broadsides as she passed. The Iroquois' losses were heavy.

The gun-boat Pinola passed up in line, firing her eleven-inch pivot and Parrott rifles at the flashes of the guns of the forts, which were all that Commander Crosby could see; then she emerged from the smoke cloud, steered towards St. Philip, and by the light of the blazing rafts, received the discharges of its forty guns.

The Pinola was the last vessel which passed the forts, and she got up in time to fire a few shell at the enemy's flotilla.

Of the other three gun-boats of the division, the Kennebec got out of her course, became entangled in the rafts, and did not get free until it was broad daylight, and too late to attempt a passage. The Itasca, upon arriving in front of Fort Jackson, received a shot in her boiler, incapacitating her, and she was obliged to drift down stream.

The Winona got astray among the hulks, and when she came within range of Fort Jackson it was broad daylight, and the fleet had gone on. Fort Jackson opened upon her, and she soon lost all the crew of her rifled gun but one man. Still she kept on, to endeavor to get through, but St. Philip opening upon her, from her lower battery, at less than point blank range, the little Winona was forced to turn and descend the stream.

Thus did Farragut accomplish a feat in naval warfare which had no precedent, and which is still without a parallel, except the one furnished by himself, at Mobile, two years later.

Starting with seventeen wooden vessels, he had passed,

with all but three of them, against the swift current of a river, there but half a mile wide, between two powerful earthworks, which had long been prepared for him, his course impeded by blazing rafts, and immediately thereafter had met the enemy's fleet of fifteen vessels, two of them ironclad, and either captured or destroyed every one of them.

All this was done with the loss of but one vessel from his own squadron. Probably few naval men would have believed that this work could have been done so effectually, even with ironclads.

Captain Wilkinson, who was in this battle as executive officer of the Confederate iron-clad Louisiana, in his "Narrative of a Blockade Runner," says: "Most of us belonging to that little naval fleet knew that Admiral Farragut would dare to attempt what any man would; and, for my part, I had not forgotten that while I was under his command, during the Mexican war, he had proposed to Commodore Perry, then commanding the Gulf Squadron, and urged upon him, the enterprise of capturing the strong fort of San Juan de Ulloa, at Vera Cruz, by *boarding*. Ladders were to be constructed, and triced up along the attacking ships' masts, and the ships to be towed alongside the walls by the steamers of the squadron. Here was a much grander prize to be fought for, and every day of delay was strengthening his adversaries."

The magnitude of Farragut's novel enterprise was scarcely realized at the North when the first news was received. It was simply announced that he "had run by the forts." The Confederates knew too well what resistance and difficulties he had overcome, and what a loss they sustained in New Orleans.

An officer who was in the engagement expressed an

opinion that if the passage had been attempted by daylight the fleet would have sustained a fearful loss.

After the fleet had passed the forts Captain Bailey, in the Cayuga, preceded the flag-ship up the river, and at the quarantine station captured the Chalmette regiment, encamped upon the river bank.

On the morning of the 25th, the Cayuga, still leading, encountered the Chalmette batteries, three miles below New Orleans. The Hartford and Brooklyn, with several others, soon joined her, and silenced these batteries. New Orleans was now fairly under Farragut's guns, and this had been effected at the cost of thirty-seven killed and one hundred and forty-seven wounded.

Farragut appointed eleven o'clock of the morning of the 26th as the hour "for all the officers and crews of the fleet to return thanks to Almighty God for His great goodness and mercy, in permitting us to pass through the events of the last two days with so little loss of life and blood."

The ships passed up to the city, and anchored immediately in front of it, and Captain Bailey was sent on shore to demand the surrender of it, from the authorities, to which the Mayor replied that the city was under martial law, and that he had no authority. General Lovell, who was present, said he would deliver up nothing, but, in order to free the city from embarrassment, he would restore the city authorities, and retire with his troops, which he did.

Farragut then seized all the steamboats which had not been destroyed and sent them down to the quarantine station, for Butler's troops. Among them was the Tennessee, which the blockaders had been so long watching for, but which never got out.

The levee at New Orleans was at this time a scene of

perfect desolation, as ships, steamers, and huge piles of cotton and wool had been set on fire by the Confederates, and an immense amount of property was destroyed. A very powerful ironclad, called the *Mississippi*, was set on fire, and drifted down past the city, in flames. Another was sunk directly in front of the Custom House, and others which had been begun at Algiers were destroyed.

Several miles up the river, about Carrollton, were extensive fortifications—all taken possession of by Commander Lee—and an immense work, supporting chains, to prevent Foote's gun-boats from descending the river.

Farragut had sent a party on shore to hoist the flag on the Custom House and Mint, belonging to the General Government. The party acted with great firmness and discretion, in spite of insults from a large and excited crowd. At noon on the 26th, during the performance of divine service referred to before, the officers and crews of the vessels were startled by the discharge of a howitzer in the main-top of the *Pensacola*. The lookout aloft had seen four men mount to the roof of the Mint and tear down the United States flag, and he had instantly fired the gun, which was trained upon the flag-staff, and loaded with grape.

The leader of these men, a desperado and gambler, who thus imperilled the lives and property of the whole of the citizens, was, by order of General Butler, tried for the offence afterwards, was found guilty, and hanged by a beam and rope thrust out of the highest window of the Mint.

When Admiral Farragut arrived at the quarantine station, after passing the forts, he had sent Captain Boggs (whose vessel, the *Varuna*, was lost) in a boat, through the bayous, to inform General Butler and Commander Porter of his success. The Captain was twenty-six hours in

getting through. But General Butler, in the steamer Saxon, had followed the fleet up near the forts, and had witnessed the passage of the ships. He then hurried back to his troops, and they rendezvoused at Sable Island, twelve miles in the rear of Fort St. Philip, whence they were carried up in transports and landed at a point five miles above that work. At the same time Commander Porter had sent six of his mortar-boats to the bay behind Fort Jackson, where they arrived on the morning of April 27th, thus making a complete investment. That night two hundred and fifty of the garrison of Fort Jackson came out and surrendered themselves to the Union pickets.

While Farragut was passing the forts, Porter, with his mortar-boats, and their attendant steamers, continued the bombardment. On the 24th he demanded a surrender, but was refused, and for the three days following there was little or no firing. During these days the garrisons were occupied in re-mounting some of their dismounted guns, and transferred others to the floating battery Louisiana.

On the 28th, General Duncan, the commander of the forts, learning that Farragut had possession of New Orleans, accepted the terms offered by Porter. While the articles of capitulation were being drawn up and signed, on board the Harriet Lane, and flags of truce were flying, the Confederate naval officers, after destroying three of their four remaining vessels, set fire to the Louisiana, and cast her adrift.

Fortunately her magazine exploded before she reached Porter's flotilla, or some of his vessels must have shared her fate; and, not improbably, all of them.

After the surrender had been consummated, he went up the river, and captured the naval officers who were sup-

posed to have been guilty of this perfidious and most dishonorable, and murderous act, and put them in close confinement, to be sent North, and dealt with as the Government might see fit. John K. Mitchell, the Commodore of the Confederate flotilla, sent a letter to Farragut, justifying himself for destroying his vessels, and excusing his attempt to blow up Porter's vessels, in this wise:—

“Lieutenant Whittle was sent in a boat with a flag of truce to inform Commander Porter that in firing the Louisiana, her magazine had not been effectually drowned, and that, though efforts were made to drown the charges in the guns, they may not have succeeded. This information was given in consideration of the negotiations then pending under flag of truce between him and Fort Jackson; but while the message was on its way the explosion took place, a fact that does not affect the honorable purposes intended by it.”

This letter seems almost too childish and disingenuous to receive serious notice. It was almost the only instance during the war when naval officers did not act in good faith.

The Confederate naval officers claimed, in justification of their action, that they were no party to the flag of truce, nor were they included in the terms of surrender of the forts, General Duncan treating only for the garrisons under his command, and expressly disclaiming all connection with the navy. The whole was a pitiful commentary upon the jealousies and want of united conduct, which rendered Farragut's task a little more easy. Mitchell had always been considered an “ill-conditioned” man, in the old navy, and the Government was disposed to treat him, and some of his officers, pretty rigorously; but matters were arranged, afterwards, in a

correspondence which took place, upon their being sent North, between the Secretary of the Navy and Mitchell, that resulted in their treatment as ordinary prisoners.

In writing to his family, after his capture of New Orleans, Farragut said, "It is a strange thought, that I am here among my relatives, and yet not one has dared to say, 'I am happy to see you.' There is a reign of terror in this doomed city; but, although I am abused as one who wished to kill all the women and children, I still see a feeling of respect for me."

ATLANTA AND WEEHAWKEN. JUNE 17TH, 1863



IN the latter part of the year 1861 an English steamer, named the Fingal, ran past the blockading vessels, and got safely into Savannah.

That part was very well done, but the getting to sea again was another matter, for she was so closely watched that it was found impossible to do so. All sorts of stratagems were resorted to, and several starts made upon the darkest nights, but there was always found a Federal gun-boat, or perhaps more than one, ready to receive her, all the more that she was a valuable vessel, and would turn in plenty of prize-money to her captors.

At last, in despair of any more use of her as a blockade-runner, the Rebel authorities determined to convert her into an ironclad ship-of-war. She was cut down, so as to leave her deck not more than two feet above the water; and upon this deck was built a very heavy casemate, inclining at an angle of about thirty degrees, and mounting four heavy rifled guns. The battery-deck was built of great beams of timber, a foot and a half thick. Her iron armor was four inches thick, then considered quite formidable, and was secured to a backing of oak and pine, eighteen inches thick. Her sides about and below the water line were protected by heavy logs or timbers built upon her, so that from being a slim and graceful blockade-runner,

she attained a breadth of forty-one feet, with a length of two hundred and four. The ports in her casemate were closed by iron shutters, of the same thickness as her armor. Her bow was formed into a ram, and also carried, at the end of a spar, a percussion torpedo.

In fact, she was a very formidable craft, of the general style of those built by the Confederates during the war. The Merrimac was nearly all casemate, but the later built ones had as small a casemate as was consistent with the working of the guns they were intended to carry.

Thicker armor than hers had not yet come into use, the English ironclad ships just then built, in consequence of the success of the Monitor and Merrimac, not being any more protected.

The first contest between a monitor and fifteen-inch guns, and an ironclad with stationary casemate or turret and rifled guns, was now to take place.

The Atlanta was commanded by an officer of energy and ability, named Webb, formerly a Lieutenant in the United States Navy.

The Confederate authorities were certain that this latest production of their naval architects was to overcome the redoubtable monitors, and they fully believed that, while the Atlanta's armor would resist their heavy round shot, her heavy rifled guns, at close quarters, would tear the monitor turret to pieces, while the ram and torpedo would finish the work begun by the guns.

The vessel, being ready, came down from Savannah, passed through the Wilmington, a mouth of the Savannah River, and so passed down into Wassaw Sound, improperly named, in many books and maps, Warsaw.

Admiral Du Pont had taken measures to keep himself informed as regarded this vessel's state of preparation, and the monitors Weehawken and Nahant had been sent

to meet her and some other armored vessels preparing at Savannah.

Both the Nahant and Weehawken were at anchor when the strange vessel was seen. It was at daylight, and she was then about three miles from the Nahant, and coming down very rapidly. The Weehawken was commanded by that capable and sterling officer, John Rogers, and he at once slipped his cable, and made rapidly off, seaward, as if in headlong flight, but, in the meantime, making preparations for action.

At about half-past four, on this bright summer morning, the Weehawken rounded to, and breasted the tide, approaching her enemy.

The Nahant had no pilot, and could only follow in the Weehawken's wake, through the channels of the Sound.

The Atlanta fired the first shot, at about a quarter to five, being then distant about a mile and a half. This passed across the stern of the Weehawken, and struck the water near the Nahant. The Atlanta seemed to be lying across the channel, awaiting attack, and keeping up her fire.

The Weehawken steadily came up the channel, and at a little after 5 A. M., having approached within about three hundred yards, opened her fire. She fired five shots, which took her fifteen minutes, and at the end of that time the Atlanta hauled down the Confederate colors, and hoisted a white flag. Such a rapid threshing is seldom recorded in naval history, and is the more remarkable when we remember that the commander of the Atlanta was a cool and experienced officer, trained in the United States Navy, and an excellent seaman.

Two passenger steamers, loaded down with ladies and non-combatants, had followed the Atlanta down from Savannah, to witness the capture of the Yankee monitors. These now made the best of their way back to that city.

The Atlanta had a crew of twenty-one officers and one hundred and twenty-four men. Landsmen often wonder why ships have so many officers in proportion to men, but it is necessary.

The officers of the Confederate vessel stated her speed to be ten knots, and they confidently expected to capture both the monitors, after which, as it appeared from the instruments captured on board of her, she expected to proceed to sea, and try conclusions with the Charleston fleet. Her engines were first-rate, and her hull of a good model, and there is no reason why she should not have gone up to Charleston and broken the blockade there, except the one fact that she turned out not to be equal to the monitors.

The action was so brief that the Nahant did not share in it, and of the five shots fired by the Weehawken, four struck the Atlanta, and caused her surrender. The first was a fifteen-inch shot, which, though it struck the casemate of the Atlanta at a very acute angle, smashed through both the iron armor and the wooden backing, strewed the deck with splinters, prostrated some forty officers and men by the concussion, and wounded several by the splinters and fragments of armor driven in. We can imagine the consternation of a crew which had come down confident of an easy victory. In fact, this one shot virtually settled the battle. The Weehawken fired an eleven-inch shot next, but this did little damage. The third shot was from the fifteen-inch gun, and knocked off the top of the pilot-house, which projected slightly above the casemate, wounded the pilots, and stunned the men at the wheel. The fourth shot carried away one of the port-stoppers. Sixteen of her crew were wounded.

The Atlanta was valued by the appraisers, for prize-money, at three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, a sum,

as Boynton remarks, easily won in fifteen minutes, with only five shots, and without a loss of a single man on the other side. More than this, it settled the value of that class of vessels, as compared with monitors.

“As the fight of the Merrimac with the Cumberland, Congress and Minnesota virtually set aside as worthless for war purposes the vast wooden navies of Europe,” so it showed that great changes and improvements were necessary in the broadside ironclads, if they were to be opposed to monitors armed with guns of great power. The result was a great increase in the thickness of armor, which went on, as the power of the guns increased, until now it is a question whether armor may not be abandoned, except for certain purposes.

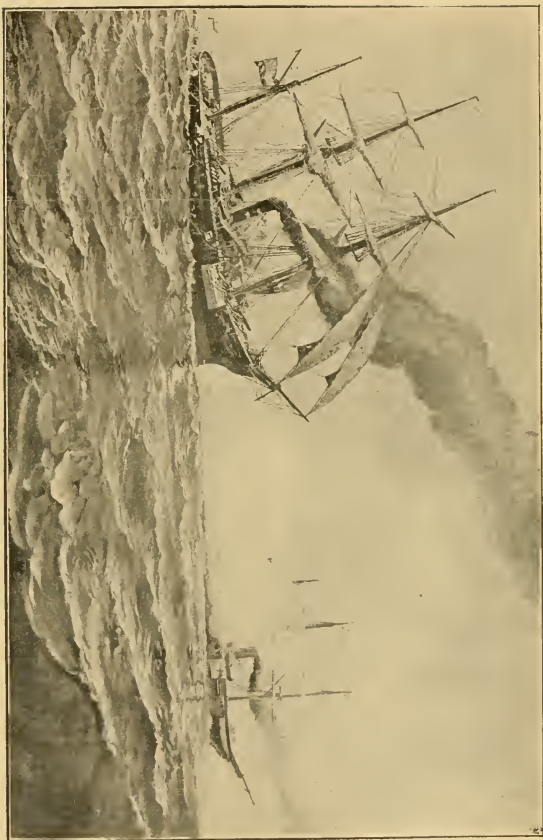
KEARSARGE AND ALABAMA. JUNE 19TH, 1864.



DURING the summer of 1864, while Grant and his army were fighting the terrible battles which opened his way to the James, through Virginia; and the whole country was upon the very tenter-hooks of anxiety, a piece of news came across the water which gave more satisfaction to the country at large than many a hard-won battle has given, where a thousand times the numbers were engaged. It was the intelligence that the Alabama was at the bottom of the sea.

We may borrow the words of Boynton, in his "History of the Navy during the Rebellion," to put the reader in possession of a part of the career of the notorious Alabama, previous to her meeting with the Kearsarge.

No event of the great civil war excited such deep indignation, such bitter resentment, as the career of the Alabama. It was not alone because she committed such havoc with our commerce—burning our merchantmen in great numbers; nor was it because she had sunk the Hatteras—a merchant steamer converted into a gun-boat; but it was because England had sent out a British ship, with British guns, and seamen trained in her own practice-ship, a vessel English in every essential but her flag, to lay waste the commerce of a country with which



THE SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA" OFF THE HARBOR
OF CHERBOURG BY THE "KEARSARGE"

she professed to be at peace. To add to the provocation, this vessel was originally called the "290," to show, by the large number who had contributed to fit her out, how widespread was English sympathy for the cause she was to support. The Alabama was not regarded as a Confederate vessel of war, but as an English man-of-war, sent forth under the thin veil of another flag, to sink and destroy our merchantmen. The short-lived triumph in which England indulged turned out to be about as costly a pleasure as she could well have taken; and deeply mortified as we were that the successful rover should escape our watchful cruisers, and so long pursue, unmolested, her work of destruction, in the end the pride of England was more deeply and bitterly wounded than our own, while at the same time she was held responsible for the destruction of our property. England will probably have reason to remember the Alabama quite as long as the Americans.

The successful movements of this vessel were such as to attract the attention of Europe as well as America. Semmes, her commander, seemed to have been adopted as a sort of English champion, and judging from the expressions of most of the English papers, and what Americans believed to be the effective though quiet support of the English Government, the governing class, at least, in Great Britain were as much pleased with the success of the Alabama as were the people of the South. There was enough of mystery connected with the operations to excite the imagination, and scarcely was any phantom ship ever invested with a more unreal character than was this modern highwayman of the sea.

She seemed to be everywhere, and yet nowhere to be found when sought for by our ships; and some were inclined to think that our naval officers were not very **anxious to find her.** The result showed how little reason

there was for such an injurious suspicion. There could be no more difficult task than to overtake a single fast steamer to which all seas were open, and which constantly shifted her cruising ground. She seldom entered a port, getting coal and provisions from captured vessels, and so could not readily be traced. She burned or sunk the captured vessels, and then disappeared. The public naturally magnified her size, speed and power, but the Navy Department was well informed about her, and knew just what sort of vessel to send in pursuit of her.

Early in 1862 Captain John A. Winslow, of the United States Navy, was sent, in command of the steam-sloop Kearsarge, to cruise on the coast of Europe for the Alabama and her associate vessels.

He blockaded the Florida for some time, but was forced to give her a chance to escape, by the necessity of going for coal and stores. He lay two months off Calais, where the Rappahannock was found, and at last, in despair of getting to sea, the Rebel cruiser was dismantled and laid up.

Soon after this he learned that the Alabama was at Cherbourg, and he immediately sailed for that port, and took up a position off the famous breakwater.

Semmes was now, for the first time, placed in a position where he would either have to fight the Kearsarge, or submit to be blockaded by a ship in every way a fair match for him.

If he declined battle he would be disgraced in the eyes of all Europe. Should he succeed, his victory would have a great moral effect, especially from the scene of action attracting general attention. People of all nations would hear of it, and augur well for the Confederate cause, whose attention would never be drawn by such a combat, if it occurred on the other side of the Atlantic.

Putting a bold face upon his situation, he challenged Winslow. Considering that his ship was somewhat larger than the Kearsarge, that she carried one more gun, and that he had trained English gunners, of whom much was expected; more than that, that his men were confident, from success, and had the sympathies of most of those about them, he had good reason to hope for success.

Winslow and his crew well knew the consequences involved in the battle. They were indignant, as all Northerners were, at the manner in which the Alabama had been fitted out, quite as much as at her depredations upon our commerce, and death would have been preferable to them, to being towed, a prize, into Cherbourg harbor.

The news of the approaching battle soon spread, and was telegraphed in every direction. Crowds came down from Paris, yachts collected, and bets were freely made upon the result.

The writer was in Cherbourg some time after this fight, and photographs of the Kearsarge, her officers, her battery, and the state of her decks after the action, were in many of the shop windows still. The Cherburgeois seemed glad that the Alabama and her English crew had been conquered off their town. At any rate, it was their interest to appear so, after the event. It was rather curious that no photographs of Semmes or his officers appeared in the windows.

At length, on Sunday morning, June 19th, 1864, the Alabama, having made all her preparations, steamed out of Cherbourg, accompanied by the French ironclad frigate Couronne. The morning was a very fine one; the sea calm, and with a light haze upon the water, not sufficient to obscure the movements of the ships. The French frigate accompanied the Alabama only so far as to make

it certain that she would not be attacked until beyond the marine league, or line of French jurisdiction. A small steamer bearing an English yacht flag came out at the same time, but attracted no particular attention.

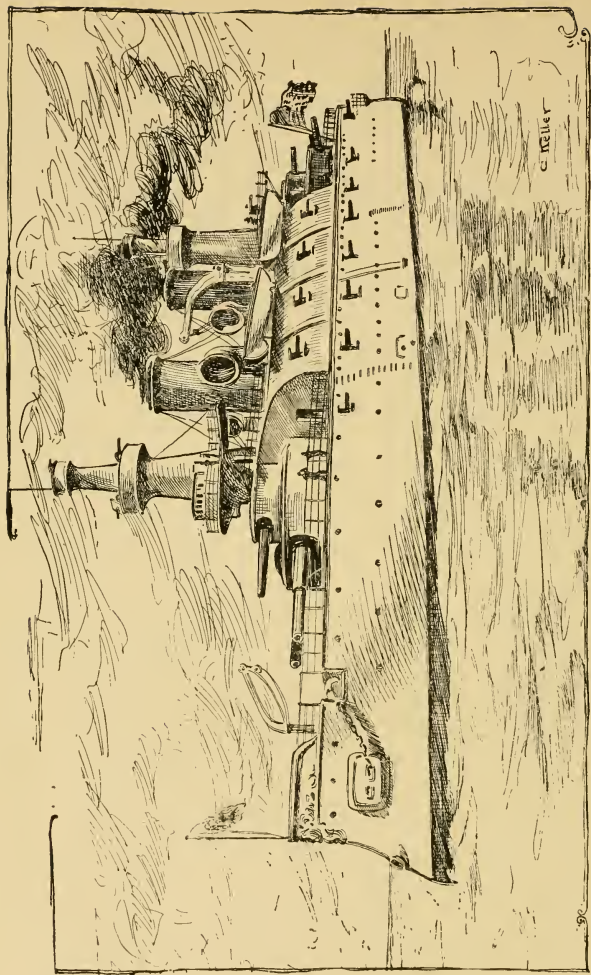
The Alabama was first seen by the Kearsarge at about half-past ten, and the latter immediately headed seaward, not only to avoid all questions of jurisdiction, but to draw Semmes so far from shore that, in case his vessel was partially disabled in the coming fight, she could not escape by running into French waters.

The Kearsarge then cleared for action, with her guns pivoted to starboard. Having reached a point about seven miles from shore, the Kearsarge turned short on her heel, and steered straight for the Alabama.

The moment the Kearsarge came round the Alabama sheered, presenting her starboard battery, and slowed her engine.

Winslow's intention was to run his adversary down, if opportunity presented, and he therefore kept on his course. When about a mile distant the Alabama fired a broadside, which did only very trifling damage to the Kearsarge's rigging. Winslow now increased his speed, intending to strike his enemy with full force, and in the next ten minutes the Alabama fired two more broadsides. Not a shot struck the Kearsarge, and she made no reply; but, as the vessels were now not more than seven hundred yards apart, Captain Winslow did not deem it prudent to expose his ship to another raking fire, and the Kearsarge accordingly sheered and opened fire. The ships were thus brought broadside to broadside; but it soon became evident that Semmes did not intend to fight a close action, and Winslow began to fear that he would make for the shore and escape.

To prevent this, Winslow kept his vessel at full speed,



NEW BATTLESHIP KEARSARGE.

Displacement, 11,225 tons. Speed, 16 knots. Horse-power, 10,000. Triple screw. Length on load water line, 368 feet. Extreme breadth, 72 feet, 5 inches. Mean draught, 23 feet, 6 inches. Thickness of armor on sides, 15 inches; turrets, 17 inches; barbettes, 15 inches. Main battery, 4 13-in. breech loading rifles, 20 6-in. 14 5-in. 6 1-in. rapid-fire guns, 4 Gatlings, 1 Field gun, 5 torpedo tubes, 40 officers, 480 men.

intending to run under the stern of the Alabama and secure a raking position.

To avoid this the Alabama sheered, so as to keep her broadside to the Kearsarge, and as both vessels were under a full head of steam, they were forced into a circular movement, steaming in opposite directions round a common centre, with the current setting them to the westward. Had they fought on parallel lines, with the Alabama heading inshore, she would have reached the line of French jurisdiction, and thus escaped. But, being thus compelled to steam in a circle, she was about five miles from the shore when, at the close of the action, she attempted to run into Cherbourg.

The firing of the Alabama was, throughout the action, very rapid, but also very wild. During the first eighteen minutes not a man was injured on board the Kearsarge. Then a 68-pound Blakely shell passed through the starboard bulwarks, about the main rigging, and exploded on the quarter-deck, wounding three men at the after pivot-gun, one of whom afterwards died of his wounds. This was the only casualty among the crew of the Kearsarge during the whole engagement.

The firing of the Kearsarge was very deliberate, and especial pains were taken with the aiming of the two 11-inch pivot-guns. At the distance at which they were fired, about half a mile, they were terribly effective. One shell disabled a gun on board the Alabama, and killed and wounded eighteen men. Another exploded in her coal-bunker, and completely blocked the engine room. Other shells tore great gaps in the Alabama's sides, and it was soon evident that her race was run. For an hour this fire was exchanged, the Kearsarge suffering little, while almost every shot of hers struck the Alabama. The vaunted English gunners, with their Blakely guns, did not

seem to get the range. The Kearsarge's shell came with due deliberation, but as certain as fate, crashing through her sides, exploding within her or upon her decks, and sweeping away her crew, many of whom were literally torn to pieces by the fearful missiles. She was rapidly reduced to a wreck; her decks were strewn with the dead and wounded, and the water was pouring in the gaps in her sides.

Semmes now made one desperate effort to escape, and suddenly bore up for the land, and made all sail that he could. But he was too late. The Alabama was sinking, and the water which poured into her soon put out her fires.

One or two more shot brought down her flag. For a moment it was uncertain whether it had been hauled down or shot away, but soon a white flag was exposed, and the Kearsarge's fire ceased.

In a moment more another gun was fired from the Alabama, and this was at once returned. The Kearsarge now steamed ahead, and was laid across the Alabama's bows, with the intention of sinking her, but as the white flag was still flying, the fire was reserved. Then it was seen that the Alabama's boats were being lowered, and an officer came alongside, to inform Captain Winslow that the Alabama had surrendered, and was rapidly sinking. Only two boats were in a condition to be sent to the assistance of these people. These were promptly lowered and manned, but before they could reach her they saw the Alabama settle by the stern, raise her bows high in air, shake her mizzen-mast over the side, and plunge down to the bottom of the channel. The crew were left struggling in the water, and the boats of the Kearsarge picked up as many as they could, and hailed the small English yacht steamer, which had come out of

Cherbourg in the morning, giving him permission, and requesting him to assist in saving the prisoners. Both parties saved such as they could reach, and when no more were to be seen floating, the Americans, to their surprise, found the yacht making off, instead of delivering the prisoners she had picked up.

Winslow was astonished that such a thing should be done, and, supposing some mistake, and that they were disturbed by the catastrophe which had just occurred, did not fire into them, as he should have done. Among the rest, this Englishman, whose name was Lancaster, had picked up the Captain of the Alabama.

The officer of the Alabama who came to surrender himself and the ship had permission to return, with his boat, to assist in saving life. He went to the English yacht and escaped in her. None of them seemed to feel any disgrace in making off in this way while the Kearsarge was engaged in saving life. The saddest sight of all was, that England was not ashamed of this man Lancaster, and associated him with Semmes, in the banquets and other recognition which the latter received in England.

It was afterwards understood that this Lancaster was a "*nouveau-riche*," who had a yacht, and who was glad to be seen and identified with any notorious person. Many persons in England shared his feelings, and when the Alabama was sunk, she was much regretted by the rich men of Birmingham and Manchester, as well as by those of the higher nobility, who would not, on any account, speak on equal terms to those with whom they were in complete sympathy in the matter of our war. We must also consider that the man Lancaster had no experience in any kind of warfare, and that he probably knew no better, and even thought he was doing a clever thing.

In his letter acknowledging Captain Winslow's despatch announcing the result of this action, Mr. Welles, the Secretary of the Navy, says: "The Alabama represented the best maritime effort of the best English workshops. Her battery was composed of the well-tryed 32-pounders of fifty-seven hundred weight, of the famous 68-pounder of the British navy, and of the only successful rifled 100-pounder yet produced in England. The crew were generally recruited in Great Britain, and many of them received superior training on board her Majesty's gunnery-ship, the Excellent. The Kearsarge is one of the first gun-boats built at our navy yards at the commencement of the Rebellion, and lacks the improvements of the vessels now under construction.

* * * "The President has signified his intention to recommend that you receive a vote of thanks, in order that you may be advanced to the grade of Commodore. Lieutenant-Commander James S. Thornton, the executive officer of the Kearsarge, will be recommended to the Senate for advancement ten numbers in his grade." * *

Thornton was well known in the navy for his firmness, ability and courage.

In regard to the conduct of the English yacht, the Secretary says, "That the wretched commander * * * should have resorted to any dishonorable means to escape after his surrender; that he should have thrown overboard the sword that was no longer his; that before encountering an armed antagonist the mercenary rover should have removed the chronometers and other plunder stolen from peaceful commerce, are not matters of surprise, for each act is characteristic of one who has been false to his country and flag. You could not have expected, however, that gentlemen, or those claiming to be gentlemen, would, on such an occasion, act in bad faith, and that,

having been called upon or permitted to assist in rescuing persons and property which had been surrendered to you, they would run away with either." * * * *

"The Alabama was an English built vessel, armed and manned by Englishmen; has never had any other than an English register; has never sailed under any recognized national flag since she left the shores of England; has never visited any port of North America; and her career of devastation since she went forth from England is one that does not entitle those of her crew who were captured to be paroled. This Department expressly disavows that act. Extreme caution must be exercised, so that we in no way change the character of this English-built and English-manned, if not English-owned, vessel, or relieve those who may be implicated in sending forth this robber upon the seas from any responsibility to which they may be liable for the outrages she has committed."

The sagacity and far-sightedness of Mr. Welles in preventing the English Government from having any technical ground for escaping responsibility has since been triumphantly approved by the action of the Geneva Convention, in the damages brought in against England for the actions of this vessel. Unfortunately the English masses had to help to pay these damages, as well as the classes which had in every way fostered the Rebellion.

It was stated in the English newspapers that the Kearsarge was an ironclad in disguise; and much more powerful, in every way, than the Alabama. Let us look at the facts.

In the first place, the two vessels were much the same in size, the Alabama being a little longer, and about one hundred tons larger.

Captain Winslow covers the whole ground in the

following statement: "The Kearsarge's battery consists of seven guns, two 11-inch Dahlgrens, four 32-pounders, one light rifled 28-pounder.

"The battery of the Alabama consisted of one 100-pounder, rifled; six 32-pounders, that is, one more gun than the Kearsarge.

"In the wake of the engines on the outside the Kearsarge had stopped up and down her sheet chains.

"These were stopped by marline to eyebolts, which extended some twenty feet, and this was done by the hands of the Kearsarge; the whole was covered by light plank, to prevent dirt collecting. It was for the purpose of protecting the engines when there was no coal in the upper part of the bunkers, as was the case when the action took place. The Alabama had her bunkers full, and was equally protected. The Kearsarge went into action with a crew of one hundred and sixty-two officers and men. The Alabama, by report of the Deerhound's officers, had one hundred and fifty. * * * * The action lasted one hour and two minutes, from the first to the last shot. The Kearsarge received twenty-eight shots above and below, thirteen about her hull; the best shots were abaft the mainmast, two shots, which cut the chain stops, the shell of which broke the casing of wood covering; they were too high to damage the boilers had they penetrated. The Kearsarge was only slightly damaged, and I supposed the action for hot work had just commenced when it ended.

"Such stuff as the Alabama firing when she was going down, and all such talk, is twaddle.

"The Alabama, toward the last, hoisted sail to get away, when the Kearsarge was laid across her bows, and would have raked her had she not surrendered, which she had

done, and was trying to get her flags down, and showing a white flag over the stern.

"The officers of the Alabama on board the Kearsarge say that she was a complete slaughter-house, and was completely torn to pieces. This is all I know of the Alabama.

"Of the one hundred and sixty-three officers and men of the Kearsarge, one hundred and fifty-two were native Americans, and two of the remaining eleven were Englishmen."

MOBILE BAY. AUGUST 5, 1864.



ARRAGUT had returned to New York, after arduous service in the Mississippi, which cannot be told here, and had received the hearty congratulations and hospitalities of not only public bodies, but of all grateful citizens. He had been made Rear Admiral, a new rank in the United States, and had been thanked by Congress for his achievements.

But, after about four months of rest and relaxation he was called to duty again, and early in January, 1864, he once more hoisted his flag upon the Hartford and sailed for the Gulf. His flag-ship had received much needed repairs, and, on examination, it was found that she had been struck two hundred and forty times by shot and shell.

After a short stay at New Orleans, to settle naval matters there, he visited Ship Island and Pensacola, the established depots for supplies.

He was now preparing for the long desired attack on Mobile Bay and its defences, which he had long contemplated, and was only prevented from carrying out before by the necessity of carrying out joint operations on the Mississippi River.

It was impossible to prevent vessels from occasionally entering Mobile, no matter how vigilant the blockaders

were. Forts Morgan, Powell and Gaines protected the principal channels, and the light blockade-runners would creep along the shore, under cover of the night, under charge of experienced pilots, and soon be under the protecting guns of the forts. Now and then some adventurous craft would suffer for her temerity, by being captured, or driven on shore and riddled with shot and shell; but, still, too many got in. Most of these vessels had clearances for Matamoros, a Mexican town on the Rio Grande.

A steamer was captured off Mobile which was evidently a blockade-runner. The Captain was sent on board the flag-ship, to be interrogated by the Admiral. Farragut recognized him as an old acquaintance, and one of the most experienced merchant captains in the Gulf trade. The Admiral asked him what in the world he was doing close in with Mobile, when he was three hundred miles out of his course for Matamoros. The Captain entered into a long story about having been swept in shore by a north-east gale. When he had finished, Farragut smiled and said, "How could you be blown to the northward and eastward by a northeast gale? I am very sorry for you, but we shall have to hold you for your thundering bad navigation. Among the articles captured in this vessel were one thousand copies of a caricature of General Butler, who has certainly had notoriety conferred upon him in that way as often as any one who ever lived.

Personal reconnoissances and skirmishes with the different forts about Mobile occupied the Admiral for some time, and he recognized the importance of having light draft ironclads to fight those which the enemy were preparing.

He wrote, "I feel no apprehension about Buchanan's raising the blockade at Mobile, but with such a force as he

has in the Bay, it would be unwise to take in our wooden vessels, without the means of fighting the enemy on an equal footing. By reference to the chart you will see how small a space there is for the ships to manœuvre."

On the 2d of March he wrote, "I saw the Mobile ram Tennessee yesterday. She is very long, and I thought moved very slowly."

He was most anxious to make the attack upon Mobile, as every week's delay rendered the work more dangerous. But he was delayed by the necessity of awaiting ships.

In the meantime stirring work was going on inland, and the armies grappling in the fight of giants. Farragut's letters show that he was keenly alive to all that was going on, although the mental strain upon him in keeping up the blockade and in preparing for the undertaking he had in view, was very great.

In a letter written in May he says, "We have the Southern papers of the 17th, and yet they contain no news. All is dark with respect to Grant and Lee. Grant has done one thing. He has gone to work making war and doing his best, and kept newsmongers out of his army. The only comfort I have is, that the Confederates are more unhappy, if possible, than we are."

"We started with few good officers of experience, but shall end with some of the best in the world. Our fellows are beginning to understand that war means fighting."

To Admiral Bailey, at Key West, he writes, "I am watching Buchanan, in the ram Tennessee. She is a formidable looking thing, and there are four others, and three wooden gun-boats. They say he is waiting for the two others to come out and attack me, and then raid upon New Orleans. Let him come. I have a fine squadron to meet him, all ready and willing. I can see his boats very industriously laying down torpedoes, so I judge that

he is quite as much afraid of our going in as we are of his coming out."

On June 21st he writes, "I am tired of watching Buchanan and Page, and wish from the bottom of my heart that Buck would come out and try his hand upon us. This question has to be settled, iron *versus* wood, and there never was a better chance to settle the question as to the sea-going qualities of ironclad ships. We are to-day ready to try anything that comes along, be it wood or iron, in reasonable quantities. Anything is preferable to lying on our oars. But I shall have patience until the army has finished its campaign in Virginia and Georgia. I hope it will be the close of the war."

On the 6th of July, he writes, "My birth-day; sixty-three years old. I was a little down in the mouth, because I thought we had not done as well as we ought to, in destroying a blockade-runner that tried to force her way by us. But Dyer, in the Glasgow, ran her on shore under the guns of Fort Morgan, and I had been trying to get the gun-boats to destroy her, but they did bad work, and the Rebels were at it, night before last, trying to get her off. I determined to send a party to board and set her on fire. Watson volunteered for the work, and I sent him, with Tyson, Ensign Dana, Whiting, Glidden, and Pendleton, and Master's Mate Herrick. Jouett and McCann covered the party. Well, as you may suppose, it was an anxious night for me; for I am almost as fond of Watson as yourself, and interested in the others. I thought it was to be a hand-to-hand fight, if any. I sat up till midnight, and then thought they had found the enemy in too great force, and had given it up; so I laid down to rest. About half an hour later the Rebel was reported to be on fire, and I was happy, because I had heard no firing, and I knew the surprise was

perfect. And so it turned out. — The Rebels scampered off as our fellows climbed on board. The boats returned about 2 o'clock A. M., all safe, no one hurt. I was anxious until their return. But no one knows what my feelings are; I am always calm and quiet."

"I have never seen a crew come up like our's. They are ahead of the old set in small arms, and fully equal to them at the great guns. They arrived here a new lot of boys and young men, and have now fattened up, and knock the nine-inch guns about like 24-pounders, to the astonishment of everybody."

One more extract—for these show the man:—

On July 20th, he wrote, "The victory of the Kearsarge over the Alabama raised me up. I would sooner have fought that fight than any ever fought on the ocean. Only think! it was fought like a tournament, in full view of thousands of French and English, with a perfect confidence, on the part of all but the Union people, that we would be whipped. People came from Paris to witness the fight. Why, my poor little good-for-nothing Hatteras would have whipped her (the Alabama) in fifteen minutes, but for an unlucky shot in the boiler. She struck the Alabama two shots for one, while she floated. But the triumph of the Kearsarge was grand. Winslow had my old First Lieutenant of the Hartford, Thornton, in the Kearsarge. He is as brave as a lion, and as cool as a parson. I go for Winslow's promotion!"

On the 31st of July all the monitors sent to Farragut had arrived, except the Tecumseh, and she was at Pensacola, to be ready in a day or two.

The preparations for the attack upon the Mobile defences were now about completed, and Farragut had apprised each of his Commanders of his plans for passing into the Bay.

Generals Canby and Granger had visited the Hartford, and in this interview it was agreed that all the troops that could be spared should be sent to co-operate with the fleet in the attack upon Forts Morgan and Gaines.

Subsequently Canby found he had not force sufficient to invest both forts; so, at Farragut's suggestion, he sent a body of troops to land on Dauphin Island, near Fort Gaines. The Admiral appreciated the assistance of the army in this case, and the responsibility of his position. He was not the man to begin the attack without having taken every precaution to insure success. He said he was ready to take the offensive the moment the troops were ready to act with him; that there was no doing anything with these forts so long as their back doors were open. More than that, his communications had to be kept open for supplies, which required a force of troops to cut off all the enemy's land communications with Mobile.

The 4th of August had been fixed as the day for the landing of the troops and the entrance into the Bay, but the Tecumseh was not ready. General Granger promptly landed his troops on Dauphin Island at that date. As it turned out, all was for the best, for the Confederates were busily engaged, during the 4th, in throwing troops and supplies into Fort Gaines, all of which were captured a few days afterward.

The attack was then postponed until the 5th, and Farragut wrote a letter to his wife that night, which is a model of its kind, and shows he fully appreciated the desperate work before him.

For it we must refer the reader to his Life, by his son, from which this account is principally taken.

The battle of Mobile Bay was, very properly the crowning achievement of Farragut's naval career, for it was the most brilliant action in which he ever took part.

The defences of the Bay, at the time of his attack, consisted mainly of three forts, Morgan, Gaines and Powell. Fort Morgan was one of the old brick forts, with a wall four feet eight inches thick. It is on the west end of a peninsula which encloses the Bay, called Mobile Point, and forms, with Gaines, the principal defence of the main ship channel to the Gulf. It was armed with eighty-six guns, of various calibre, some very heavy, and in exterior batteries were twenty-nine additional guns. The water battery had two rifled 32s, four 10-inch Columbiads, and one 8-inch Brookes rifle. The garrison, officers and men, numbered six hundred and forty.

Fort Gaines is three miles northwest from Fort Morgan, at the eastern extremity of Dauphin Island. This is also a brick fort, and mounted thirty guns, with a garrison of forty-six officers and eight hundred and eighteen men.

On the flats south and east of Fort Gaines innumerable piles were driven, to obstruct the passage of vessels, and from these, two lines of torpedoes extended towards Fort Morgan, terminating at a point a few hundred yards from that fort, marked by a red buoy. This portion of the passage was left open for the use of blockade-runners, and vessels using it had to pass within easy range of the guns of the fort.

Six miles northeast of Fort Gaines is another narrow channel, only fit for light draught vessels, called Grant's pass. There was a redoubt there, mounted with four very heavy guns.

Auxiliary to this land defence the iron-clad steamer Tennessee lay about five hundred yards north of Fort Morgan. She was two hundred and nine feet long and forty feet wide, with an iron prow projecting two feet below the water line. Her sloping sides were covered with armor varying in thickness from five to six inches. She carried

six rifled guns in casemate, two of which were pivot, and the others broadside guns, throwing solid projectiles of one hundred and ten and ninety-five pounds respectively. The ports, of which there were ten, were so arranged that the pivot guns could be fought in broadside, sharp on the bow, and in a direct line with her keel. Her great defect was in the steering-gear, which was badly arranged and much exposed. Near her were anchored three wooden gun-boats, the Morgan, Gaines and Selma. The first carried one 63 cwt. eight-inch gun, and five 57 cwt. 32-pounders; the Gaines, one eight-inch Brooke rifle and five 57 cwt. 32-pounders; the Selma, three eight-inch Paixhans and one old-fashioned heavy thirty-two, converted into a rifle and banded at the breech, throwing a solid shot of about sixty pounds.

Farragut had long before issued general orders in regard to the attack, and made no secret of his intention to attack. They were as follows:—

“Strip your vessels and prepare for the conflict. Send down all your superfluous spars and spare rigging. Put up the splinter-nets on the starboard side, and barricade the wheel and steers-men with sails and hammocks. Lay chains or sand bags on the deck, over the machinery, to resist a plunging fire. Hang the sheet chains over the side, or make any other arrangement for security that your ingenuity may suggest. Land your starboard boats, or lower and tow them on the port side, and lower the port boats down to the water's edge. Place a leadsman and the pilot in the port quarter-boat, or the one most convenient to the Commander.

“The vessels will run past the forts in couples, lashed side by side, as hereinafter designated. The flag-ship will lead and steer from Sand Island N. by E., by compass,

until abreast of **Fort Morgan**, then N.W., half N., until past the middle ground, then N. by W., and the others, as designated in the drawing, will follow in due order, until ordered to anchor; but the bow and quarter line must be preserved, to give the chase guns a fair range, and each vessel must be kept astern of the broadside of the next ahead; each vessel will keep a very little on the starboard quarter of his next ahead, and when abreast of the fort will keep directly astern, and as we pass the fort, will take the same distance on the port quarter of the next ahead, to enable the stern guns to fire clear of the next vessel astern.

“It will be the object of the Admiral to get as close to the fort as possible before opening fire; the ships, however, will open fire the moment the enemy opens upon us, with their chase and other guns, as fast as they can be brought to bear. Use short fuses for the shell and shrapnel, and as soon as within 300 or 400 yards, give them grape. It is understood that heretofore we have fired too high, but with grape-shot, it is necessary to elevate a little above the object, as grape will dribble from the muzzle of the gun.

“If one or more of the vessels be disabled, their partners must carry them through, if possible; but if they cannot, then the next astern must render the required assistance; but as the Admiral contemplates moving with the flood tide, it will only require sufficient power to keep the crippled vessels in the channel.

“Vessels that can, must place guns upon the poop and top-gallant forecastle, and in the tops on the starboard side. Should the enemy fire grape, they will remove the men from the top-gallant forecastle and the poop to the guns below, until out of grape range.

“The howitzers must keep up a constant fire from the

time they can reach with shrapnel until out of its range."

* * * * "There are certain black buoys placed by the enemy across the channel, from the piles on the west side of the channel towards Fort Morgan. It being understood that there are torpedoes and other obstructions between the buoys, the vessels will take care to pass eastward of the easternmost buoy, which is clear of all obstructions. The Admiral will endeavor to remove the others before the day of attack, as he thinks they support that which will otherwise sink, and at least to destroy them for guides to the demons who hope to explode them. So soon as the vessel is opposite the end of the piles, it will be best to stop the propeller of the ship, and let her run in with her headway and the tide, and those having side-wheel gun-boats will continue on with the aid of their paddles, which are not likely to foul with their drag ropes.

D. G. FARRAGUT,

Rear-Admiral, Commander Western Gulf Squadron

P. S.—Carry low steam.

D. G. F.

As has been already mentioned, Farragut had fully determined to run into the bay, on the 4th of August, but had been prevented from doing so by the non-arrival of the monitor Tecumseh. But on the afternoon of the 4th she arrived, and took up her anchorage behind Sand Island, with the others of her class—the Winnebago, Manhattan, and Chickasaw.

On the morning of the 5th, long before daylight, all hands were called "up hammocks," and while the Admiral, his Fleet-Captain and Fleet-Surgeon were having breakfast, daylight was reported, with weather threatening rain. It was Friday, a day of bad omen for sailors ; but the clouds

worked round, and the day came fair, which was, on the other hand, a good omen. The wind was west-southwest, too, just where the fleet wanted it, for it would blow the smoke upon Fort Morgan.

At four o'clock the wooden ships formed in double column, lashed securely in pairs, in the following order, the first mentioned of each pair being the starboard vessel, or that next the fort. (The Admiral had concluded to let another ship lead, and he was second.) Here is the order:—

- { Brooklyn, Captain James Alden.
- { Octorara, Lieutenant-Commander Green.
- { Hartford (flag-ship), Fleet-Captain Drayton.
- { Metacomet, Lieutenant-Commander Jouett.
- { Richmond, Captain Thornton Jenkins.
- { Port Royal, Lieutenant-Commander Gherardi.
- { Lackawanna, Captain Marchand.
- { Seminole, Commander Donaldson.
- { Monongahela, Commander J. H. Strong.
- { Kennebec, Lieutenant-Commander McCann.
- { Ossipee, Commander Wm. E. LeRoy.
- { Itasca, Lieutenant-Commander George Brown.
- { Oneida, Commander Mullany.
- { Galena, Lieutenant-Commander Wells.

The Brooklyn was appointed to lead, because she had four chase guns and apparatus for picking up torpedoes.

At half-past five, while at the table, still sipping his tea, the Admiral quietly said, "Well, Drayton, we might as well get under way."

Immediately the answering signals were shown from every vessel, and the wooden vessels promptly took up their respective stations, while the monitors came out from under Sand Island and formed on the right of the wooden ships, as follows: **Tecumseh, Commander T. A.**

M. Craven; Manhattan, Commander J. W. A. Nicholson; (these were single-turreted, Eastern built, or sea monitors). The Winnebago, Commander T. A. Stevens; and the Chickasaw, Lieutenant-Commander Perkins, followed. The two last were double-turreted, Western built monitors, from the Mississippi river.

The leading monitor was abreast of the leading wooden ship.

The Confederate vessels took up position in single line, in *echelon*, across the channel, with their port batteries bearing to rake the advancing fleet. The ram Tennessee was a little westward of the red buoy spoken of already, and close to the inner line of torpedoes.

Farragut had ordered six light steamers and gun-boats to take up a position outside, and open a flank fire on Fort Morgan, but they could not get near enough to be of much service.

And now the attacking fleet steamed steadily in. At 6.47 the first gun was fired by the monitor Tecumseh, and Fort Morgan at once replied. As the wooden vessels came within shorter range Farragut made signal for "closer order," which was promptly obeyed, each vessel closing up to within a few yards of the one ahead, and a little on the starboard quarter, thus enabling such ships as had chase guns to bring them to bear.

The battle had opened, but at that time the enemy had the advantage, and the fleet now received a raking fire from the fort, battery, and Confederate vessels. This they had to endure for fully half an hour, before they could bring their batteries to bear with any effect. At the end of that time the Brooklyn and Hartford were enabled to open their broadsides, which soon drove the gunners of the fort from the barbette guns and water batteries.

The scene on the poop of the flag-ship was now par-

ticularly interesting, as all were watching eagerly the movements of the leading monitor, Tecumseh. The Admiral stood in the port main rigging, a few ratlines up, where he could see all about him and at the same time communicate easily with the Metacomet, lashed alongside. Freeman, his trusty pilot, was above him, in the top. Captain Drayton was on the poop, with the officers of the Admiral's staff, while Knowles, the Signal Quartermaster, attended to the signals. This petty officer, with the three seamen at the wheel, McFarland, Wood and Jassin, had been in every engagement of the ship, and steadily and coolly they now attended to their most important duties. All these were nearly stationary. The men at the wheel merely gave a spoke or two of helm, from time to time, in response to a short order.

On the deck below, the gun crews were working with a will, and all was animation and bustle.

As the smoke increased and obscured his view, the Admiral ascended the rigging, ratline by ratline, until he was up among the futtock shrouds, under the top. Captain Drayton, seeing him in this position, and fearing that some slight shock might precipitate him into the sea, ordered Knowles to take up a line, and make his position secure. Knowles says, "I went up with a piece of lead-line, and made it fast to one of the forward shrouds, and then took it round the Admiral to the after shroud, making it fast there. The Admiral said, 'Never mind, I am all right,' but I went ahead and obeyed orders, for I feared he would fall overboard if anything should carry away or he should be struck." Here Farragut remained until the fleet entered the bay.

Loyall Farragut gives a striking extract from the journal of one of the Hartford's officers, as follows: "The order was, to go slowly, slowly; and receive the fire of

Fort Morgan. * * * * The fort opened, having allowed us to get into such short range that we apprehended some snare; in fact, I heard the order passed for our guns to be elevated for fourteen hundred yards some time before one was fired. The calmness of the scene was sublime. No impatience, no irritation, no anxiety, except for the fort to open; and after it did open full five minutes elapsed before we answered.

"In the meantime the guns were trained as if at a target, and all the sounds I could hear were, 'Steady! boys, steady! Left tackle a little; so! so!' Then the roar of a broadside, and an eager cheer, as the enemy were driven from their water battery. Don't imagine they were frightened; no man could stand under that iron shower; and the brave fellows returned to their guns as soon as it lulled, only to be driven away again.

"At twenty minutes past seven we had come within range of the enemy's gun-boats, which opened their fire upon the Hartford, and as the Admiral told me afterward, made her their special target. First they struck our foremast, and then lodged a shot of 120 pounds in our mainmast. By degrees they got better elevation, and I have saved a splinter from the hammock netting to show how they felt their way lower. Splinters, after that, came by cords, and in size, sometimes, were like logs of wood. No longer came the cheering cry, 'nobody hurt yet.' The Hartford, by some unavoidable chance, fought the enemy's fleet and fort together for twenty minutes by herself, timbers crashing, and wounded pouring down—cries never to be forgotten."

By half-past seven the Tecumseh was well up with the fort, and drawing slowly by the Tennessee, having her on the port beam, when she suddenly reeled to port and went down, with almost every soul on board, destroyed

by a torpedo. Commander Craven, in his eagerness to engage the ram, had passed to the west of the fatal buoy. If he had gone but the breadth of his beam to the eastward of it, he would have been safe, so far as the torpedoes were concerned.

This very appalling disaster was not immediately realized by the fleet. Some supposed the Tennessee had been sunk, or some signal advantage gained over the enemy, and cheers from the Hartford were taken up and echoed along the line. But the Admiral, from his lofty perch, saw the true state of things, and his anxiety was not decreased when the leading ship, the Brooklyn, just ahead of him, suddenly stopped. Hailing the top, above him, he asked Freeman, the pilot, "What is the matter with the Brooklyn? She must have plenty of water there." "Plenty, and to spare, Admiral," the pilot replied. Alden had seen the Tecumseh suddenly engulfed, and the heavy line of torpedoes across the channel made him pause.

The Brooklyn then began to back; the vessels in the rear pressing on those in the van soon created confusion, and disaster seemed imminent. "The batteries of our ships were almost silent," says an eye-witness, "while the whole of Mobile Point was a living flame.

"What's the trouble?" was shouted, through a trumpet, from the flag-ship to the Brooklyn. "Torpedoes!" was shouted back, in reply. "Damn the torpedoes!" said Farragut. "Four bells! Captain Drayton, go ahead! Jouett, full speed!" And the Hartford passed the Brooklyn, assumed the head of the line, and led the fleet to victory. It was the one only way out of the difficulty, and any hesitation would have closed even this escape from a frightful disaster. Nor did the Admiral forget the few poor fellows who were struggling in the water

when the Tecumseh went down, but ordered Jouett, of the Metacomet, to lower a boat and pick them up. This was done, the boat being commanded by a mere boy, an Acting Master's mate, by the name of Henry Clay Nields, a native of Chester County, Pennsylvania, who lately died, a Lieutenant-Commander. This gallant fellow and his small boat's crew pulled coolly into a perfect flurry of shot and shell, and while doing so (remembering the standing orders about boats showing flags), he coolly got his out and hoisted it, and then took his seat again, and steered for the struggling survivors of the Tecumseh. This was as conspicuous an act of gallantry as was performed on that eventful day.

A Confederate officer, who was stationed in the water battery at Fort Morgan, says the manœuvring of the vessels at this critical juncture was a magnificent sight. At first they appeared to be in inextricable confusion, and at the mercy of their guns, and when the Hartford dashed forward, they realized that a grand tactical movement had been accomplished.

The Hartford had passed nearly a mile ahead before the line could be straightened, but the vessels were soon able to pour in a storm of shell, shrapnel and grape, that completely silenced the batteries; not, however, before they had all suffered more or less. The Oneida, having the most exposed position, at the rear of the column, was severely handled. The wisdom of lashing the vessels two-and-two was now manifest; for this ship, though in a helpless condition, was easily towed along by her consort, the Galena, with the flood-tide. The Admiral's theory, "that the safest way to prevent injury from an enemy is to strike hard yourself," was exemplified in his warning to his captains, to run close to Fort Morgan, and use shell, shrapnel and grape freely. It is said that the Richmond

and Brooklyn were saved from destruction at the time the line was being straightened, by the rapid broadsides of shrapnel which those ships poured into the water battery. The aim of the artillerists on shore was disconcerted by the dense smoke which enveloped the ships, and they were driven from their guns by the rapid firing. An officer who was in the engagement remarks, that it was "painfully apparent, judging from the number of shot that passed over the rail of my ship, that a few yards to the west would have increased the damage and casualties."

As soon as the Hartford had crossed the torpedo-ground and was steaming rapidly up the channel, Buchanan, on the Tennessee, saw the blue flag of Farragut. He made a dash to ram the latter's flag-ship, but failed to do so, the ships merely exchanging shots. By this time the Brooklyn and Richmond had passed safely over the obstructions, and were following in the wake of the Hartford. The Tennessee now turned her attention to the Brooklyn, making for her starboard bow; but when within about one hundred yards of that ship, she starboarded her helm and passed within two hundred feet of her, pouring in a broadside which went through and through her, doing great damage. Passing on, she attempted the same manœuvre with the Richmond, the next in line, apparently first attempting to ram, and then sheering off. Captain Jenkins saw her approaching, and placed marines on the forecastle, with orders to fire into the great ram's ports whenever the iron shutters opened, at the same time giving orders to use solid shot in his heavy guns, and to aim at the Tennessee's water-line. The two vessels passed each other at their best speed.

Whether from the rapidity of the movement or the precaution taken by Captain Jenkins to disconcert the

aim of the gunners, the Tennessee's shot passed over the Richmond.

She also missed the Lackawanna, but the fire from her heavy guns created sad havoc when they struck, while the shot from the Union fleet failed to make any impression on her mailed sides.

Captain Strong, in the Monongahela, now attempted to ram her, but she avoided the blow, and the two vessels collided at an acute angle, the ram swinging alongside of the Monongahela's consort, the Kennebec, whose sharp cutwater sheared her barge in two. A shell from the Tennessee exploded on the Kennebec's berth-deck, and came near setting her dangerously on fire; but, by the cool conduct of the officers, confidence was quickly restored.

The ram then attacked the crippled Oneida, running under her stern and delivering two broadsides in rapid succession, destroying her boats and dismounting a twelve-pound howitzer upon her poop. Captain Mullany was severely wounded at this time, after having escaped injury off the forts, where he had borne so heavy a fire.

The Tennessee then returned to her anchorage under the guns of Fort Morgan.

As soon as he was clear of the fire of the forts, Farragut had turned his attention to the enemy's gun-boats. Their heavy raking fire had been a source of great annoyance. One shot from the Selma, alone, had killed ten men and wounded five. After the fleet had passed the obstructions these vessels had continued the contest, keeping up with the leading ships and exchanging shots, thus separating themselves widely from the Tennessee.

Soon the Gaines was in a sinking condition, and her commander ran her aground, under the guns of Fort Morgan, where she was afterwards set on fire.

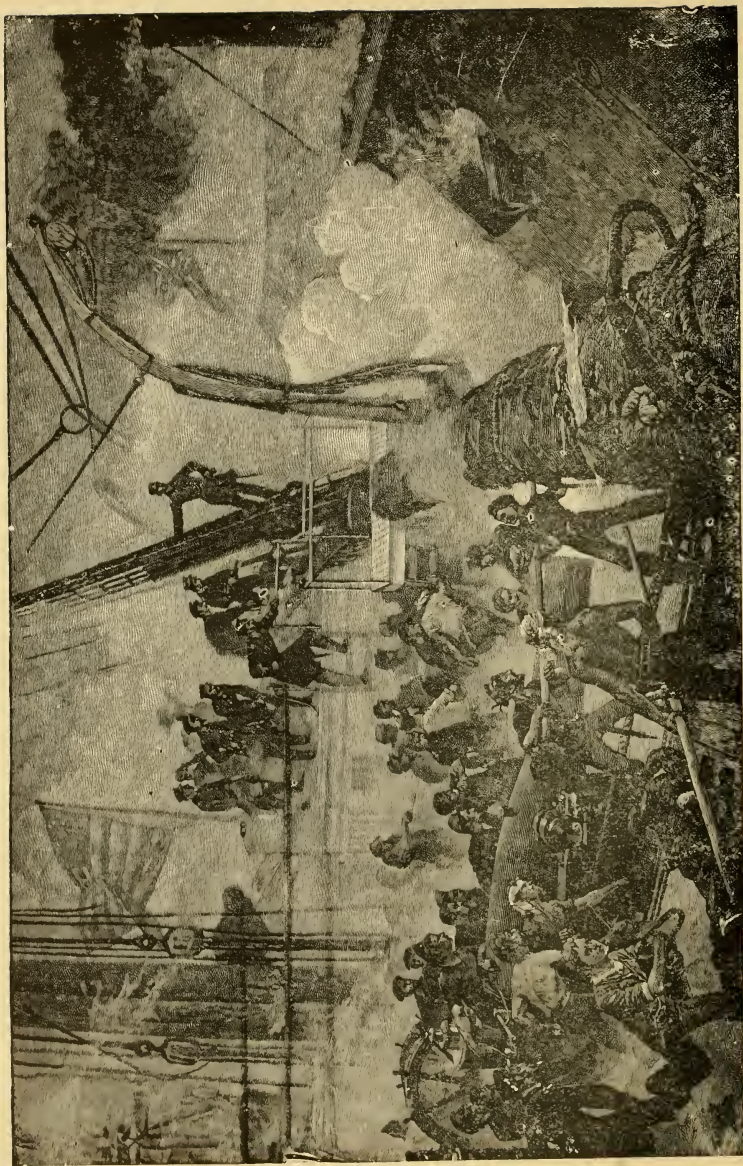
A few minutes after she had quitted the fight, the Selma and Morgan, seeing the hopelessness of the encounter, also retreated, the former up the bay, and the latter down towards Navy Cove, some distance to the eastward.

It was then that the Admiral made the signal, "Gunboats chase enemy's gunboats." In a moment the Metacomet had cut the lashings which confined her to the flagship, and was off.

The Metacomet was the fastest of all the smaller vessels, and so it came that she engaged the Morgan. Just then firing was interrupted by a thick rain-squall. During the squall the Morgan, as was learned afterwards, grounded upon a long spit which runs out for about a mile from Navy Cove.

In the meantime the Metacomet, Port Royal, Kennebec, and Itasca had started after the Selma, and the Metacomet captured her, three or four miles up the bay. The Morgan backed off the shoal, and proceeded to Fort Morgan; and that same night, under a starlit sky, her captain, Harrison, made a hazardous but successful retreat up to Mobile, being pursued and fired at by several of the Union gun-boats.

Farragut's fleet now came to anchor about three miles up the bay, with anchors hove short. They had scarcely done so when they saw the ram Tennessee steering directly for the flag-ship. Buchanan had anticipated Admiral Farragut, for the latter had intended to attack the ram the moment it was dark enough for the smoke to prevent Page, the commander of the fort, from distinguishing friend from foe. He had already made a plan to go in with the three monitors, himself in the Manhattan, and board her, if it was found feasible. He now accepted the situation, and signalled the fleet to



FARRAGUT ENTERING MOBILE BAY

"attack the ram, not only with their guns, but bows on, at full speed."

The Monongahela was under way at the time, and Strong immediately dashed off for the ram at full speed; but the Tennessee paid no attention to her, merely putting her helm apart, which caused the Monongahela to strike her obliquely. The ram also fired two shots at the Monongahela, which pierced her through and through, while Strong's shot glanced harmlessly from her sloping sides.

The Chickasaw at this time hit the ram with a solid bolt, which merely penetrated her armor, without doing serious damage.

The next vessel to bear down on the Tennessee was the Lackawanna, and she suffered more than the ram. She had a fair stroke at her, and stove her bow in for some feet above and below the water-line, while the shock to the Tennessee was slight, and she quickly righted, and moved steadily for the Hartford. The latter now took the aggressive, and, following in the wake of the Lackawanna, struck the ram a fearful blow, and then poured in a broadside, but all without effect.

The ram had one great advantage. She was surrounded by enemies, and could fire continually, while the Union vessels had to use the utmost care not to fire into or collide with one another. This did happen to the flag-ship, just as she was preparing to attack a second time, for the Lackawanna ran into her, and cut her down nearly to the water's edge.

In the meantime the monitors, Manhattan, Winnebago and Chickasaw, had been pounding the ram with their heavy shot, and her steering apparatus and smoke-stack were shot away, and her port-shutters jammed, while one 15-inch shot had found a weak spot, and penetrated her

armor. Admiral Buchanan was wounded, and the Tennessee showed a white flag and surrendered.

The success was complete, but had cost the Union fleet three hundred and thirty-five men.

Of one hundred and thirty souls in the Tecumseh, seventeen were saved, and one hundred and thirteen drowned. The other casualties, fifty-two killed and one hundred and seventy wounded, were distributed as follows: Hartford, twenty-five killed, twenty-eight wounded; Brooklyn, eleven killed, forty-three wounded; Lackawanna, four killed, thirty-five wounded; Oneida, eight killed, thirty wounded; Monongahela, six wounded; Metacomet, one killed, two wounded; Ossipee, one killed, seven wounded; Richmond, two slightly wounded; Galena, one wounded; Octorara, one killed, ten wounded; Kennebec, one killed, six wounded.

Knowles, the Signal Quartermaster already mentioned, says that the Admiral came on deck just as the poor fellows who had been killed were being laid out on the port side of the quarter-deck. He says, "It was the only time I ever saw the old gentleman cry, but the tears came in his eyes, like a little child."

The losses among the enemy's vessels were confined to the Tennessee and Selma—ten killed and sixteen wounded. The loss in the forts is not known.

Next morning Farragut published the following:—

(GENERAL ORDER No. 12.)

UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
MOBILE BAY, August, 6, 1864.

"The Admiral returns thanks to the officers and crews of the vessels of the fleet for their gallant conduct during the fight of yesterday.

"It has never been his good fortune to see men do

their duty with more courage and cheerfulness; for, although they knew that the enemy was prepared with all devilish means for our destruction, and though they witnessed the almost instantaneous annihilation of our gallant companions in the *Tecumseh* by a torpedo, and the slaughter of their friends, messmates and gun-mates on our decks, still there were no evidences of hesitation in following their Commander-in-chief through the line of torpedoes and obstructions, of which we knew nothing, except from the exaggerations of the enemy, who had given out, 'that we should all be blown up as certainly as we attempted to enter.'

"For this noble and implicit confidence in their leader, he heartily thanks them.

"D. G. FARRAGUT,

"Rear-Admiral Commanding W. G. B. Squadron."

The gallantry of Acting Ensign Nields, in going to the rescue of the survivors of the *Tecumseh* has been alluded to. In connection with that lamentable event it is related that when the monitor was going down, Commander Craven and the pilot, whose name was Collins, met at the foot of the ladder leading to the top of the turret; Craven, knowing that it was through no fault of the pilot, but by his own order, that the course had been changed to the other side of the buoy, stepped back, saying, "After you, Pilot." "There was nothing after me," said Mr. Collins, in relating the event, "for when I reached the top round of the ladder the vessel seemed to drop from under me." Among those who went down with Craven was Chief Engineer Earon, who rose from a sick bed, in the hospital at Pensacola, to go on board the *Tecumseh*.

Admiral Farragut highly complimented Fleet-Surgeon

Palmer, for certain extra service. It happened that the Admiral's steam barge came into the bay, under the port side of the Seminole. Fleet-Surgeon Palmer, having attended to the wounded on board the flag-ship, and leaving them in the hands of his assistants, wished to visit the wounded of the other vessels, and the Admiral gave him the steam barge. He had just shoved off when the Tennessee was seen steaming for the Hartford. The Admiral beckoned to Palmer, just before he made the general signal, and desired him to "go to all the monitors, and tell them to attack that Tennessee." Afterwards he wrote to Dr. Palmer, and expressing some opinions in regard to war duty, says, * * * "I am happy to say that, from my own experience, *war* is the time when I have always found the medical officers ready and willing to do their duty without regard to personal risk." * * *

When a shot perforated the starboard boiler of the Oneida, scalding thirteen men, one gun's crew wavered for a moment as the steam rushed out, but, at the order of Commander Mullany, "Back to your quarters, men!" they instantly returned to their gun. Mullany soon after lost his arm, and was wounded in several other places.

The incident of Farragut's being lashed aloft has created much controversy. The fact of his being lashed in the futtock shrouds was shown in a picture by Page, which was afterwards presented to the Emperor of Russia. The fact was, that the Admiral did not remain long anywhere. While the fleet was entering the bay, he was in the port main rigging, where he was secured by Knowles, the Quartermaster, as has been mentioned. But when the ram made her attack he had come down on deck, and, as the Hartford was about to ram the Tennessee, he got into the port mizzen rigging, where, as his Flag-Lieutenant, J. Crittenden Watson, says, "I

secured him by a lashing passed with my own hands, having first begged him not to stand in such an exposed place."

Surgeon General Palmer writes: "The Richmond waved to me as I passed in the Loyall (the steam-barge), and told me that Admiral Farragut had partly signalled for me to return, which I did immediately. When I got near enough to the Hartford, the Admiral himself hailed, and directed me to go on board the captured ram and look after Admiral Buchanan, who was wounded. It was difficult, even from a boat, to get on board the Tennessee, and I had to make a long leap, assisted by a strong man's hand. I literally scrambled through the iron port, and threaded my way among the piles of confusion, to a ladder, by which I mounted to where Admiral Buchanan was lying, in a place like the top of a truncated pyramid. Somebody announced me, and he answered (tone polite, but savage) 'I know Dr. Palmer;' but he gave me his hand. I told him I was sorry to see him so badly hurt, but that I should be glad to know his wishes. He answered, 'I only wish to be treated kindly, as a prisoner of war.' My reply was, 'Admiral Buchanan, you know perfectly well you will be treated kindly.' Then he said, 'I am a Southern man, and an enemy, and a rebel.' I felt a little offended at his tone, but rejoined carefully that he was at that moment a wounded person and disabled, and that I would engage to have his wishes fulfilled. As to the present disposal of his person, that Admiral Farragut would take him on board the Hartford, or send him to any other ship he might prefer. He said he didn't pretend to be Admiral Farragut's friend, and had no right to ask favors of him, but that he would be satisfied with any decision that might be come to. Dr. Conrad, lately an assistant Surgeon in our Navy, told me he was Fleet-

Surgeon, and desired to accompany Buchanan wherever he might go. (It had been proposed by Dr. Conrad to amputate the injured leg of the Confederate Admiral, but Palmer dissented from his opinion, and declined to have the operation performed, and for his skillful management of the case received grateful acknowledgments, in after life, from Buchanan.) "I promised that he should, and returned to the Hartford, and reported to Admiral Farragut, circumstantially. This generous man seemed hurt at Buchanan's irritated feeling, and said he (Buchanan) *had* formerly professed friendship for him. I saw there must be some embarrassment in bringing them together, and therefore proposed that I should have a steamer to take all the wounded to Pensacola, and another one to send all ordinary invalids to New Orleans."

To carry out this suggestion Farragut addressed a note to Brigadier-General R. L. Page, commanding Fort Morgan (formerly of the United States Navy), informing him that Admiral Buchanan and others of the Tennessee had been wounded, and desiring to know whether he would permit one of our vessels, under a flag of truce, to convey them, with or without our wounded, to Pensacola, on the understanding that the vessel should take out none but the wounded, and bring nothing back that she did not take out. This was acceded to, and all the wounded sent.

In his official report to the Navy Department, Admiral Farragut, after awarding praise to many of the officers, mentioning them by name, says, "The last of my staff to whom I would call the attention of the Department is not the least in importance. I mean Pilot Martin Freeman. He has been my great reliance in all difficulties, in his line of duty. During the action he was in the main-top, piloting the ships into the bay. He was cool and brave

throughout, never losing his self-possession. This man was captured, early in the war, in a fine fishing-smack, which he owned, and though he protested he had no interest in the war, and only asked for the privilege of fishing for the fleet, yet his services were too valuable to the captors, as a pilot, not to be secured. He was appointed a first-class pilot, and has served us with zeal and fidelity, and has lost his vessel, which went to pieces on Ship Island. I commend him to the Department."

The importance of Farragut's success was fully appreciated, both North and South, while an English Service paper named him as "the first naval officer of the day, as far as actual reputation, won by skill, courage and hard fighting, goes."

General Granger's troops, after Forts Gaines and Powell had surrendered, had been transferred to the rear of Fort Morgan, and that work was invested on August 9th.

Page was summoned to surrender, but firmly refused, and seemed disposed to hold out stubbornly. It then became a question of time. Troops were poured in, heavy siege guns placed in position, and the investing lines drawn closer and closer. Even the captured Tennessee's formidable battery was turned against the fort. A battery of four nine-inch Dahlgren guns, manned by seamen from the fleet, and under the command of Lieutenant Tyson, of the Navy, also took part in the siege. General Granger, in his report of the operations, compliments them highly, not only for their faithful work "in getting their guns into the difficult position selected for their batteries," but for "their distinguished skill and accuracy during the bombardment."

After a furious cannonade, on August 22d, which was gallantly responded to by Morgan, that fort surrendered unconditionally on the 23d.

The total number of prisoners captured in the defences of Mobile was one thousand four hundred and sixty-four, with one hundred and four guns.

Mobile forts being once secured, Farragut next turned his attention to the dangerous work of taking up torpedoes, twenty-one of which were picked up in the main ship channel, from which many beside had been swept away, and many had sunk.

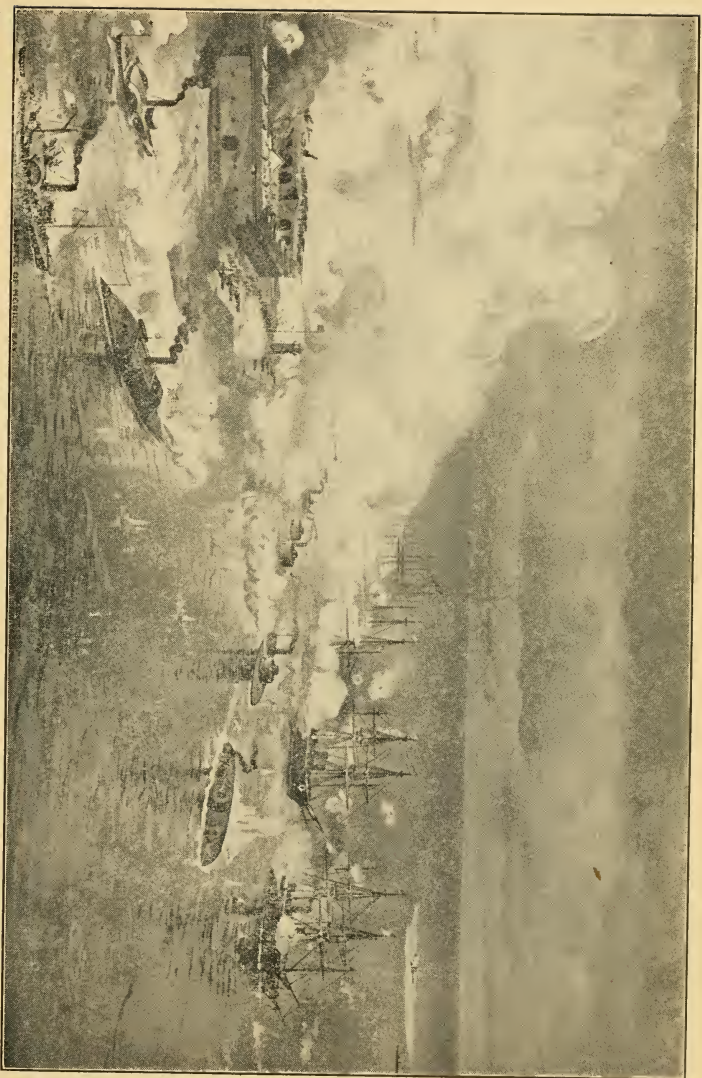
On September 1st despatches arrived from the North, marked 'Important.' These proved to be from the Navy Department, warning him not to attempt an attack upon the Mobile defences unless he was sure that he had a sufficient force, as powerful reinforcements would be sent to him as soon as possible. We can imagine his satisfaction in looking round him, and feeling that the work was done.

In his congratulatory letter to Admiral Farragut, Secretary Welles said: "In the success which has attended your operations, you have illustrated the efficiency and irresistible power of a naval force led by a bold and vigorous mind, and the insufficiency of any batteries to prevent the passage of a fleet thus led and commanded.

"You have, first on the Mississippi, and recently in the bay of Mobile, demonstrated what had been previously doubted, the ability of naval vessels, properly manned and commanded, to set at defiance the best constructed and most heavily armed fortifications. In these successive victories you have encountered great risks, but the results have vindicated the wisdom of your policy and the daring valor of your officers and seamen."

The further operations about the City of Mobile need not be gone into.

Farragut's health had somewhat failed, with the strain of the previous two years' work and a long stay in the



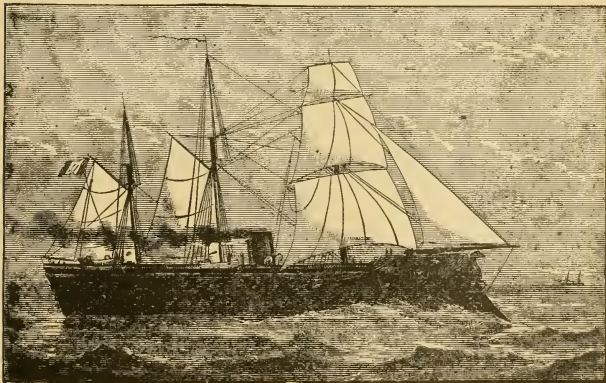
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BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY

Gulf climate, and he was ordered home in November, 1864. Upon his arrival in New York great preparations were made for his reception, and formal congratulations were presented to him from the City of New York; the Chamber of Commerce, and other bodies.

On December 22d a bill creating the rank of Vice-Admiral was introduced into Congress, and passed both houses. On the 23d the President signed it, and named Farragut for the office, which nomination was immediately confirmed by the Senate.


On July 25th, 1866, Congress passed a law creating the grade of Admiral, which had never before existed in our Navy, and, as a matter of course, the office was immediately conferred upon Farragut.

Thus was gratified his most legitimate ambition. When there was a talk of making him a candidate for the Presidency he said, "I am greatly obliged to my friends, but am thankful that I have no ambition for anything but what I am, an Admiral."



LE SOLFERINO (*à Eperon*), 1865.
(First-class French Ironclad, with Ram.)

CUSHING AND THE ALBEMARLE. OCTOBER, 1864.

HE Sounds and waters of North Carolina were early the scenes of important enterprises by the combined Army and Navy of the United States. The Hatteras forts, Roanoke Island, Newbern, Plymouth and other places were early captured, some of them after regular actions. A position was gained from which the important inland communication was threatened, which was vital to the Confederacy, while the commerce of the Sounds was entirely put a stop to.

It was important for them to regain what they had lost, and to this end they put forth every effort.

Among other means they commenced and hastened to completion a formidable iron-clad vessel. In June, 1863, Lieutenant-Commander C. W. Flusser, an excellent and thoroughly reliable officer, had reported that a battery was building at Edward's Ferry, near Weldon, on the Roanoke River, to be cased with pine sills, fourteen inches square, and plated with railroad iron. The slanting roof was to be made of five inches of pine, five inches of oak, and railroad iron over that.

Unfortunately, the light-draught monitors, which should have been on hand to meet this vessel, turned out failures, and the light wooden gun-boats and "double enders"

employed in the Sounds had to encounter her. She was accompanied by a ram, which the Union fleet had no vessel fit to meet.

In April, 1864, the Albemarle being completed, the Confederates were ready to carry out their plan of attack, which was first to recapture Plymouth, by the assistance of the ram, and then send her into Albemarle Sound, to capture or disperse our fleet. A force of ten thousand men, which they had collected, made an advance, and gained possession of the town.

Lieutenant-Commander Flusser was then at Plymouth, with four vessels, the Miami, a "double-ender," and three ferry-boats, armed with nine-inch guns, and exceedingly frail in structure, called the Southfield, Ceres and Whitehead. At half-past nine, on the evening of April 18th, he wrote to Admiral Lee that there had been fighting there all day, and he feared the enemy had had the best of it. "The ram will be down to-night or to-morrow. * * * I shall have to abandon my plan of fighting the ram lashed to the Southfield. * * * I think I have force enough to whip the ram, but not sufficient to assist in holding the town, as I should like."

Six hours after writing this, Flusser lay dead upon the deck of his ship.

Very early on the morning of the 19th of April the Whitehead, which had been stationed up the river, reported that the ram was coming down.

The Whitehead was in a critical position when she discovered the ram, for she was between her and a rebel battery. Some obstructions had been placed to stop the Albemarle, but she passed them easily. A narrow passage or "thoroughfare" led down to Plymouth beside the main channel, and the Whitehead managed to run into this, unperceived by the ram, and so got down ahead of

the Confederate vessel, which did not attack until half-past three in the morning. When the ironclad was seen coming down, the Miami and Southfield were lashed together, and Flusser, from the Miami, ordered them to meet her, at full speed.

The Albemarle came on silently, with closed ports, and struck the Miami a glancing blow on her port bow, doing some damage, but causing no leak. She then crushed the side of the Southfield, so that she at once began to sink. As she passed between the two vessels, the forward lashings parted, and the Miami swung round. The after lashings were cut, and, after a number of the Southfield's men had succeeded in reaching the Miami that vessel steamed off down the river, leaving her consort to sink. The officer left in command by Flusser's death thus speaks of this unfortunate affair :—

“As soon as the battery could be brought to bear upon the ram, both steamers, the Southfield and Miami, commenced firing solid shot from the 100-pound Parrott rifles and 11-inch Dahlgren guns, they making no perceptible indentations in her armor. Commander Flusser fired the first three shots from the Miami personally, the third being a ten-second Dahlgren shell, 11-inch. It was directly after that fire that he was killed by pieces of shell ; several of the gun's crew were wounded at the same time. Our bow hawser being stranded, the Miami then swung round to starboard, giving the ram a chance to pierce us. Necessity then required the engine to be reversed in motion, to straighten the vessel in the river, to prevent going on the bank of the river, and to bring the rifle-gun to bear upon the ram. During the time of straightening the steamer the ram had also straightened, and was making for us. From the fatal effects of her prow upon the

Southfield, and of our sustaining injury, I deemed it useless to sacrifice the Miami in the same way."

The gun-boats being driven off, the Confederates captured Plymouth on April 20th. As it was expected that the Albemarle would at once enter the Sound, and attack the squadron there, all possible preparations were made to meet her.

Four of the squadron were "double enders," the Miami, Mattabesett, Sassacus and Wyalusing. The smaller vessels were the Ceres, Commodore Hull, Seymour and Whitehead. They were all armed with 9-inch guns and 100-pound rifles.

The Senior Officer in the Sounds, Captain M. Smith, ordered the large vessels to pass as close as possible to the ram, delivering their fire, and rounding to immediately for a second discharge. He also suggested the vulnerable points of the ram, and recommended that an endeavor be made to foul her propeller, if possible.

He also directed, among other things, that a blow of the ram should be received as near the stern as possible, and the vessel rammed was to go ahead fast, to prevent her from withdrawing it, while the others attacked the propeller. If armed launches accompanied the ram they were to be met by the smaller vessels, with shrapnel, when approaching, and hand grenades when near. He leaves the question of ramming to each commander, on account of the peculiar construction of the "double-enders."

Small steamers were placed on picket, at the mouth of the Roanoke, and on the 5th of May the ram made its appearance, and chased the picket boats in. Signals were made, and the vessels got under way, and stood up to engage the ironclad. The Albemarle was accompanied by a small steamer which she had captured not long

before. At about half-past four in the afternoon the Albemarle opened the battle by a shot which destroyed a boat and wounded several men on board the Mattabesett. The second shot damaged the same vessel's rigging. By this time the Mattabesett was very near the little steamer, which immediately surrendered. The Mattabesett then gave the ram a broadside, at about one hundred and fifty yards, then rounded to under her stern, and came up on the other side. Her shot either broke, or glanced off the ram's armor, without any effect. She had the muzzle knocked off of one of her two guns, by a shot from the ram, but continued to use it during the remainder of the action.

The Sassacus came gallantly on, in like manner, delivering her fire at the Albemarle. The latter then attempted to ram the Sassacus, but the latter crossed her bows, by superior speed.

At this time the ram had partially turned, and exposed her side to the Sassacus, when the wooden double-ender rushed at her, under full steam, in hope of either crushing in her side, or of bearing her down until she should sink. The Sassacus struck the ironclad fairly, and received, at the same moment, a 100-pounder rifle shot, which went through and through her. She struck the Albemarle a heavy blow, careening her, and bearing her down till the water washed across her deck.

The Sassacus kept her engines going, in the attempt to push the ram down, while many efforts were made to throw hand grenades down her deck hatch, and powder down her smoke stack, but without success, as there was a cap upon the stack.

Soon the ram swung round, and as soon as her guns would bear, another 100-pound rifle shot went through the side of the Sassacus, through her coal bunker, and

crashed into her starboard boiler. Instantly the whole ship was filled with steam, which scalded and suffocated her crew. All her firemen were scalded, and one was killed; and twenty-one men were instantly placed *hors de combat*. She was forced to withdraw from action.

The other gun-boats continued the fight, and the Miami endeavored to explode against the ram a torpedo which she carried. But the Albemarle was skillfully handled, and succeeded, each time, in avoiding the blow. Two of the other gun-boats endeavored to foul the propeller of the ram by laying out seines in her track. Although the nets seemed all about her, she escaped them. An observer from the shore has likened this curious scene to a number of wasps attacking a large horny beetle.

In fine, the Albemarle proved invulnerable to the guns of the gun-boats, even when discharged almost in contact with her sides.

The action lasted for three hours, or until night came on. Everything that brave men could do to destroy the enemy it was their duty to encounter was done by the gun-boats, but the ironclad went back to Plymouth without serious damage, and without the loss of a man, after being the target, at short range, for more than two hundred shot from 11-inch and 9-inch guns, and more than one hundred shot from 100-pounder rifles.

The gun-boats, other than the Sassacus, were very much damaged, and it was plain that they were unfit to meet the Albemarle, however ably handled or gallantly fought.

The ram came out again on the 24th of May, but did not enter the Sound, apparently fearing torpedoes. The next day a party left the Wyalusing in a boat, with two torpedoes, to endeavor to destroy the Albemarle, as she lay at Plymouth.

They carried the torpedoes across the swamps on a stretcher, and then two of the party swam across the river with a line, and hauled the torpedoes over to the Plymouth shore. These were then connected by a bridle, so that they should float down and strike on each side of the ram's bows. Unfortunately, they were discovered, and the plan failed.

Lines of torpedoes were then placed at the mouth of the Roanoke, to destroy the ram if she should come down again, and as this proceeding could not be kept secret, the ironclad did not again venture down. She lay quietly at Plymouth until the latter part of October, a constant threat to our fleet in the Sounds, and preventing any attempt to recapture the town. She was very securely moored to a wharf, and a guard of soldiers was placed on board, in addition to her crew.

Every night fires were made on shore, to prevent the approach of an enemy unseen. More than this, she was surrounded by large logs, moored some thirty feet from her hull, all round, to keep off any boat which might approach with a torpedo. From the mouth of the Roanoke to where the Albemarle lay is about eight miles, and the stream there about two hundred yards wide.

The banks were well picketed by the enemy.

About a mile below Plymouth was the sunken wreck of the Southfield, and about her were some schooners, which also formed a picket-station in mid-stream.

It seemed impossible for a boat to get up the river and not be discovered, and yet Lieutenant William B. Cushing, of the United States Navy, not only undertook to do so, but succeeded in destroying this formidable craft, "the terror of the Sounds."

Admiral Ammen, of the Navy, has given a capital sketch

of Cushing, in the *United Service Magazine*, from which we shall borrow freely.

"William B. Cushing was born in Wisconsin, in November, 1842, and entered the Naval Academy in 1857, but resigned in March, 1861, entering the naval service afloat, as an Acting Master's Mate. His disposition and temperament would not permit him to remain at a naval school in time of war, as he would not have been able to give a single thought to theoretical study.

"In October, 1861, he was restored to his rank as Midshipman, and on the 16th of July following he was, with many other young officers, made a Lieutenant, owing to the exigencies of the service growing out of the civil war.

"Henceforth, for nearly three years, his career was singularly conspicuous in deeds of daring, in a service where a lack of gallantry would have brought disgrace. It is plain, therefore, that it was the sagacity of his plans and his boldness in carrying them out that distinguished him.

"At the close of the war he was barely twenty-two and a half years of age, rather slightly built, about five feet in height, and boyish looking. He had large, gray eyes, a prominent, aquiline nose, yellowish hair, worn quite long, and withal, a rather grave expression of countenance. When speaking his face would light up with a bright and playful smile. A comrade likened his springy, elastic step, high cheek bones and general physiognomy to that of an Indian. The first impression of a stranger who heard him speak, either of what he had done or hoped to do, would be that he was a boaster—but with those who knew him best there was no such idea; his form of speech was a mere expression, frankly uttered, of what he had done or what he intended to do."

The foregoing is Admiral Ammen's estimate of the man. To some of it the writer must dissent. He accompanied Cushing on a short journey soon after the Albemarle affair, while the country was still ringing with his brilliant exploit, and when steamboats, railroads and hotels were refusing to accept any money from either him or his chance companions; and all sorts and conditions of men were being introduced to him, to have the honor of shaking his hand; and yet a more simple, boy-like, unassuming manner no one placed in such a position ever had.

He early received command of a small steamer, engaged in blockading, and would make expeditions in the inland waters, in his boat, sometimes lying concealed all day, but always having some definite object commensurate with the risks involved. He more than once obtained important information in this way.

Not only did he have frequent engagements, in his little vessel, with field batteries of the enemy, but was successful in destroying schooners with supplies, salt-works, and other things which tended to cripple his enemy.

In the winter of 1864, when blockading the Cape Fear River, Cushing determined to pay a visit to Smithville, in a boat, with only six men. In entering the river he had to pass Fort Caswell, and at Smithville, two miles above, he knew there was a battery of five guns, and a considerable garrison.

About eleven o'clock at night he landed, one hundred yards above the battery, came into the village, and into a large house with a piazza, which was the headquarters of General Hebert.

A Major and Captain, of the General's staff, were about going to bed, in a room on the piazza, when, hearing footsteps, and supposing his servant was there, the Major threw up a window, and a navy revolver was at once

thrust in his face, with a demand for surrender. He pushed the pistol aside, and escaped through the back door, calling to his companion to follow, as the enemy were upon them. The latter failed to understand, and was taken prisoner by Cushing, and carried off. He pushed off down the river, knowing that an immediate alarm would be given. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but Cushing escaped unharmed.

This audacious effort to capture General Hebert was characteristic of Cushing, and was only frustrated by the fact that the General happened to spend the night in Wilmington, instead of his own quarters.

At the capture of Newbern, Cushing distinguished himself, in command of a battery of navy howitzers.

In landing in the marsh Cushing had lost his shoes, and, while pressing on, he encountered the servant of a Captain Johnson, of the army, who had a pair of spare boots slung over his shoulder. Cushing asked who was the owner of the boots, and said, "Tell the Captain that Lieutenant Cushing, of the Navy, was barefooted, and has borrowed them for the day," and then, in spite of the remonstrances of the servant, put on the boots in haste, and pursued his way to the fight.

In the destruction of the Albemarle we see Cushing in another, and a truly heroic light. The newspaper correspondents had managed to make his task as difficult as possible, for they had, for several weeks, apprised the public, and of course the enemy, that Cushing was on his way from the North, with a torpedo-boat, to blow up the Albemarle. No method could have been taken to render the enemy more watchful, and the destruction of the ironclad impossible.

We have already spoken of the "cordon" of logs, enclosing her as in a pen; the extra guards and fires, the

howitzers ready loaded, and the pickets down the river. The enemy was very vigilant, and Cushing's approach was discovered. Yet we find him perfectly cool amidst a heavy fire from small arms and howitzers, standing forward in his launch, pushing his way at full speed over the logs, and only intent upon lowering his torpedo and striking the enemy's vessel at the proper time. He did this most effectually, but, at the very moment of doing so, a shell from one of the heavy guns of the Albemarle struck the torpedo-boat, and she went down, swamped by the column of water and spray which rose high in the air when the torpedo exploded.

Nothing could be more graphic or characteristic than Cushing's report of the affair, as follows:—

“ALBEMARLE SOUND, N. C.,

October 30th, 1864.

“SIR:—I have the honor to report that the Rebel iron-clad “Albemarle” is at the bottom of the Roanoke river. On the night of the 27th, having prepared my steam-launch, I proceeded up towards Plymouth with thirteen officers and men, partly volunteers from the squadron. The distance from the mouth of the river to the ram was about eight miles, the stream averaging in width some two hundred yards, and lined with the enemy's pickets.

“A mile below the town was the wreck of the Southfield, surrounded by some schooners, and it was understood that a gun was mounted there to command the bend. I therefore took one of the Shamrock's cutters in tow, with orders to cast off and board at that point, if we were hailed.

“Our boat succeeded in passing the pickets, and even the Southfield, within twenty yards, without discovery, and we were not hailed until by the lookouts on the ram.

The cutter was then cast off, and ordered below, while we made for our enemy under a full head of steam. The Rebels sprung their rattle, rang the bell, and commenced firing, at the same time repeating their hail, and seeming much confused. .

"The light of a fire ashore showed me the ironclad made fast to the wharf, with a pen of logs around her, about thirty feet from her side.

"Passing her closely, we made a complete circle, so as to strike her fairly, and went into her, bows on. By this time the enemy's fire was very severe, but a dose of canister, at short range, served to moderate their zeal and disturb their aim.

"Paymaster Swan, of the Otsego, was wounded near me, but how many more I know not. Three bullets struck my clothing, and the air seemed full of them. In a moment we had struck the logs just abreast of the quarter port, breasting them in some feet, and our bows resting on them. The torpedo-boom was then lowered, and by a vigorous pull I succeeded in diving the torpedo under the overhang, and exploding it, at the same time that the Albemarle's gun was fired. A shot seemed to go crashing through my boat, and a dense mass of water rushed in from the torpedo, filling the launch, and completely disabling her.

"The enemy then continued his fire, at fifteen feet range, and demanded our surrender, which I twice refused, ordering the men to save themselves, and, removing my own coat and shoes, springing into the river, I swam with others into the middle of the stream, the Rebels failing to hit us. The most of our party were captured, some were drowned, and only one escaped besides myself, and he in another direction. Acting Master's Mate Woodman, of the 'Commodore Hull,' I

met in the water half a mile below the town, and assisted him as best I could, but failed to get him ashore.

Completely exhausted, I managed to reach the shore, but was too weak to crawl out of the water until just at daylight, when I managed to creep into the swamp, close to the fort. While hiding, a few feet from the path, two of the Albemarle's officers passed, and I judged, from their conversation, that the ship was destroyed.

"Some hours' travelling in the swamp served to bring me out well below the town, when I sent a negro in to gain information, and found that the ram was truly sunk. Proceeding to another swamp I came to a creek, and captured a skiff belonging to a picket of the enemy, and with this, by eleven o'clock the next night, had made my way out to the 'Valley City.'

"Acting Master's Mate William L. Howarth, of the 'Monticello,' showed, as usual, conspicuous bravery. He is the same officer who has been with me twice in Wilmington harbor. I trust he may be promoted when exchanged, as well as Acting Third Assistant Engineer Stotesbury, who, being for the first time under fire, handled his engine promptly and with coolness.

"All the officers and men behaved in the most gallant manner. I will furnish their names to the Department as soon as they can be procured.

"The cutter of the Shamrock boarded the Southfield, but found no gun. Four prisoners were taken there. The ram is now completely submerged, and the enemy have sunk three schooners in the river, to obstruct the passage of our ships. I desire to call the attention of the Admiral and Department to the spirit manifested by the sailors on the ships in these Sounds. But few men were wanted, but all hands were eager to go into action, many offering their chosen shipmates a month's pay to

resign in their favor. I am, sir, very respectfully, your
obedient servant,

W. B. CUSHING,
Lieutenant, U. S. N."

"Rear-Admiral D. D. PORTER,
Commanding N. A. Squadron.

"The name of the man who escaped is William Hoftman, seaman on the 'Chicopee.' He did his duty well, and deserves a medal of honor.

"Respectfully, W. B. CUSHING, U. S. N."

Cushing, for this daring piece of service, was himself advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander.

Such men are never mere imitators, and his unvarying success in whatever he undertook was due to his clever planning and admirable execution. Attempts by those of inferior qualities in such respects would end in their capture or death.

Admiral Ammen goes on to say, in summing up the character of Cushing, "that, notwithstanding his extraordinary qualities, he perhaps lacked that attention to the practical and laborious details of his profession without which no officer can attain eminence or usefulness, even, in the higher grades. His ability to comprehend was undoubtedly of a high order, but possibly a deficient training when a mere youth left him apparently averse to acquiring the practical details of his profession.

"The fact is, that Cushing had such pre-eminent qualities, that those who appreciated him felt a certain chagrin or disappointment that he did not seem to possess those ordinary qualities through which he could acquire the knowledge necessary to extraordinary success as the leader of large forces.

"Cushing's life in war was active and heroic in the extreme ; in peace he seemed to suffer, as it were, from

inanity, or more properly speaking, from the apparent lack or absence of a strong purpose.

"After the close of the war he was for some two years Executive Officer of the 'Lancaster,' a position which required close attention and study, to fulfill its duties in the best manner.

"Afterwards he served three years in command of the 'Maumee,' on the Asiatic station. He was promoted, in the regular order of vacancies, to Commander, January 31, 1872, and soon after was ordered to the command of the 'Wyoming,' on the home station, and was relieved at the end of a year, the vessel being put out of commission.

"In the spring of 1874 he was ordered to the Washington Navy Yard, and the following August was detached, at his request. He then seemed in impaired health, and expressed a desire to go South; after the lapse of a few days he showed signs of insanity, and was removed to the Government Hospital, where he died, December 17, 1874, at the age of thirty-two years and thirteen days.

"His becoming insane was a great regret and surprise to his many friends and admirers, in and out of the naval service; it was, however, a consolation for them to know that it was not the result of bad habits or of causes within his control. His misfortune, and that of the naval service to which he belonged, was seemingly a lack of rigid, early training, necessary to healthful thought in ordinary times, and to a continued development of those points in naval education which are so useful in peace, and so essential to success in the higher grades, whatever nature may have done to fit the man for action.

"There are few Cushings in the histories of navies; they can have no successful imitators; they pass away, as it were, before they reach their destined goal, regretted and admired."

FORT FISHER. DECEMBER, 1864. JANUARY.
1865.



AFTER the fall of the forts at Mobile, Wilmington alone remained a port where blockade-runners could enter and escape again, with their return cargoes. Having two entrances, one north of Cape Fear, at New Inlet, shoal and tortuous, and commanded by the extensive fortifications on Federal Point, called Fort Fisher, and the other the main channel of the Cape Fear River, and these two entrances requiring about sixty miles of blockade, it was almost impossible to prevent swift vessels from running in with important supplies for the Confederate Army, and from getting to sea again, with cotton.

Sherman was now preparing for his march to the sea, which, if successful, would insure the fall of Charleston and Savannah, without further effort from the Navy.

Grant was beleaguering Lee, at Petersburg and Richmond, and the latter was dependent upon Wilmington for many indispensable articles brought into that port, for his army, by the English blockade-runners. Many of these had been captured or destroyed, but the temptation was great to try again, and greedy and desperate men, with fast steamers, took their lives in their hands, and by audacity and good seamanship, favored by a dark night, often succeeded.

It was certain that the principal Confederate Army remaining could not long be kept in the field if important articles not produced in the Confederacy could not be continuously imported from England. Indeed, after the capture of Fort Fisher, a telegram from Lee was found there, which declared that he could not hold Richmond if Fort Fisher should be captured.

While Grant, therefore, was ready to follow Lee, either north or south, and Sherman was about making his bold manœuvre, and the captured harbors were closely held, and the lesser ports and coasts closely watched, it seemed more than ever necessary to capture Wilmington; and to do this, Fort Fisher must be taken.

The writer participated in both attacks upon Fort Fisher, and has contributed a paper to the *United Service Magazine* upon the operations there; but for the sake of conciseness, will follow the official report, and the account of Boynton, adding some reminiscences.

In September, 1864, the Navy Department received assurances from the Secretary of War, that the necessary land force for the reduction of Fort Fisher and the other Wilmington forts would be supplied in due season, and preparations for the naval part of the expedition were begun at once. A very powerful naval force was assembled in Hampton Roads, and the command offered to Admiral Farragut. But the Admiral's health had been much impaired by the anxieties, and exposures, and constant strain upon his nervous system, in consequence of his service of two years in a climate not very favorable to health. He, therefore, declined the command, to the great regret of the public, as well as the Navy Department.

The Secretary of the Navy then naturally turned to Admiral Porter, who had shown, in the very trying service on the Western rivers, great energy and skill. He

accepted, with alacrity, and was at once put in command of the largest fleet which ever sailed under the American flag.

Causes into which it is now not worth while to enter delayed the expedition, as the co-operating land force was not at once forthcoming, and a bombarding force of thirty-seven vessels, and a reserve squadron of nineteen, lay in Hampton Roads, awaiting orders to proceed.

The season was almost over when fine weather might be expected, and the time was near when those storms which had given the name to Cape Fear might be expected in that locality. Before the war it was considered foolhardy to dally in that vicinity at all, and yet our blockaders staid there, night and day, winter and summer, shine or storm, for nearly four years, and even our monitors laid out gales there, at anchor, with the whole Atlantic ocean to the eastward of them.

The Secretary of the Navy became anxious at the delay in the movements of the military part of the expedition, and addressed a letter to President Lincoln, which was as follows:—

“NAVY DEPARTMENT,

October 28th, 1864.

“SIR:—You are aware that, owing to shoal water at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, a purely naval attack cannot be undertaken against Wilmington. Had there been water enough for our broadside ships, of the Hartford class, the naval attacks of New Orleans, Mobile, and Port Royal would have been repeated there. I have, as you are aware, often pressed upon the War Department the importance of capturing Wilmington, and urged upon the Military authorities the necessity of undertaking a joint operation against the defences of Cape Fear River; but until recently there never seems to have been a period

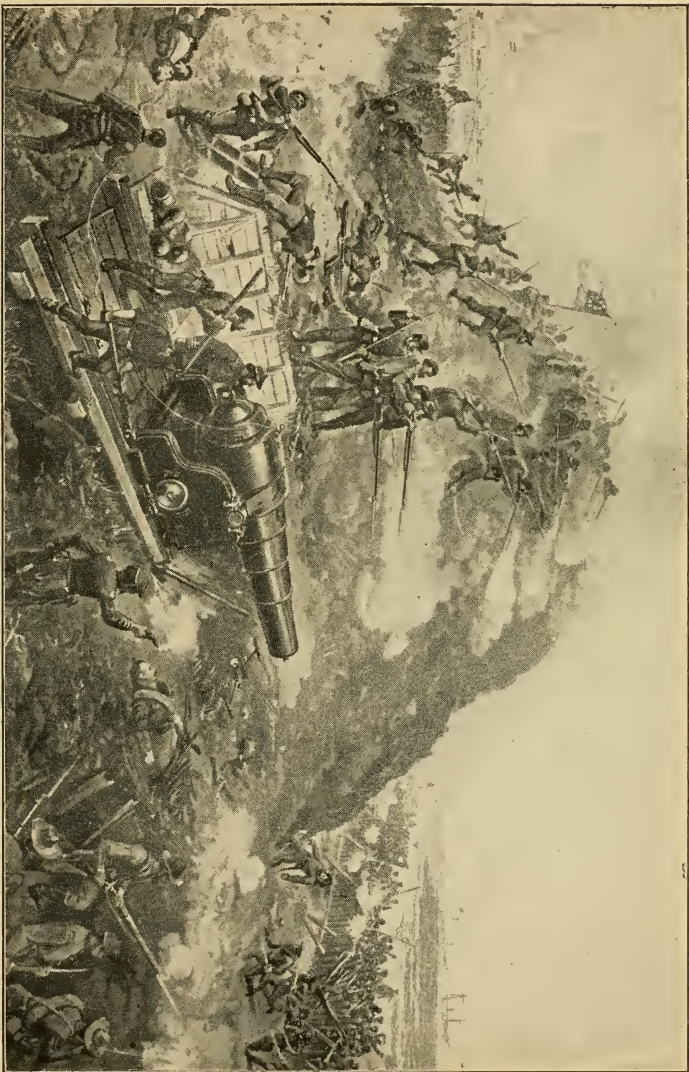
when the Department was in a condition to entertain the subject.

“Two months ago it was arranged that an attack should be made on the 1st of October, but subsequently postponed to the 15th, and the naval force has been ready since the 15th instant, in accordance with that agreement. One hundred and fifty vessels of war now form the North Atlantic Squadron. The command, first offered to Rear-Admiral Farragut, but declined by him, has been given to Rear-Admiral Porter.

“Every other squadron has been depleted, and vessels detached from other duty to strengthen this expedition. The vessels are concentrated at Hampton Roads and Beaufort, where they remain, an immense force lying idle, awaiting the movements of the army. The detention of so many vessels from blockade and cruising duty is a most serious injury to the public service; and if the expedition cannot go forward for want of troops, I desire to be notified, so that the ships may be relieved and dispersed for other service.

“The importance of closing Wilmington is so well understood by you that I refrain from presenting any new arguments. I am aware of the anxiety of yourself, and of the disposition of the War Department to render all the aid in its power. The cause of the delay is not from the want of a proper conception of the importance of the subject; but the season for naval coast operations will soon be gone.

“General Bragg has been sent from Richmond to Wilmington, to prepare for the attack; and the autumn weather, so favorable for such an expedition, is fast passing away. The public expect this attack, and the country will be distressed if it be not made. To procrastinate much longer will be to peril its success.



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THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER

"Of the obstacles which delay or prevent military co-operation at once I cannot judge; but the delay is becoming exceedingly embarrassing to this Department, and the importance of having the military authorities impressed with the necessity of speedy action has prompted this communication to you.

"I have the honor to be, etc., etc.,

THE PRESIDENT.

"GIDEON WELLES."

At length the War Department supplied the much needed land force. General Butler was placed in command of it, and General Weitzel, an engineer officer, was sent with him.

The long delay had enabled the enemy to gain information of the object of all this preparation, and they placed additional troops within supporting distance of the forts.

Fort Fisher is situated on a neck of land between the ocean and the Cape Fear River, called Federal Point. The plan was to land the troops some distance above the fort, and intrench across the Point to Cape Fear River, so as to prevent reinforcements being sent from Wilmington, and then to attack both by land and water.

The fort and its connected batteries mounted about seventy-five guns, while the armament of all the works erected for the purpose of guarding the approaches to Wilmington was about one hundred and sixty guns, many of them of the largest calibre then used in forts. Among them were some 150-pounder Armstrongs. Admiral Porter, who had been at Sebastopol, says, in an official report, "that Fort Fisher was much stronger than the famous Malakoff."

A novel idea was to be carried out in this attack, which was popularly attributed to General Butler.

A vessel with a very large quantity of powder on

board was arranged as a huge torpedo, to be carried in as close as possible to the fort, and then exploded. It was supposed that it would level the walls, explode the magazine, and kill or stun the garrison.

The explosion produced no result of importance, as we shall see hereafter.

The attack was decided upon for the 24th of December, although General Butler had not arrived with his troops. The larger vessels of the fleet and the ironclads had anchored twenty miles east of New Inlet, literally at sea, and in a position where it would have been thought fool-hardy, in peace times, to have remained at that season. Here they rode out some heavy weather, the monitors, at times, being completely submerged by the huge seas, with only the tops of the smoke-stacks and turrets visible.

The powder boat was a purchased gun-boat, called the *Louisiana*. She had about two hundred tons of powder on board, and was commanded by Commander A. C. Rhind. The vessel was painted lead color, and she had a false smoke-stack erected abaft the real one, and in general appearance and color resembled the ordinary blockade-runners. She was sent in on the night of the 23d, or rather, at two o'clock on the morning of the 24th. So little was the explosion considered an act of war by the garrison that they supposed it a blockade-runner which had been chased ashore and blown up, to prevent her from falling into the blockaders' hands.

The attacking fleet carried nearly five hundred guns. Among these were some of the largest guns then in use. The three monitors mounted 15-inch guns; the battery of the *New Ironsides* was of 11-inch guns; there were many 11-inch guns, and 100- and 150-pounder Parrott rifles on board the smaller vessels while the heavy frigates, *Minnesota*, *Wabash* and *Colorado*, mounted each

forty 9-inch guns. No such armament had ever been brought to bear upon a fort; and probably no fort was better able to resist it, for it was an immense bank of earth, with the guns far apart, and huge traverses of earth built up between them. This arrangement had a double advantage; for it was more difficult to reduce the work than if the guns had been contained in a smaller space, while their fire, thus distributed, was more effective against ships.

But, extensive and formidable as these great earthworks were, they were overmatched by the guns afloat. No men could stand to guns, and no guns could long continue serviceable, under such a storm of shot and shell as was poured upon them.

On the 24th of December, early in the morning, the ships stood in, the grim and ponderous Ironsides leading the way, followed by the monitors. They took position about three-quarters of a mile from the fort, opening fire as soon as in station. Then came the great frigates, sloops and gun-boats, and all opened a most rapid and terrible fire.

In about an hour the fort was silenced, the garrison being driven to cover. There were one or two explosions of magazines, and some buildings were set on fire. Unfortunately, during this day no less than six of the 100-pounder rifles burst, killing and wounding more men than the guns of the enemy, and destroying confidence in these pieces, which had hitherto done good work, and had been rather favorites. The ships sustained very little damage.

On the next day, Christmas, the transports arrived with the troops, and the latter were landed about five miles above the fort, under cover of the gun-boats, while the ironclads and other vessels renewed their fire upon the fort, but more deliberately than the day before. General Weitzel reconnoitred the fort, and some soldiers actually

entered a part of it, but the General reported a successful assault impracticable, and the troops were re-embarked. The Navy was naturally indignant at this, but there was no help for it. The commentary upon the opinion of the Engineer is that the fort *was* taken by assault, a fortnight afterwards.

On December 29th, the Secretary of the Navy, after consultation with the President, sent a telegram to General Grant, at Petersburg, stating his belief that the works could be taken by a suitable land force, to co-operate with the Navy, and asking for the necessary troops. General Grant sent about eight thousand men, under General Terry, and they reached the neighborhood of Fort Fisher on January 13th.

In the meantime the fleet had ridden out some very bad weather and one severe southeast gale, most of the large vessels lying in the bight under Cape Lookout.

On January 12th the fleet, with the transports with troops in close company, sailed again for New Inlet, all being in fair fighting condition, and not damaged or dispersed by the gale, as the enemy had hoped.

On the 13th the fleet was pounding away at the earthworks again, the Ironsides being within one thousand yards of the northeast angle, and the monitors much closer, as they drew less water. The wind was off shore, and light, and the water smooth, or they could not have gone in so close, there being but a few inches of water under the keels of the ironclads. The fire was continued all that day, and at intervals during the night.

The fire of the ironclads was directed, during the whole of the second bombardment, at the land face of the main fort, where the assault by the troops was to be made; and although they were nearly concealed by the high traverses, which made an angle with the line of fire, it

was seen that many guns were struck and disabled, but the full extent of the damage was not known till after the surrender. Then it was found that every gun on that face of the fort had been disabled, principally by the heavy shot and shell of the ironclads, which lay so near the fort, and fired deliberately, and in perfect security.

It was the northeastern face which was to be assaulted by the troops of General Terry. The sea front had been under the fire of the wooden ships, which had to lie further off, and their fire was less effective, and the face less injured. It was decided to assault this face with the sailors and marines of the fleet. There were seventeen guns on the land face, with immense hills for traverses, extending a third of a mile. The other face, that to be assaulted by the sailors and marines, was about one mile in length, terminating on the right flank in a mound fifty-three feet high, mounted with two very heavy guns.

The arrangement of guns and traverses was such that, in an assault, each would have to be taken separately.

On the morning of the 15th the ships went once more into position, and fired rapidly. The soldiers and sailors made arrangements for the assault; throwing up breast-works and rifle-pits towards the fort. From 11 A. M. to about half-past two, a tremendous fire was kept up, and the heavy embankments crumbled under the shot and shell, while more guns were disabled.

Still, the garrison, of about 2300 men, lay sheltered in their bomb-proofs, ready to come out and repel the assault as soon as the fire of the fleet should cease.

At half-past two the naval column was ready to advance, and the fire from the fleet, at a given signal, suddenly ceased, the quiet seeming quite unnatural after the continuous roar of artillery.

The naval column then moved along the beach, to as-

sault the sea-face of the main work. This was defended by palisades, as was the land face, and was about forty feet high, and very steep—difficult for an armed man to climb.

As the fire from the fleet ceased, the garrison came out of the bomb-proofs, and, manning the parapet of the sea-face, began to shoot down the assaulting sailors and marines. Loaded pieces were handed up to those on the parapet, so the fire was very rapid. The beach was soon strewn with dead and wounded, many staggering into the water and falling there.

A few of the men, with many of the officers, reached the foot of the mound, but they could get no further, and the bulk of the naval force retreated down the beach again, entirely exposed, and losing heavily from the deliberate musketry fire of the garrison. Those who had reached a place of partial shelter, about the foot of the mound, were obliged to remain there until approaching darkness and hard fighting on the other face gave them an opportunity to get away. The loss in this attempted assault was very heavy, twenty-one officers of the navy having been killed or wounded, with a proportionate number of sailors and marines.

The lives lost were not utterly thrown away, however, for the naval attack made a diversion, distracting attention from the movements of the troops.

Soon after the naval advance, and about the time that it was evident that it had failed, the veteran troops from the James River assaulted, with the determination, steadiness and dash which they had learned at Petersburg, Cold Harbor, Spottsylvania, and a dozen other scenes of hard fighting. The guns on the land face were all disabled, but there was a howitzer fire from a sally-port, which did much damage, although it did not stay the advance of those well-dressed lines an instant. Reaching

the foot of the lofty earthworks, the pioneers' axes soon cleared away the palisade, and the troops entered the two western traverses. An entirely novel and fierce combat now took place, as each mound was captured in turn.

For more than five hours this hand-to-hand struggle, a fight to the death, went on in those traverses. There was nothing exactly like it during the whole war. The Ironsides fired into the traverses ahead of our troops until this was rendered, by the darkness, as dangerous to friend as foe. Night came, and still the struggle went on. Shouts and yells, shrieks and groans, musket-shot and clash of bayonet, with the flash of small arms, marked the centre of the fight. Thus traverse after traverse was won, until about ten o'clock at night the last one, at the mound, was taken; then was heard a tremendous peal of cheers, and the garrison poured, pell-mell, down to Federal Point. Here they laid down their arms and surrendered. The fact was at once telegraphed to the fleet, by signal lanterns, and round after round of hearty cheers went up from every ship.

The "impregnable" Fort Fisher was taken. The Cape Fear River, the great port of the blockade runners, was closed, and the Confederacy at last completely isolated.

The next morning the light-draught vessels at once began to work in over the New Inlet Bar, and for some days they were busy in capturing forts, and in sweeping the Channel for torpedoes, and removing obstructions.

About seven o'clock in the morning there was a tremendous explosion within the Fort, which threw masses of earth and timber, and bodies of men, high into the air; while a dense balloon-shaped cloud of powder smoke and dust hung in the air for a long time.

It was the main magazine which had blown up. It was never known how it happened. Many officers and sea

men of the fleet, as well as soldiers, lost their lives by this explosion.

Upon landing from the men-of-war, to see what this celebrated place might be like, we met, in the first place, boats conveying the wounded of the Navy to the Hospital ship, while upon the beach parties were collecting for burial those who had been killed, and ranging them in rows. This beach, as well as the whole of the land front of the fort, was strewn with an immense number of fragments of shell, muskets, musket-balls, bayonets, cartridge boxes and belts, articles of clothing and dead bodies.

As we approached the land face, we began to find the bodies of soldiers, instead of those of sailors, lying in the strangest attitudes, just as they happened to be when the death bullet struck them. The faces of some still showed the deadly purpose of battle, while others were as peaceful as if they had died in their beds. Many of these bodies had rolled down the steep earthwork after being shot, and were lying against the palisades, covered with dust and powder grime. Upon gaining a point of view from one of the traverses, one was struck by the great extent of the fort. Before us lay the huge smoking crater caused by the morning's explosion, while fatigue parties of soldiers were engaged in collecting the wounded and the dead, and in piling up, in great stacks, the small arms of the captured garrison, as well as those of our own dead and wounded. Peeping into the bomb-proofs, which were full of dead, and filthy beyond description, from long occupation during the bombardment, the next sight was the guns. These were, many of them, not only dismounted, but partially buried in the earth and sand, by the terrible explosions of the eleven- and fifteen-inch shells. In many cases the gun's crew were buried with them, as an occasional hand or foot, peeping out, testified.

At the northeastern angle of the fort, in two huge embrasures, were two very heavy guns, a 68-pounder, and an 8-inch Blakeley rifle, both of English make. These two guns had fired principally at the ironclads, and the latter had returned the compliment. Our fire often caused the gunners to leave them, but they generally returned at the first slackening of the fire. Just before the assault, one of them had the carriage disabled, and it was now slewed round with its muzzle to the westward.

At Battery No. 4 was found an Armstrong 150-pounder, marked with the "broad arrow," and mounted on an elegantly made and polished carriage, with Sir Wm. Armstrong's name on the trunnion of the gun, in full. This piece was said to have been presented to the Confederacy by some English admirers. But Armstrong guns, of less calibre, were found in all the fortifications about Cape Fear.

These latter works were evacuated by the Confederates in great consternation and hurry; in some instances they only spiked very fine guns.

Fort Anderson, on the right bank, held our flotilla for some time. Just abreast of it were two lines of torpedoes, both floating and sunken, and this fort was not evacuated until after a heavy bombardment of thirteen hours, and an expenditure of about five thousand shell.

It was very natural for the Confederates to suppose that Fort Fisher would come off victoriously from the second attack, as she was much better garrisoned and armed, and prepared in every way, than at the time of the first attack, in December.

The success in the second attack was considered to be due to the change in the commanding officers; the troops who carried the muskets were the same.

All the forts in the river were of the most approved

and careful construction, and they contained, in all, about 170 heavy guns; while lines of piles, and torpedoes to be fired by electricity, filled the approaches to them.

It was remarked by an officer high in authority, that the engineers who built such works, at the expense of so much time and labor, must have had an abiding faith in the Confederacy. Fort Fisher was nearly four years in course of construction.

After the capture of the forts the armed cruiser Chickamauga, which had already created such havoc among our coasters, and which was ready for sea again, and watching an opportunity to slip out, was run high up the river, and, in a small creek, destroyed by her own crew.

Even in the most eventful and tragical occurrences there are some humorous sides.

After the capture some fine blockade-running steamers came into Smithville, quite ignorant of the change in affairs, as they always arrived "in the dark of the moon." Lights were shown from the regular stations, to guide them in, and when they anchored they were quietly taken possession of.

They were generally from Bermuda, and loaded with arms, blankets, shoes and medicines for the Confederate army. On board one of them were found some English army officers, who had come over from Bermuda on a "lark," and to try what blockade-running was like. When the vessel was boarded these gentry were found at supper, with champagne opened, to toast their successful run and their escape from serious damage from some shot which had struck the vessel as she was passing the outside blockaders. Their disgust may be imagined at being shipped to New York, in confinement, and thence back to Bermuda, by the first opportunity.

DEEDS OF VALOR ON THE SEAS.

BY CAPTAIN H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. S., AND OTHERS.

Captain Silas Talbot, the Soldier-Sailor.



IN one period of our naval history none connected with it enjoyed a higher reputation for patriotic and headlong valor than Captain Silas Talbot, one of the earliest commanders of that renowned frigate *Old Ironsides*.

He came naturally by his adventurous disposition and high standard of courage.

He was a lineal descendant of that Richard de Talbot who witnessed the grant that Walter Gifford, Earl of Buckingham, made to the monks of Cerasir, in the reign of William the Conqueror. The earldom of Shrewsbury was bestowed, in the fifteenth century, upon John Talbot for his skill and prowess in war. It is remarkable that one of his ancestors was the antagonist of the Maid of Orleans, and another had the custody of Mary Queen of Scots.

Silas Talbot was left an orphan at 12 years of age, at the town of Dighton, and went to sea as a cabin boy. He also learned the trade of a stonemason, acquired property, and married at the age of 21. The first notes of the Revolution found Talbot with his companions drilling under the guidance of an old Scotch drum-major. Finding an opportunity to join the Amercian camp near

Boston, he accompanied the army to New York, when his knowledge of nautical matters obtained for him the command of a fireship. Three of the enemy's ships were anchored near the mouth of the Hudson, the largest being the *Asia*, of sixty-four guns.

Singling this vessel out as the object of his attack, Talbot, at 2 o'clock in the morning, dropped down with the tide, and threw his grappling irons on board as the *Asia* opened fire. In an instant the flames of the fireship were leaping above the lower yards of the huge vessel, and Talbot, who had lingered on board until the last moment, suffered terribly from the injuries received. His skin was blistered from head to foot, his dress almost entirely destroyed, and his eyesight for the time destroyed. His companions succeeded in carrying him clear in a fast-pulling boat, finding shelter in a poor cabin, where medical aid was at last procured for the sufferer. Meanwhile the *Asia*, by strenuous efforts, had cleared herself from the blazing craft, and, badly injured, had dropped down the river.

For this service, Congress, on October 10, 1777, passed a resolution of thanks, promoting him to the rank of Major, and recommending him to Gen. Washington for "employment agreeable to his rank," and he shortly after found an opportunity to gain further distinction and a severe wound in the hip, in an attack on the enemy. Under Gen. Sullivan he gathered eighty-six flatboats for transportation of the army on Long Island, which was instrumental in preventing disaster when a retreat was ordered.

The *English*, while in possession of Newport, moored a stout vessel off the mouth of the Seconset River, providing her with twelve 8-pounders and ten swivels. Strong boarding nettings were attached, while a crew of

forty-five men under Lieut. Dunlap, of the Royal Navy, commanded the craft, which had been named the Pigot.

Upon this vessel Maj. Talbot had his eye for some time, but could obtain no suitable means of getting a party afloat. He finally gained possession of a sloop, equipped her with two 3-pounders, manned by sixty men. On a dark and foggy night Talbot embarked with his men, allowing the old sloop to drift under bare poles, until the loom of the great boat was seen through the fog. Down swept the coasting sloop; the sentinels hailed, but before one of the Pigot's guns could be used the jibboom of the opposing craft had torn its way through the boarding nettings, affording an opportunity for the attacking party to board, sword in hand. The vessel was quickly carried, the commander fighting desperately, *en dishabille*, and when compelled to surrender wept over his miserable disgrace. Not a man had been lost in this affair, and the prize was carried safely into Stonington.

For this exploit Talbot received a handsome letter from Henry Laurens, President of Congress, and was promoted to a Lieutenant-Colonelcy in the army. The Assembly of his native State presented him with a sword, while the British termed him, "One of the greatest arch-rebels in nature."

In 1779 he was commissioned a Captain in the navy, but with no national vessel for him to command. He was instructed to arm a naval force sufficient to protect the coast from Long Island to Nantucket. Congress was too poor to assist him, and only by great efforts was he able to fit out the prize Pigot and a sloop called the Argo. Humble as this craft was, Talbot assumed command without a moment's hesitation and proved what a man of valor and determination could achieve with meagre means. The sloop was an old-fashioned craft

from Albany, square, wide stern, bluff bow, and steered with a tiller. Her battery consisted of ten and afterward twelve guns, two of which were mounted in the cabin. With a crew of sixty, few of whom were seamen or had seen service, the gallant Captain sailed from Providence on a cruise in May, 1779.

Exercising and drilling his men, he soon had them in fair shape, enabling him to capture one vessel of twelve guns and two letter-of-marque brigs from the West Indies. The prizes, with their cargoes, were greatly needed by the authorities, while the successes attending the efforts of the men greatly increased their confidence.

There was a Tory privateer of fourteen guns called the King George, commanded by a Capt. Hazard, manned by eighty men, whose depredations along the coast had made the craft a terror to the inhabitants. For a meeting with this craft Capt. Talbot ardently longed, but was baffled for quite a while. But fortune one clear day smiled upon the Continental craft, the lookout espying the King George about 100 miles off shore from Long Island. The Argo ran the enemy aboard, clearing her deck with one raking broadside, driving her crew below hatches, and capturing the privateer without the loss of a man.

Shortly after the sloop met a large armed West Indian, who fought desperately for over four hours. Talbot had the skirts of his coat shot away, losing a number of men by the well-directed fire of the enemy, and only succeeded in making his antagonist strike when his mainmast went by the board.

The career of the sloop was brought to an abrupt termination by the owners' demanding her return, but not before Capt. Talbot had secured six good prizes and 300 prisoners.

Capt. Talbot was now informed by Congress that "the government had every desire to give him a respectable command, but absolutely lacked the means to do it." Succeeding to the command of a private armed ship, Talbot made but one prize, when he found himself one morning in the midst of a large fleet of English men-of-war. Resistance was impossible, and as a prisoner the Captain was transferred to the notorious Jersey prison ship, from which he was in time removed to the jail in New York, ruled by the cruel and infamous Cunningham.

In November, 1780, in company with seventy other prisoners, they were marched to the ship Yarmouth, driven into the hold, destitute of clothing and bedding, making the passage to England amid such suffering and misery that beggars description. Talbot seemed to bear a charmed life, passing unscathed through the horrors and death about him, and was finally placed in the Dartmoor prison, out of which he made a daring attempt to escape, and was confined in a dungeon forty days as punishment. On three occasions he incurred the same penalty for similar attempts, meeting his disappointments and hardships with characteristic fortitude and courage.

Talbot gained his liberty through exchange for a British officer in France, finding himself destitute and half-naked in a foreign land. He landed at Cherbourg in December, 1781, after having been a prisoner for fifteen months. At Paris Capt. Talbot was assisted by Franklin and sailed for home in a brig, but fifteen days only after leaving port she was captured by the Jupiter, an English privateer. But Talbot was treated with kindness and courtesy by the captain, who transferred him to a brig they encountered on her way from Lisbon to New York.

He now retired to a farm, where he remained with his family until 1794. He had served his country faithfully,

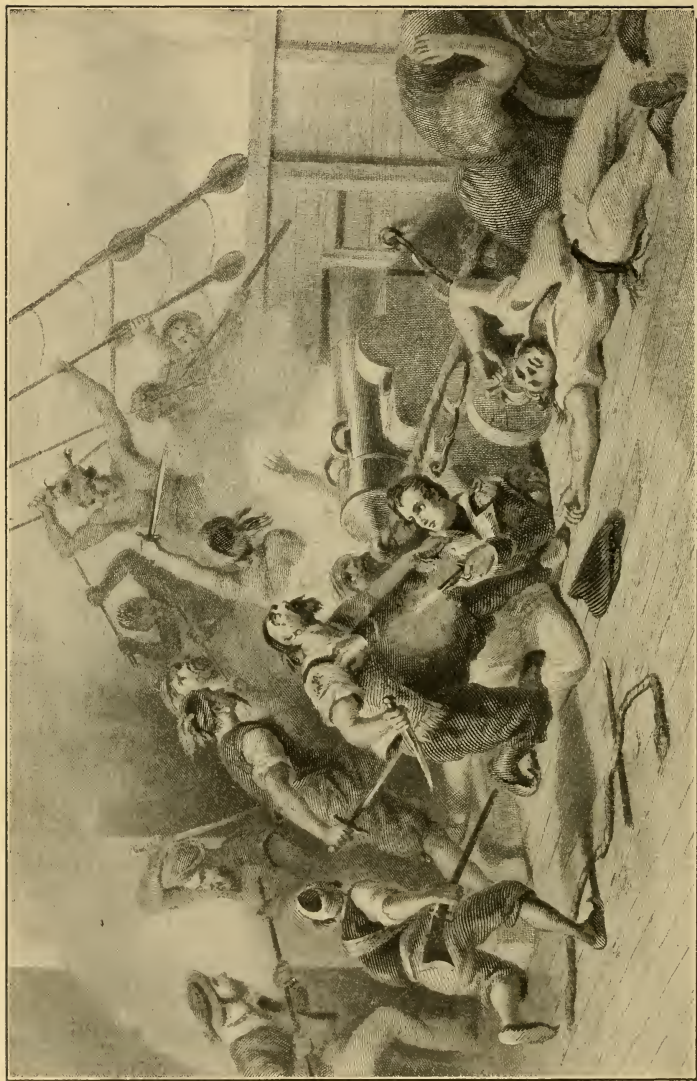
both on land and water, bearing on his person more or less of British lead, which he carried to his grave. He had been specially mentioned by Congress on several occasions, and occupied a high place in the estimation of Washington and the principal officers of the Continental army. But with the dawn of peace he was allowed to remain in his place of retirement without further acknowledgment from the government he had served so well.

In 1794, when Congress enacted a law to enlarge the naval force in order to check the depredations of the Algerians, among the six experienced officers selected to command the frigates was Capt. Talbot.

After hostilities with France had commenced, one of the squadrons in the West Indies was placed under his command, and he flew a broad pennant on board *Old Ironsides* in 1799, on the *St. Domingo* station. Isaac Hull, as First Lieutenant, was Captain of the frigate, and other officers served under Talbot's command who afterward became famous on the rolls of fame.

It was while *Old Ironsides* had Talbot for a commander that she captured her first prize. This vessel had been the British packet *Sandwich*, and only waited to complete a cargo of coffee to make a run for France. Capt. Talbot resolved to cut her out, and a force of seamen and marines were placed on board an American sloop and the command given to the gallant Hull. The *Sandwich* was lying with her broadside bearing on the channel, with a battery to protect her. But so well was the movements of the sloop conducted that the *Sandwich* was carried without the loss of a man. At the same time Capt. Cormick landed with the marines and spiked the guns of the battery.

The *Sandwich* was stripped to a girtline, with all the



DECATUR'S STRUGGLE WITH THE ALGERINES

gear stowed below; but before sunset she had royal yards across, her guns sealed, and the prize crew mustered at the guns. Soon after she was under way, beat out of the harbor and joined the frigate. Hull gained great credit for the skill with which he had carried out the object of the expedition, and at the time the affair made quite a sensation among the various cruisers on the West India station.

Talbot was jealous of his rank and the dignity attached to his station in the service. His courage, ability, and devotion to his country were all beyond question. A question arose relative to the seniority of rank between himself and Commodore Truxton, in which the Secretary of the Navy gave the preference to Truxton.

This led the old veteran to tender his resignation and enjoy the fairly earned repose of honorable age. President John Adams wrote to Talbot requesting him to remain in the service, but the old sailor replied, "Neither my honor nor reputation would permit me to be commanded by Capt. Truxton, because he was, in fact, a junior officer."

Commodore Talbot, in withdrawing from the service, took with him his two sons, who were following in their father's footsteps, and, purchasing land for them in Kentucky, alternated between New York and the home established by his sons.

He was thirteen times wounded and carried five bullets in his body. In his intercourse with others, his hospitality and social duties, he carried himself with rare dignity and grace, and was one of the finest specimens of a self-made American officer the country produced. He died in the city of New York on June 30, 1813, and was buried under Trinity Church.

His name and deeds of valor are enrolled among the proudest of patriot heroes of the country.

THE WHALEBOATMEN OF THE REVOLUTION AND THEIR
HEROIC ACHIEVEMENTS.

The Revolutionary War gave birth to a valorous and dashing class of men who operated along Long Island Sound, the shores of Long Island, and the Jersey coast, from New York Bay to Tom's River, and other inlets and harbors. There were many of them, and they were an astonishing set of men. Some had small sloops mounting two small cannon, but the most effective work was accomplished in whaleboats. It is singular that naval history and works treating on naval subjects have failed to record or give the proper place in history to the brave and dashing deeds achieved by the whaleboat navy of the Revolution. They made themselves feared and hated by their foes, and the British vessels that these men captured seem beyond belief, were not the records of their work very clear and extensive. They took vessels with valuable cargoes, burning or blowing up whatever prizes they could not easily bring to port.

George Raymond, the acting sailing-master of the *Bon-Homme Richard*, commanded by the celebrated Paul Jones, resided at Brooklyn, Long Island, and was instrumental in fitting out a number of whaleboat expeditions. He had made two voyages to India previous to entering the service under Jones, a very rare occurrence for an American in those early days.

The whaleboat fleet belonging to Connecticut was specially well organized, manned, and effective. From their numerous haunts and hiding-places they would sally forth, closing with their antagonists so suddenly and furiously as to overcome all opposition, frequently

carrying armed ships, making up in noise and audacity what they lacked in arms and numbers. Long Island Sound became very unsafe to British parties and Tories and they seldom ventured any great distance upon its waters, except they had protection from armed vessels. At one time, so bold and daring had the whaleboatmen become, that a frigate, a sloop of war, a corvette, and a ten-gun brig were ordered to patrol the sound and exterminate the privateersmen, placing them beyond the pale of quarter for the time being. But these measures, beyond involving additional expense to the crown, availed nothing. The whaleboatmen carried their lives in their hands, but each and all were picked men, and with a knowledge that they fought with a halter around their necks, none but men of tried valor and courage joined the ranks, while the leaders excelled in fertile resources, daring conceptions in the mode of attack, combining with all a perfect knowledge of the scene of operations.

Two of the most prominent, dashing, and successful leaders in this mosquito fleet were Capts. Mariner and Hyler. Their adventures and exploits, both in and out of their trim, lithe whaleboats, read more like romance than sober facts, and their gallant deeds are still treasured up and handed down by many a family dwelling along the shores of Long Island Sound.

It was midsummer when the following exploit was achieved, and in the full light of the moon sailing through a cloudless sky :

Capt. Mariner had for a long time contemplated a raid upon Flatbush, the resort or headquarters of a number of violent Tories, particularly obnoxious to the American officers. Gen. Washington was particularly anxious to obtain possession of the person of Cols.

Axtell and Mathews, who were both active and influential loyalists, partisans of the most pronounced stripe. By some means Mariner became acquainted with the wish of Washington, and, although no communication passed between the distinguished commander-in-chief and the humble seaman, the whaleboat leader resolved to reconnoitre the locality.

Disguised in the uniform of an independent loyalist rifle company, Mariner proceeded to the tavern of Dr. Van Buren, a resort for all the prominent surrounding gentry. Entering the tap-room, which was crowded, discussions relative to the war and prominent individuals were running high and waxing exceedingly hot, as well as decidedly personal, as the disguised seamen mixed with the company. With ready wit and sarcastic tongue, the "rifleman" joined in the argument, while a Maj. Sherbook, of the British army, berated Capt. Mariner as no better than a murderer, an outlaw, and a thief. Mariner's eyes sparkled, his hands twitching nervously as he listened to the tirade of abuse poured forth in relation to himself.

"Confound this prowling, sneaking midnight vagabond, with his ragamuffin crew," angrily continued the Major, as he snapped a speck of froth that had dropped from his tankard upon his laced and scarlet coat sleeve; "he has developed into an intolerable nuisance in these parts, and should be checked at once. I would thrash him and his followers, single handed, with my riding whip, if ever opportunity offered. But these water-rats come and go in such a cowardly fashion that soldiers can scarcely hope to more than catch a glimpse of their flaunting rags."

"Don't be too sure, my dear Major, in your estimate of the water-sneaks, as you are pleased to term them.

You may have a nearer glimpse of their rags and steel also than you could wish, with an opportunity to make good your threat to chastise the leader and his crew, sooner than you now dream of," and before the surprised assemblage had recovered from their consternation and the "influence," he had disappeared through the doorway into the darkness of the night.

Repairing at once to New Brunswick, Mariner prepared his fast light-pulling whaleboat for the trip. The crew were summoned, armed to the teeth, and when all was in readiness the long, shapely boat glided swiftly and silently to New Utrecht, where the party formed in single file on the beach at Bath, a few minutes after ten o'clock at night. Two men were detailed to watch the boat, while the remainder of the party proceeded rapidly to Flatbush Church. In the shadows of overhanging trees the men were divided into four squads, the houses they were to attack pointed out to them, each party being provided with a battering ram capable of breaking in the heaviest door at a blow. Silently and steadily the parties proceeded to their several scenes of action, Mariner having reserved the residence of the British Major as his special mission.

The signal for united and concerted action was the ringing report of a pistol. The battering ram was then to be used, prisoners secured and conveyed to the whaleboat. The attack was simultaneous in various portions of the town. Mariner, sword in hand, searched in vain for the doughty Major, but finally, when he was discovered, the shadows of a large chimney had been used as a refuge from the dreaded onslaught of the whaleboatmen. He was allowed to make up a bundle of necessities and hurried to the boat. The parties were there—having met with more or less success—but the principal game,

the officials Washington so much desired to secure, were not among the number. Business had unexpectedly summoned them to New York the day before or their capture would have been effected. After the war Capt. Mariner resided many years at Harlem and on Ward's Island. He was classed as a strange and eccentric man, full of wit and an inexhaustible fund of anecdotes, but was not especially popular among his associates and neighbors.

One of the favorite cruising haunts of Capt. Hyler was between Egg Harbor and Staten Island. He was a man of wonderful nerve, with great power of endurance, fertile in resources, and prompt to act in situations requiring instant action.

Mention has been made of the British fleet sent to patrol the waters of the sound. The corvette, mounting twenty guns, anchored one foggy evening almost abreast of Hyler's headquarters, a short distance from Egg Harbor. The tap of the drum and words of command from the officer of the deck could be distinctly heard on shore. Incredible as it may appear, Capt. Hyler determined to attempt the capture of the formidable cruiser. He had ascertained that the vessel was short-handed, having dropped from her station above with the intention of making an early departure for Halifax. The available force of the intrepid whaleboat commander consisted of forty-six well-armed and resolute men, expert at the oar, trained to silence and dexterity, so as not to be heard at close quarters, even with three or four boats pulling in company. Well had they been named "marine devils" by their red-coated foes.

The whaleboat's men were divided into two parties, Hyler taking one, his Lieutenant the other. Two swift boats were soon pulling up stream, with oars muffled,

keeping well in the shadows of the rugged shore. The night was intensely dark, rendering so small an object as a boat close to the surface of the water impossible to be detected by the sharpest-eyed sentry and lookout. Once in the full influence of the tide, a grapnel was thrown overboard, to which was attached a long, stout line. All hands disappeared beneath the thwarts, and but two heads were visible, the leader in the stern sheets and the bow oarsman, who veered away the line. Like a shadow, the whaleboat in charge of the Lieutenant hovered alongside the corvette, while the officer, his head on a level with the muzzle of the guns, swung himself into the forechannels to reconnoitre. The anchor watch had gathered forward, the officer of the deck was leaning idly over the cabin companionway, intent upon what was passing below, while the marine in the after gangway nodded at his post. Dropping cautiously on deck the daring whaleboatman glanced hastily about him. A book covered with canvas, hanging from a nail beside a spy-glass in a rack over the steps leading to the officers' quarters, caught his vigilant eye. Gliding swiftly aft he grasped the coveted prize, regaining his boat without being perceived. He had secured the signal-book of the Royal Navy.

Dropping under the stern, the open windows revealed the officers drinking wine and engaging in a game of cards. Capt. Hyler listened to the report of his assistant, put the signal-book in a place of safety, and at once pulled for the corvette. The boats boarded on opposite sides, the whaleboatmen gaining the deck before an alarm was sounded, the officers, as well as the watch on deck, being secured without creating a general alarm. The surprise was complete. Prisoners were handcuffed and conveyed on shore, while the commander wept and

wrung his hands when the flames of his vessel lit up the surrounding gloom, recognizing that his career as an officer had been forever disgraced. It was not until the vessel had blown up that the commander informed Capt. Hyler that the cabin transom had held £50,000 in gold.

One of the most daring exploits of Capt. Hyler was his visit to New York with his men disguised and equipped as a British press gang. The object was to secure the notorious renegade and Tory, Lippincott—Pete Lippincott—who had savagely butchered Capt. Huddy, a brave Continental officer. The patriots had offered a handsome reward for him, dead or alive, and Capt. Hyler resolved to seek him in his lair.

With a select crew in one whaleboat he sallied forth from the kilns after dark, reaching the foot of Whitehall Street as the church bells chimed 10 o'clock. Secreting the boat and leaving a guard to watch it, the party pursued their way through Canvasstown, as it was then called. It was the worst locality in the city, the lowest sink hole of iniquity possible for a human being to frequent. The house of Lippincott was reached, surrounded and the inmates secured, but the head of the family, fortunately for himself, had that night attended a cock-fight, and saved his neck from the fate he richly deserved. On the return trip down the bay a large East Indiaman was encountered, which fell an easy prize to the whaleboatmen. The crew were set adrift, the ship taken to a secure hiding-place, where the rich cargo was removed and the ship burned.

Capt. Hyler and his men once paid a visit to the house of a noted loyalist Colonel, residing at a place known as Flatlands. The Colonel was taken, the house searched, and two bags, supposed to contain guineas, passed into the whaleboat. When daylight dawned, while pulling up the Raritan, the bags were examined, and found to

contain pennies, belonging to the church of Flatlands. The Colonel had the satisfaction of indulging in a hearty laugh at the expense of his captors.

Hyler operated on the land as well as upon the water, and with equal success. In addition to capturing a number of richly laden prizes, he took a Hessian Major at night from the house of Michael Bergen, at Gowanus, when his soldiers were encamped upon the lawn in front of the house. He surprised and took a Sergeant's guard at Canarsie from the headquarters of their Captain. The guard were at supper, their muskets stacked together in the hall, with no one by to guard them, and fell an easy prize to the whaleboatmen. The arms were seized, as well as the silver belonging to the followers of the King, and while the officers were compelled to accompany their captors, the privates were directed to report to Col. Axtell, in New Jersey, with the compliments of Capt. Hyler.

On another occasion he captured four trading sloops, one of which was armed, at Sandy Hook. One was carried off, the balance burned, the share of prize money per man amounting to £400.

The captain of a vessel taken by Hyler published the following account of the affair in the Pocket in 1779:

"I was on deck with three or four men on a very pleasant evening, with our sentinel fixed. Our vessel was at anchor near Sandy Hook, and the Lion, man-of-war, about a quarter of a mile distant. It was calm and clear, with a full moon, about three hours above the horizon. Suddenly we heard several pistols discharged into the cabin and perceived at our elbows a number of armed persons, fallen, as it were, from the clouds, who ordered us to surrender in a moment or we were dead men. Upon this we were turned into the hold and the

hatches barred over us. The firing, however, had alarmed the man-of-war, who hailed us and desired to know what was the matter, and Capt. Hyler was kind enough to answer for us, saying that all was well, which satisfied the cruiser."

But a brief outline covering the deeds of the whale-boatmen of the Revolution has been given. But it will serve to convince the reader that their valorous deeds in the cause of liberty have received but scant notice and courtesy from the hands of most historians. It is impossible to restrain one's admiration of their skill and courage, and although their usefulness ended with the Revolutionary War, their names and gallantry have a high place in naval annals.

ADVENTUROUS CAREER AND PATHETIC END OF CAPTAIN JAMES DREW.

In the Episcopal churchyard connected with the quaint village of Lewes, Del., stands a monument, stained and weather-beaten, bearing an inscription all but worn away by the action of time and force of the elements. It was erected in memory of James Drew, a valorous though reckless young American seaman who fought bravely during the Revolution. His career and services deserve a more extended and prominent place in history than the few obscure lines traced on the crumbling marble which marks the neglected resting-place of the brave but unfortunate patriot.

James Drew was an early applicant for a naval position, but, owing to a scarcity of ships, failed to obtain from Congress the commission and active service he longed for. He bore the English no love, and when serving as second mate, sailing out of Philadelphia, had been taken out of the vessel while in a West India port

to serve on an English man-of-war. Drew was a tall, powerful stripling, whose breadth of chest and shoulders and bright, intelligent face formed a physique not to be passed lightly by. He was seized under the pretense of being an English deserter and quickly transferred to the deck of an English frigate. For two years he found no opportunity of escaping from his persecutors, and in that time had acquired a perfect mastery of naval drill and discipline which afterwards proved of inestimable value to the young commander. The battle of Bunker Hill had been fought when young Drew severed his connection with the Royal Navy in the following manner :

He had won the favor and good opinion of all the officers of the *Medusa* frigate, then lying at Halifax, save one, the Lieutenant who had been the means of impressing the young American. He had not forgotten or forgiven the bitter invectives indulged in by Drew when struggling for liberty on the deck of the molasses drogher, and to the end remained his uncompromising enemy. The officer in question had advanced in rank until he filled the position of second in command, while Drew held a warrant as gunner. On some trumped-up wrong the First Lieutenant, in the absence of his superior, summoned the object of his hatred to the quarterdeck, where, in presence of the ship's company, he disgraced and struck the American. Drew incurred the penalty of death by knocking his persecutor down, and before a hand could be outstretched to prevent him he had leaped overboard and was swimming for the shore. The marines fired promptly upon the escaping fugitive, while four boats were piped away with orders to bring the deserter back, dead or alive. The shadows of a dark and stormy night soon enveloped the retreating form of Drew, who, diving beneath the surface, doubled on his pursuers,

swam toward the frigate, coming up under the heavy counter, gaining a footing on the rudder. A passing wood schooner afforded him the opportunity of making an attempt for liberty and evading the fate which stared him in the face. He concealed himself on board until clear of the harbor, boarded another vessel that was bound down the coast, succeeding after many perils and hardships in once more regaining his native land. At Philadelphia his reputation as a seaman and navigator was well known, while Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution and friend of Washington, took the young man in charge. Through the influence of his powerful protector he could have had a Lieutenant's commission in the Continental navy, but this was changed for a plan which suited young Drew's temperament much better.

Provided with letters from Morris to a number of celebrated personages in France, Drew crossed the ocean authorized to negotiate for a large loan of gold and war material, and succeeded by dint of persuasion and the influence of Morris' name in obtaining command of a French armed ship called the *De Brock*. No time was lost in preparing for sea, the only drawback to Drew's satisfaction being the fact that his crew consisted entirely of Frenchmen. With the gold intended for the cause of liberty stowed in the run, with ammunition and small arms placed below hatches, Drew sailed for America, carrying in the cabin a number of French officers seeking service under Washington, and who had authority over the treasure, relative to its handling and disposition. The nature of the vessel, destination, and character of cargo had been kept secret as possible, enabling him to gain the sea without detention, and the course was shaped for Synopuxette Bay, near where now stands

Ocean City, Md. The point was reached in safety and the contents of the De Brock's hold were soon landed. Wagons, under the escort of soldiers, accompanied by the French passengers, conveyed both treasure and war material to Wilmington. The arms and ammunition were at once forwarded to army headquarters, while the gold, for some mysterious reason, was deposited in the cellar of a large mansion occupied by French officers serving with the Americans. There it remained all winter, so states the records, though why Robert Morris did not assume possession of the specie, which was so much needed, is not so plain.

In the spring the officers were compelled to shift their quarters, when it was discovered that the gold which had been so jealously guarded had been by some mysterious process abstracted from the original packages. The flaming torches held on high by the Frenchmen revealed naught but walls and arches of solid masonry, with windows barred and massive doors bolted and locked. No indications of violence could be found. No developments concerning the strange affair were ever unearthed, and the mystery involved with the disappearance of the gold remains a dark and forgotten episode of the Revolution.

The De Brock, meanwhile, had not been idle. Once rid of her cargo, Capt. Drew found a way of creating vacancies among the crew, until, with a freshening breeze, he passed the capes, his ship manned wholly by hardy and experienced fishermen, well drilled and anxious to meet the enemy. Early on the morning of the third day a sail was sighted in the southern offing, close hauled and standing for the De Brock. In a short time the character of the stranger was revealed, as she displayed the ensign and pennant of Old England, and

on the part of the *De Brock*, a banner bearing the device of a rattlesnake, with thirteen rattles, coiled at the foot of a tree, in the act of striking. Both vessels had cleared for action, and no time was lost in coming to close quarters. Running before the wind, yardarm and yardarm within half pistol-shot distance, broadsides were exchanged in rapid succession. The gunnery on both sides was none of the best, which fact rendered Drew impatient, who, watching a favorable opportunity, when both vessels were enshrouded in smoke, motioned to his sailing-master, and with a crash the two vessels swung together.

"Follow me, men!" shouted the impetuous Drew, leaping on the quarterdeck of his adversary, cutlass in hand, to find himself immediately confronted by the English commander. A mutual shout of astonishment and fierce exultation from each revealed the fact that the leaders were no strangers to each other. The Lieutenant of a press gang of a few years back had won the epaulets of a commander, while his would-be victim confronted him, the leader of a powerful and well-disciplined force. As their swords crossed no heed was bestowed upon the conflict raging about them. All of their energies were concentrated upon one object, to have each other's life-blood.

The British commander, forced backward a step as Drew pressed him fiercely, stumbled over a ringbolt and fell at his opponent's feet.

"Resume your sword," said Drew, contemptuously; "I prefer to kill you with your weapon in your hand."

"Look to yourself, rebel and deserter. Your life is forfeited, and no mercy shall you receive from my hand."

"Wait until I ask it," was the reply, and the duel was resumed. The Englishman's sword snapped at the

hilt; but, leaping nimbly aside, he drew a pistol, firing point-blank at his foe. Drew felt his cocked hat lifted from his head, his scalp feeling as if seared by a red-hot iron. At the same instant his sword passed through the commander's body, and the feud between them was settled forever. The ship was carried, and was manned by a prize crew, but was lost in a terrific storm which shortly after swept the Southern coast.

The cruise of the *De Brock* extended as far as the West Indies, many a sick Jamaica trader falling into the hand of the patriots. After a long series of successes Drew returned to Lewes, recruited and sailed again.

To recount all the incidents attending the career of the *De Brock* and her commander would no doubt prove of absorbing interest, but the records have been lost, and little remains to be related concerning him save the manner in which the valorous seaman lost his life.

He had become enamored with one of Lewes' fair maidens, and she, looking into the depths of her lover's eyes, had secured from him a solemn promise to give up the life he was leading upon the completion of his next voyage. Shortly after the *De Brock* sailed upon what was indeed her final cruise.

In the course of time two large English ships were captured, loaded with valuable cargoes, and carrying an immense amount of gold specie. A gale of wind had separated them from the convoy, and, when overtaken by the *De Brock*, were tacking off shore to discover, if possible, some signs of their scattered fleet. The treasure had been transferred to the afterhold of the American cruiser, while rich bundles and packages of merchandise were also stowed in a place of safety. The value of the prize was estimated at not far from £1,000,000, sufficient

to make all connected with the De Brock more than comfortable for life.

Satisfied with the unprecedented success that had befallen him, Drew shaped his course for Lewes, driving the De Brock over the turbulent surges of the Atlantic as she had never been forced before. As the capes of Delaware were sighted, the elated commander allowed the sailing-master to assume charge, while he, naturally exultant over the wonderful success of his efforts, and in consideration that he was about to take final leave of his officers and crew, deemed the occasion one demanding from him an expression of his appreciation of their valor and faithfulness. He forthwith ordered his steward and servants to prepare the table in the cabin, and a luxurious entertainment was prepared. The shores of his native land were close aboard, the rugged outlines of his birthplace were before him. The cheering tides of prosperity swept him onward to a safe haven, and almost in imagination he felt the soft lips, warm caresses, and waving locks of his beloved awaiting his arrival on the pebbly beach.

The decanters had been circulating rapidly, when, amid the revels, the piercing strains of the boatswain's whistle and his mates were heard summoning all hands to shorten sail. The flapping of canvas and thrashing of blocks, with loud words of command, were heard above the boisterous mirth and incessant clinking of glasses, which, in a measure, had kept from the ears of revelers the whistling of the rising gale through the taut rigging. The sea had suddenly sprang up, causing the De Brock to pitch and roll in a very erratic and uncomfortable manner.

Capt. Drew, flushed with wine, his brain clouded by the fumes of the choicest vintage of France, appeared

on deck, and, in an unsteady voice, chided the cool, experienced, steady-going old sailing-master for reducing sail and placing single reefs in the topsails. He was in no mood to have the speed of the good ship checked, with the spires and cottages of Lewes in sight from the quarterdeck. Besides, were not the eyes of his sweetheart upon him, as well as those of his neighbors and friends? He would show them what their townsman, the favorite of fortune, could do, and what the De Brock was capable of performing. Trumpet in hand, he thundered forth order after order, resulting in all sail being made again, until the topgallant sails were bulging and straining at sheets and braces as the wind swept fiercely o'er the darkening sea. Hauling by the wind, in order to head up for the harbor, the full force of the sharp, whistling tempest was felt upon the straining, tugging canvas of the wildly careening ship, and from many a bronzed and furrowed cheek came glances of astonishment and apprehension, as seamen, who had gathered experience in every clime, looked anxiously aloft, to windward, and on the quarterdeck, where stood Drew in full Continental uniform. But such was the discipline on the De Brock that not a murmur reached the ears of the master spirit. He had charge of the ship now, which no one on board would have the hardihood to interfere with, knowing full well the impetuous and intolerant spirit of the commander when his mettle was up. No one who valued his life would have hazarded the shadow of a suggestion.

Unyielding and stubborn, Drew stood to windward, while a heavier squall than usual whitened the crests of the swelling surges. A crash, a shriek, a flashing of snowy canvas against the sullen, gloomy background, and as the gallant vessel plunged into a seething sea,

rolling heavily to leeward, the hungry waves leaped above the submerged rail, a black torrent of roaring water choked the open hatchways, and the De Brock, like a flash of light, a cloud of feathery vapor, disappeared from the horrified gaze of the interested spectators, who with glasses had been watching the movements and wondering at the extraordinary press of canvas being carried upon the vessel.

The De Brock turned bottom up but a short distance from Cape Henlopen, carrying with her gold and jewels, rich bales of rare merchandise and folds of delicate, fragile lace, representing immense values. A few of the ship's company succeeded in reaching floating remnants of wreckage and were rescued by their townspeople, who hastened to the rescue with beating hearts and sorrowful minds. Among the survivors was the gray-haired sailing-master, who lived to tell to his descendants and friends the many exciting incidents connected with the French-built craft that Drew had gained and commanded with consummate skill and gallantry.

The lifeless body of Capt. Drew, his jaunty uniform and gold epaulets entwined with seaweed, but scarcely marred by rock or sand shore, was found cast up on the beach, cold and rigid in death, his handsome features proud and exultant even in death, his curly brown hair streaming over the high collar of uniform coat, and his dark eyes wide open, staring fixedly at the lowering heavens.

On the extreme point of Henlopen, after a heavy gale has been raging and a fierce sea rolling in and thundering along the beach, fragments and debris of wreckage have often been cast up by the action of the waves, and it is current rumor in that vicinity that more than one individual who now ranks as a leading and influential man

owes success and prominence to James Drew's misfortune and the treasure washed out by the sea from amid the sodden timbers of the ill-fated *De Brock*. The wreck of that vessel is but one instance in a long list of similar disasters.

At the close of the Revolution, a brig laden with specie was wrecked in close proximity to the cape, and was followed soon after by a huge Spanish treasure ship, her hold well ballasted with pieces of eight and stamped bars of the precious metal. Another Spanish bark laden with the choicest treasures from the land of the Incas came to grief on the treacherous shoals one dark and stormy night, but three escaping to tell the tale of horror.

BURNING OF THE FRIGATE PHILADELPHIA IN THE HARBOR
OF TRIPOLI BY STEPHEN DECATUR.

Among the exploits of our sailors there is one which for daring is almost unparalleled in the history of naval warfare. It was a desperate undertaking, and had the enterprise failed those who undertook it would probably have been laughed at as foolhardy, but its success justified the daring of the little band of heroes and brought not only fame, but reward to all concerned.

The story of the Barbary pirates and their former control of the Mediterranean is too well known to need repeating. Such was once the power of the petty states which bordered the southern shore of the Mediterranean that they levied blackmail on every maritime nation of the world. No ship entered or left the Mediterranean without paying tribute to the Moors. The Deys of Algiers, of Tunis, of Tripoli, became immensely wealthy through the contributions they levied on Christian vessels and the tributes paid by Christian States for immunity from piracy. The United States was one of the na-

tions which officially helped to fill the coffers of these barbarian chieftains, but even the tribute which was paid did not secure immunity, and in the early years of this century it was perceived that something must be done by the government to protect United States commerce in that quarter of the world. Then came the war with the Algerian States, a conflict entirely on the sea, for the distance, of course, was too great for an army to be sent from this country, and the war practically amounted to a blockade of the ports and the capture of such corsairs as attempted to enter or leave.

In the autumn of 1803, the *Philadelphia*, a frigate of thirty-six guns, in those days a man-of-war of the first class, was blockading the harbor of Tripoli. A storm came on, the ship was driven to sea, and on returning after the wind had lulled noticed a brigantine endeavoring to steal into the port. The *Philadelphia* gave chase and pursued the corsair close into the shore and within three miles of the guns of the forts. Capt. Bainbridge, of the *Philadelphia*, expressed his uneasiness at running so close to the shore, but the sailing-master professed an intimate acquaintance with the neighborhood, having been there before, and the pursuit was continued. Bainbridge did not know that he was among reefs, but without a moment's notice the ship grounded with such violence that many of the men were thrown down on the deck. As soon as the corsairs perceived that the ship was fast they sailed out from Tripoli to attack the vessel, and during the day of October 31 the fight was kept up, while ineffectual efforts were being made to get off the ship by cutting away the foremast and throwing overboard all the forward guns, but toward evening Bainbridge, recognizing the inevitable, and fearing lest when night came on the ship might be boarded and all on

board massacred by the pirates, he scuttled the ship and surrendered the vessel.

The pirates swarmed on board, ordered the prisoners, 315 in number, including twenty-one officers, into their boats and took them to shore. Day, the American poet, who was one of the crew, thus describes an experience as the captive of the Moors: "When we approached the shore, we were thrown headlong into the waves, foaming from a high breeze, where the water was up to our arm-pits, and left to strangle, or get ashore as we could. At the beach stood a row of armed janizaries, through which we passed, amidst cursings and spittings, to the castle gate. It opened and we ascended a narrow, winding, dismal passage, which led into a paved avenue lined with grizzly guards, armed with sabres, muskets, pistols, and hatchets. Here we halted again a few moments, and were again hurried on through various turnings and flights of stairs, until we found ourselves in the presence of his majesty, the puissant Bashaw of Tripoli.

"The throne on which he was seated was raised about 4 feet from the surface, inlaid with mosaic, covered with a cushion of the richest velvet, fringed with gold, bespangled with brilliants. The floor of the hall was of variegated marble, spread with carpets of the most beautiful kind. The person of the Grand Bashaw made a very tawdry appearance. His clothing was a long robe of blue silk, embroidered with gold. His broad belt, ornamented with diamonds, held two gold-mounted pistols and a sabre with a golden scabbard, hilt and chains. On his head he wore a large white turban, decorated in the richest manner. His whole vestments were superb in the extreme. His dark beard swept his breast. I should suppose him to be about 40, is rather corpulent, 5 feet 10 inches in height, and of a manly, majestic deportment,

"When he had satisfied his pride and curiosity, the guard conducted us into a dreary and filthy apartment of the castle, where there was scarcely room for us to turn round and where we were kept for nearly two hours, shivering in our wet clothes and with the chills of a very damp night. The Neapolitan slaves, of whom the Bashaw had more than 150, brought us dry clothing to exchange for our wet, and we sincerely thanked them for their apparent kindness, expecting to receive ours again when dry; but the trickish scoundrels never returned our clothes nor made us any restitution. Our clothing was new, and what they brought us in exchange was old and ragged."

Two days after the ship had grounded the Moors got her off, recovered most of her guns and brought her into the harbor of Tripoli, where she formed a substantial addition to the Bashaw's fleet. While in captivity Bainbridge found means to communicate through the Danish Consul in Tripoli with the Americans, and wrote a letter to Capt. Edward Preble, of the *Constitution*, then in the Mediterranean, describing the position of the *Philadelphia* in the harbor and suggesting that an expedition be sent to destroy her. Stephen Decatur was then a young Lieutenant, in command of the sloop *Enterprise*. A few days after the letter from Bainbridge was received he had captured, south of Sicily, a ketch named the *Mastico*, filled with female negro slaves, and brought his prize into Syracuse, where the slaves were liberated, and the property on board was sold for the benefit of the crew. As soon as Decatur heard of Bainbridge's suggestion he was eager to undertake the task in his own ship, the *Enterprise*. But his proposal was rejected by Preble, who believed the *Mastico* better suited for the task, and ordered that she be employed. "Volunteers for an unusually

dangerous service" were called for, and sixty-two responded, the number being subsequently increased to sixty-nine, and among them, besides Decatur himself, then a mere boy of 24, were two other boys destined to play an important part in naval affairs. One was James Lawrence, a midshipman of 16 years, the other Thomas McDonough, of 20.

A large quantity of combustibles was prepared and placed in the ketch, and with his daring crew Decatur left Syracuse for Tripoli in company with the brig *Siren*, which was to wait off the harbor and pick up the Americans in case they should be compelled to take to the small boats. On February 9, 1804, the expedition sailed from Syracuse and arrived off Tripoli by night, but a furious gale from the shore precluded the possibility of making the attack, and for six days the voyagers were tossed to and fro on the waves of the Mediterranean, their little vessel being almost swamped by the heavy seas.

On the morning of February 16 the sun rose fair and clear, the combustibles were examined and found to be dry and in good order, and sail was made for the harbor, the ketch and brig proceeding slowly in order not to arrive before night. As the darkness came on the brig paused in the offing, while under a brisk breeze the ketch sailed into the harbor. An hour later the wind lulled and the ketch slowly drifted toward the Philadelphia, which was plainly visible from its great bulk, the lighted portholes indicating that the crew was still awake. As the ketch approached it was guided so as to foul the Philadelphia at the bowsprit, and the Maltese pilot who had been taken on board at Syracuse principally because he could speak Arabic called to the officer on the Philadelphia and requested permission to make fast to the

ship's ropes, for the ketch had lost all her anchors in the storm. Permission was given, and a line was cast, which was caught by the three or four men who appeared on the little boat. The remainder, stripped to the waist for battle, and with cutlasses and pistols ready to hand, lay stowed away behind the bulwarks and invisible to the corsairs.

The Tripolitan officer in command asked the pilot what ship was in the offing, for the Siren had been seen, and the Maltese replied that it was an English brig waiting for daylight to cross the bar and enter the harbor. Not the least suspicion was roused in the minds of the corsairs, although the rope which made fast the ketch to the Philadelphia was even then being handled by the men concealed beneath the bulwarks of the little slaver. As, however, a line must be fastened from the stern to the larger vessel before boarding could be effected, it was quite possible that the men would be discovered as soon as the ketch was brought alongside. The pilot, however, kept the Moors entertained with narratives of the cargo the ketch contained, manufacturing very clever stories of the beautiful slaves and immense wealth on board. A moment later the stern line was made fast and the ketch brought alongside, when the Moors discovered the figures beneath the bulwarks and raised the cry of alarm, "Americanos! Americanos!"

Decatur had divided his men into five crews—one to remain on board and guard the ketch, the other four were first to storm the upper deck of the Philadelphia, then three parties were to go below and fire the ship, while the fourth held the deck against possible Moorish reinforcements. The moment the ketch was brought alongside Decatur gave the word, "Boarders, away!" and the American boys swarmed through the portholes

and up over the bulwarks of the Philadelphia. So sudden and furious was the onslaught that the Moors were taken by surprise, and as the Americans rushed forward, cutlass in hand, fled before them, jumping into the water to escape the terrible enemy. Of the Moorish crew of nearly 300 on board, twenty were killed outright, how many were drowned could not be ascertained, but a number, afraid to leap from the ship, hid below to perish a few minutes later like rats in their holes.

In five minutes from the time of boarding the deck was cleared of the pirate crew, the work being done solely with the cutlass; not a shot was fired from beginning to end. The parties appointed to do the firing at once began the work of hauling the combustibles aboard and passing them to the lower decks, cabin and hold. Fire was set to the ship in a dozen different places and the flames spread with such rapidity that some of the Americans had a narrow escape, and one was severely scorched by being compelled to pass up through a burning hatchway. The work was well done, and, as the flames appeared through the portholes, a rocket was sent up from the ketch to notify the brig outside that the enterprise had been successful.

Their work finished, the Americans hastily let themselves down into the ketch, and not a moment too soon, for so rapidly did the flames spread that there was danger of their little boat taking fire. The Philadelphia was a mass of glowing flames before the ketch could be disengaged, and such was the draught of air toward the burning ship that for some moments it seemed uncertain whether the ketch could be gotten away. The stern and sails did actually take fire, but a few buckets of water extinguished the blaze, and the men set to work with a will at the oars, of which there were four on each side.

The capture of the ship had been effected without apparently the least suspicion on shore of what was going on. The Philadelphia lay directly under the guns of the largest fort and not quite 400 yards away. Long before the swimmers from the ship could reach the shore the blaze warned the garrisons of the forts that something was wrong. Small boats were immediately dispatched, some of the swimmers picked up, and thus the truth became known. As the ketch was in plain view, a heavy fire was at once commenced and from a hundred guns on each side of the harbor belched forth flame and iron in vengeance for the daring act. But whether from haste or inefficiency, the aim of the gunners was bad, and although shell and shot plowed up the water all around the ketch she was struck but once, and then only by a ball going through the sail.

More to be dreaded than the artillery fire was the swarm of boats crammed with corsairs that put forth from the shore in pursuit. Decatur said afterwards that the little crew of the ketch must have been chased by a hundred craft of all sizes, containing probably a couple of thousand men, but the pirates reasoned very correctly that Americans who could attempt so desperate an act as the burning of a ship almost within stone's throw of the forts were not to be trifled with in a hand-to-hand engagement, so kept at a respectful distance and contented themselves with a running fire of musketry. The Americans replied, those not at the oars maintaining a lively fusillade, while another rocket was sent up as a signal to the brig for aid. It was responded to by a rocket in the offing, the Siren's boats, full of well-armed men, put off to the rescue, and as soon as they came within firing distance the Tripolitans withdrew.

Thus was achieved what Lord Nelson called the most

daring act of the age. Not an American was killed, only one was wounded, he very slightly, and a third was, as already stated, severely scorched. Every participant in this hazardous adventure received his reward. Decatur, although only a boy, was made Captain; Lawrence and McDonough received substantial promotion; and every seaman was voted two months' extra pay. The exploit had serious consequences for the crew of the Philadelphia, for the Dey of Tripoli fell into a furious passion at the loss of the ship and at once consigned the Americans to the filthiest dungeons in his castle, where they remained until liberated at the close of the war. The act of Decatur's expedition had an important influence in bringing the war to an early conclusion, for, as the Danish Consul expressed it in an interview with the Dey, "If the Americans can burn your ships lying under the guns of the fort, they may undertake to burn your palace over your head," and the Dey seems to have taken the same view of it. He did not have long to reflect upon the matter, however, for in less than six months Preble's squadron arrived off Tripoli with better pilots than those of the Philadelphia, sailed through the intricate channels, entered the harbor, bombarded the forts and town, and the Dey was glad to conclude a treaty of peace, releasing all the American prisoners and promising not to demand nor exact tribute from American vessels. Decatur's later career fully justified the reputation he won in his earliest exploit, but none of his subsequent deeds of bravery exceeded the burning of the Philadelphia.

MCDUGALL'S PLUCKY FIGHT IN SIMONOSEKI STRAITS.

Another of the almost unrecorded chapters in the annals of the American Navy was the heroic action be-

tween the U. S. ship Wyoming, Commander McDugall, and three Japanese cruisers supported by six shore batteries, during the Civil War.

The Wyoming had her part in all the hardest of blockading and cruising service and fought well whenever she had a chance. She was sent at the same time as her sister ship, the Kearsarge, to cruise for that scourge of the seas, the Alabama, and just missed her by the merest chance on two occasions in the China Seas. From there the Alabama squared away for the Atlantic again and went to meet her fate under the heights of Cherbourg, while the Wyoming sailed to her hardest fight with the forces of the Tycoon.

It was in 1863, toward the end of the dual reign of the Tycoon and the Mikado. Japan was in the throes of civil war, and the foes of the rebel princes were resisting to the last the passing of the old feudal system.

The Prince of Nagato was one of these, and from his tiny kingdom that fronted on the Straits of Simonoseki he declared himself lord of all he surveyed, including the neighboring seas, from which he took as generous toll as did ever the pirate chiefs of Tariffa. He had laid violent hands upon the vessels of various powers, including Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, and the United States. Representatives of these powers had protested, but the protests had been of little moment. The Japanese central government had disavowed the acts of the pirate prince, but confessed its inability to deal with him while more formidable matters engaged its attention.

Meanwhile Prince Nagato throve and flourished, and one day fired on the American merchantman Pembroke, having failed to wring tribute or blackmail by any other means, and killed two of her crew. Another diplomatic protest from the combined foreign representatives fol-

lowed, but Commander McDugall, who was in port with the Wyoming, suggested that if the Mikado could not subdue his rebellious subject the Wyoming could and would without much urging. Accordingly, McDugall was given *carte blanche* to settle accounts with the Prince of Nagato in behalf of all the powers concerned.

It was the middle of July when the Wyoming found herself in the Straits of Simonoseki and in sight of the shore batteries, which were a part of the prince's defenses to seaward. Before she had time to open on the batteries two Japanese gunboats loomed up, one ahead and one astern, in the narrow straits, and presently a third came cruising out from among the neighboring islands. It was a nasty place for a fight, McDugall being without charts or pilots, and the odds were more than enough for Nelson himself, being forty-eight guns of the three Japanese vessels to the twenty-six of the old Wyoming, to say nothing of the batteries on shore.

Working to windward of the nearest Japanese ship, the Wyoming opened at long range, and worked down on her till when close aboard there was nothing of the enemy left standing above decks. The other two vessels had come up in the meantime and engaged the American on either side, but she lay to and gave them shot for shot, port and starboard, till her gunners were smoke-blind and the flame of the guns no longer served to light the battle-cloud that rolled in white billows over the smooth waters of the straits. It was desperate work in the shallow water, but the Wyoming was the best vessel and she outmaneuvered her two opponents from the start, though twice aground and once afire, with as many men disabled from splinters and heat as from the enemy's shot.

Fighting themselves out of one smoke-patch into another, the three combatants circled around till they had drifted down in range of the shore batteries, which opened upon the Wyoming. But McDugall ran across the bows of one of his enemies, raked her as he went and left her a floating wreck, and then turned his attention to the batteries. The Wyoming's men rigged the smith's forge on deck and tossed hot shot into the works ashore till they set them afire, and the soldiers fled, and the crew of the remaining cruiser followed their example.

McDugall mended his rigging and patched his bulwarks, sent word to the recalcitrant prince to arrange for indemnity, which he did. The share of the United States was \$300,000.

In this action McDugall's loss was five men killed and six wounded.

CAPTAIN MCGIFFEN AT THE BATTLE OF THE YALU.

On September 17, 1894, the Chinese ironclad Chen-Yuen with her sister ship, the flagship Ting-Yuen, and nine smaller war vessels, met the Japanese off the mouth of the Yalu River.

The Chen-Yuen was protected by 12 and 14-inch armor, and carried four 12.2-inch, two 6-inch, and twelve machine guns. Her commander was Captain McGiffen of the United States Navy.

Here the famous battle of the Yalu, the first great trial of modern ironclads, was fought. Owing to the cowardice of several Chinese commanders, who ran away at the first exchange of shots, eight Chinese ships did all the fighting against the twelve ships of the enemy. The battle was altogether a contest of Orientals, except that one man of European blood, trained in the naval school of a great Western power, commanded the Chen-Yuen—

Philo Norton McGiffin, of the United States Navy. His fighting that day was the dramatic climax of a brave and spotless life that had been a nineteenth-century revival of knight-errantry. The lives of none of the free-lances and fearless adventurers from Hawkesworth to Gordon were more romantic than that of McGiffin.

The reduction by Congress of the U. S. naval force sent adrift Lieutenant McGiffin, a graduate of Annapolis in the class of '82. As China was engaged in war in Asia, McGiffin straightway tendered his services to the Chinese Government. The result was eventually that China took one French gunboat in a war otherwise entirely disastrous to her. In 1887 McGiffin became the head of the Chinese Naval Academy at Wei-Hai-Wei. This was the reason for his command of one of China's two most formidable warships in the battle which decided the outcome of the Chino-Japanese war.

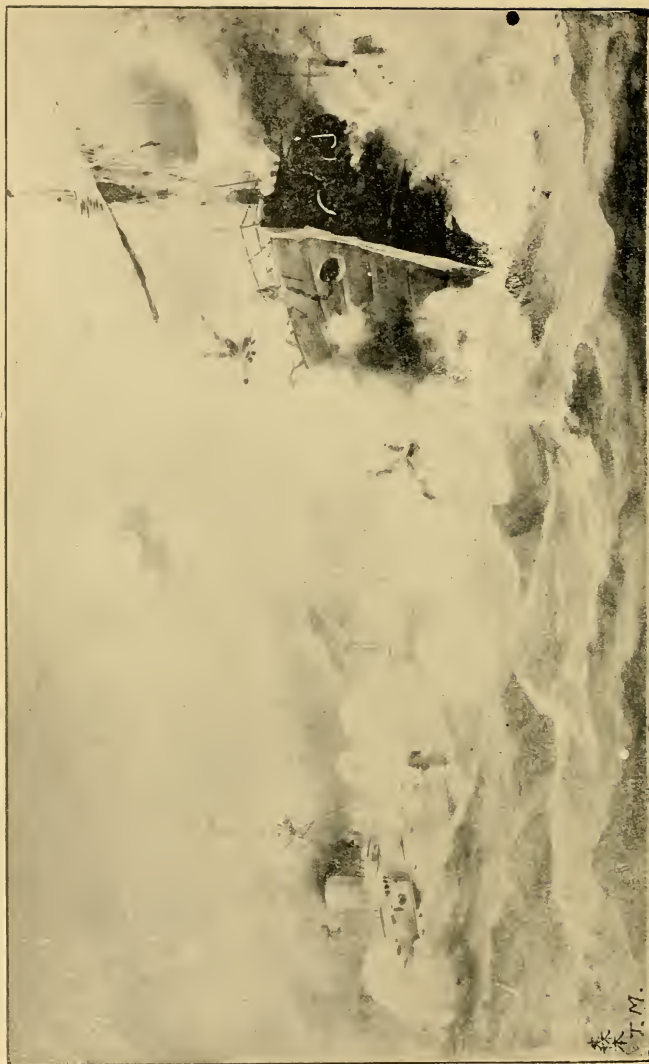
The crews of the Chinese fleet had gone through their morning drill and dinner was nearly ready when smoke from the Japanese ships was sighted by the lookout. The appearance of Japan's fleet had been expected for a week, but nevertheless the blood in every man's veins throbbed quick as the call to action sounded throughout the fleet. The Chen-Yuen had already been stripped for action. The decks were cleared for the passage of ammunition and for the free movement of the crew and in order to secure unobstructed arcs of fire for the guns. The small boats had been abandoned, the ladders overboard or wrapped in wet canvas. These measures were taken to avoid the danger from fire and flying splinters, both of which are as much to be feared in a sea-fight as the enemy's shot. The gun-shields, by order of Captain McGiffin, had been removed from the big guns as affording no protection from heavy shot and as serving to in-

tercept and cause to explode shells that would otherwise pass over the heads of the gunners. The ship's fire-hose had been connected and let out and bags of sand and coal placed on deck to form breastwork against small shot. Ammunition for immediate use was piled beside the guns. The suggestive hospital appliances, bandages, and cots and chairs rigged for lowering the wounded to the sick bay, were in position. Buckets of sand were placed about the decks and inside the superstructure; for when men are torn to pieces the flow of blood makes the deck slippery.

In less than an hour after the Japanese ships dotted the horizon the battle had begun. The Chinese sailors were brave and eager for the fight. They were prepared neither to give nor take quarter and expected either to win or go down with their ship.

McGiffin stood motionless on the bridge listening to the reports of the range announced by the sub-lieutenant in the foretop as the fleets rapidly neared each other. The ordeal before him and his men was more terrible than soldiers had been called upon to face in regular battle since the beginning of human wars. That McGiffin fully realized the situation was shown by a letter written to his brother upon starting to meet the Japanese ships. "You know," he said, "it is four killed to one wounded since the new ammunition came in. It is better so. I don't want to be wounded. I prefer to step down or up and out of this world." Not extraordinary words, but splendidly expressive of a soldier-like way of facing fate.

The closing lines of this letter were sadly prophetic. McGiffin wrote: "I hate to think of being dreadfully mangled and then patched up, with half my limbs and senses gone."



BATTLE OF THE VALU.—Japanese Drawing.

He came home in exactly the condition he had described, and, true to his determination, chose to step up and out of it all.

There was no sound but the panting of the ship under forced draught. The men, grouped quietly at their stations, did not venture to speak even in whispers. "Fifty-two hundred metres," the range was called. Then the great yellow flag of China was raised to the main truck, the quick-firing guns opened fire, and the fight began.

The battle lasted for nearly five hours, with the two Chinese battleships as its centre.

It was estimated that McGiffin's ship was hit 400 times and 120 times by large shot or shell. The rain of projectiles visited every exposed point of the vessel. Early in the fight a shell exploded in the fighting top, instantly killing every one of its inmates. Indeed, all such contrivances proved to be deathtraps. Five shells burst inside the shields of the bow six-inch gun, completely gutting the place. Though the carnage was frightful, the Chinese sailors, with their commander to encourage them, stuck to their posts. A chief gunner was aiming his gun when a shell took off his head. The man behind him caught the body, passed it back to his companions, calmly finished the sighting of the piece and fired it.

The Chen-Yuen gave as hard knocks as she received, and until her ammunition ran low her fire was rapid and more effective than that of her adversaries. One of the last shells, fired under McGiffin's personal direction from a twelve-inch gun, disabled the thirteen-inch gun on the enemy's flagship, the Matsushima, and exploded the powder on deck, killing or wounding more than 100 Japanese officers and men. Then McGiffin's Chinamen cheered joyfully.

Throughout the whole fight McGiffin was the dominating spirit of his ship. He was at once her brains and her inspiration.

Even cowardice itself was moved by his fearless example. At the opening of the fight he discovered a lieutenant and a dozen terrified men hidden below one of the engine turrets. McGiffin thrashed the officer and sent them all on deck, where they afterward fought like heroes.

The five hours' strain on the commander was terrific, for there was no subordinate who could relieve him, and his presence was required everywhere. Whilst the fight was hottest a fire broke out in the superstructure above the forecastle. It became necessary to run out a hose in the range of the starboard guns, which had been ordered to fire to port across the forecastle. The men refused to do this until McGiffin called for volunteers and offered to lead them. Word was sent to the head-gunner at the starboard battery to train his pieces ahead, and McGiffin and his volunteers started with the hose for the forecastle. Half of the men were shot down by the enemy. As the captain stooped over to grasp the hose a shot passed between his legs, burning his wrists and severing the tail of his coat. A fragment of a shell that had burst against the tower wounded him a second time.

Meanwhile men at the forecastle gun were falling rapidly and the head-gunner was killed. The man who took his place, not knowing that his comrades were in front of his guns, discharged one of them. The explosion knocked the captain and his men down and killed several outright. At the same instant another shot struck McGiffin.

He would probably have remained there unconscious if water from a gash in the hose had not revived him.

His first glance on coming to his senses was into the muzzle of the starboard gun. It was slowly moving into position for firing. "What an ass I am to sit here and be blown to pieces," thought McGiffin. So he flung himself from the superstructure and fell eight feet to the deck below. With blood pouring from his mouth he crawled into the superstructure and told the men to carry him aft. In a few minutes he was fighting his ship again.

McGiffin stood very near a large gun when it exploded. He was almost blinded. His hair and eyebrows were burned off and his clothes torn and set on fire. There was a series of gashes in his trousers extending their entire length. Throughout the fight his ears were stuffed with cotton, as were those of all the gunners, but after the day's fighting his ear-drums were found to be permanently injured by concussion. Several times he was wounded by splinters, which he extracted himself.

With forty wounds in his body, holding an eyelid up with one hand, this man of iron nerve led the fighting on his ship until the Japanese vessels gave up the contest and he alone of all the Chinese commanders kept his ship in its proper position throughout the fight, thus protecting the flagship and saving the fleet from total destruction.

When the Japanese admiral withdrew, McGiffin navigated his ship to its dock. His mind never lost its effectiveness, though his body was shattered beyond repair. In fact, his body was described as being so covered with bruises that it resembled a checker-board.

In this action a new style of sea-fighting was inaugurated and an American sailor, a young man 34 years of age, set its standard for daring and fortitude under fire of the modern guns.

After his great battle Captain McGiffin, a mental and physical wreck, came to America to die. He met death as a brave man should, with but one regret: He wished that he might have had one chance to fight for his own country, with a Yankee crew at his back and a Yankee ship under him.



BLOWING UP OF THE MAINE IN HAVANA HARBOR.

THE EXPLOSION OF THE MAINE,

FEBRUARY 15, 1898.



THE U. S. S. Maine, Captain Charles D. Sigsbee commanding, entered the port of Havana, Island of Cuba, on the morning of January 25, 1898, and was assigned an anchorage by the harbor authorities.

The occasion for the presence of an American ship in those waters was the desire on the part of the United States to impress upon the Spanish Government her friendly attitude towards Spain. The usual visits of ceremony between the officers of the visiting ship and the Spanish officials followed.

At 9.40 on Tuesday evening, February 15th, an explosion occurred in the forward part of the Maine, so terrific in its character that it was heard for miles. Subsequently, Captain Sigsbee, in writing of the explosion, said: "I find it impossible to describe the sound or shock, but the impression remains of something awe-inspiring, terrifying—of noise, rending, vibrating, all-pervading. There is nothing in the former experience of anyone aboard to measure the explosion by."

The whole city was shaken by the force of the explosion, lights were put out in the streets, and the bay was illuminated by the flames of the burning ship.

The quarters of the crew were forward, and the destruction of life among them was appalling; of the 354 men and officers on board the *Maine*, only 101 escaped death, and many of those were severely wounded. Lieutenant Jenkins and Engineer Merritt were among the lost.

The ship went down very soon, bow first, and many of the crew were drowned in their quarters; the officers succeeded in getting three boats into the water, both captain and crew acting in the coolest and bravest manner conceivable.

Immediately after the explosion, the Spanish warship *Alfonso XII.* and the passenger steamers in the harbor lowered boats and all that was possible was done to save the few victims of the explosion scattered over the waters.

Captain Sigsbee, who commanded the *Maine*, telegraphed to the Secretary of the Navy: "*Maine* blown up in Havana harbor 9.40, and destroyed. Many wounded and doubtless more killed and drowned. Wounded and others on board Spanish man-of-war and Ward Line steamer. Send lighthouse tender from Key West for crew and few pieces of equipment still above water. No one had clothes other than those upon him."

The news of the disaster was spread broadcast over the length and breadth of the land.

The *Maine* was a battleship of the second class, and was regarded as one of the best ships in the new navy. She was built at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and was 318 feet long, 57 feet broad, 21.6 feet mean draught, and 6682 tons displacement.

She had two ten-inch vertical turrets and two military masts, and her motive power was furnished by twin screw vertical expansion engines, having a maximum horse-

power of 9293, capable of making a speed of 17.45 knots. She carried four ten-inch and six six-inch breech-loading guns in her main battery and seven six-pounders and eight one-pound rapid-fire guns and four Gatlings in her secondary battery, and four Whitehead torpedoes.

The officers of the Maine were: Captain, Charles D. Sigsbee, commanding; Lieutenant-Commander, Richard Wainwright; Lieutenants, George F. W. Holman, John Hood, and Carl W. Jungen; Lieutenants (junior grade), George P. Blow, John G. Blandin, and Friend W. Jenkins; Naval Cadets, Jonas H. Holden, Walt T. Cluverius, Amon Bronson, and David F. Boyd, Jr.; Surgeon, Lucien G. Heneberger; Paymaster, Charles W. Littlefield; Chief Engineer, Charles P. Howell; Passed Assistant Engineer, Frederick C. Bowers; Assistant Engineers, John R. Morris and Darwin R. Merritt; Naval Cadets (engineer division), Pope, Washington, and Crenshaw; Chaplain, John P. Chidwick; First Lieutenant of Marines, Albertus W. Catlin; Boatswain, Francis E. Larkin; Gunner, Joseph Hill; Carpenter, George Helms.

Upon receipt of Captain Sigsbee's telegram, Secretary Long sent orders to the lighthouse tenders at Key West to proceed at once to Havana. Their orders were in plain language, thus avoiding the delay that would have arisen from the use of cipher.

Divers were also sent from the United States to Havana, and on the Sunday following brought up Captain Sigsbee's money, papers, and keys. The only question which arose between the Spanish and American authorities was in regard to the right of the former to send divers down to investigate the condition of the ship; and that was promptly settled by an amicable arrangement that American divers should first do what was

possible in the way of interior examination and salvage, and that Spanish divers should then be permitted to join them in the work outside the vessel.

The most thoroughly equipped wrecking apparatus in the country was sent to the scene of the disaster, but, after consultation between the expert wreckers and the naval officers on the spot, it was decided that all that could be done was to recover as many of the guns and other valuable appurtenances of the Maine as possible, and then leave in Havana harbor the smoke-begrimed wreck above which floated pathetically the ensign of the United States. There was indeed little to save. The great ship was literally riven apart from her keel up and from her sharp-spurred prow to a point aft of her midship section. There was scarcely a plate in her frame that was not sprung or shivered so severely as to preclude the hope that she could ever be made worthy of reconstruction. Work on the wreck was continued until early in April, when the flag which had been kept flying over the remains of the ill-fated ship was hauled down and the U. S. S. Maine declared out of commission.

Immediately after the receipt of Captain Sigsbee's telegram, the administration ordered an investigation. The order was issued by Admiral Sicard on February 19th, and appointed a Court of Inquiry consisting of Captain William T. Sampson, commanding the Iowa; Captain French E. Chadwick, and Lieutenant-Commander William P. Potter, with Lieutenant-Commander Adolph Marix as judge advocate.

The court met on February 21st, on board the United States lighthouse tender Mangrove, in the harbor of Havana. The first day was taken up with the examination of Captain Sigsbee. The second and third days were largely taken up in the examination of survivors

of the explosion, giving their personal experience, and in detail explaining the precautions taken at all times, and particularly while in Havana, against any possible accident.

At the close of the third day, Ensign W. V. N. Powelson, serving on board the lighthouse tender *Fern*, lying in the harbor of Havana, appeared and gave the first testimony about the condition of the ship as disclosed by the divers. Mr. Powelson is a young man who graduated from Annapolis in 1895. He had paid special attention to construction, and in spite of his youth was detailed to look after the divers. All that he said on the first day was that apparently the explosion had taken place on the port side, forward of amidships, and that the vessel had been shifted by the explosion from port to starboard; that is, from left to right. He was asked to continue his investigation, and the examination of survivors continued, lasting for several days, and including witnesses who were not on board the *Maine* at the time. The testimony showed that there were two explosions, the first lifting the forward part of the vessel considerably out of the water, and the second, which almost immediately followed, was much louder and longer.

Diver Olsen then appeared and told of what he had been able to discover. As he was not an educated man, and was not familiar with construction, his testimony was not entirely intelligible. An arrangement was then made by which all the divers were to report to Mr. Powelson, who was to summarize their findings and to testify to the same in the presence of the divers themselves.

The testimony of some of the survivors was thrilling in the extreme. Such hair-breadth escapes as some of them told seemed almost impossible of belief. The court sat only six days in Havana, and then adjourned on February

26th, to meet in Key West on February 28th, to take the testimony of the survivors who had been sent there. In the meantime, Mr. Powelson was directed to continue his work and report when the court resumed.

The testimony at Key West occupied only three days, during which time testimony was taken of the survivors and others which confirmed the previous statement that there were two explosions, the first of which lifted the Maine and the second destroyed her forward part.

On March 6th the court resumed its session in the harbor of Havana, and Ensign Powelson was enabled to give testimony which showed conclusively that the Maine was blown up by a submarine mine, and that this resulted in the partial explosion of two or more magazines within the ship, which completely destroyed the forward part of the Maine.

From the 10th to the 18th day, inclusive, the court again met in the harbor of Havana, during which time Mr. Powelson produced a great deal of corroborative testimony. It was shown that the boilers were in fair condition in the after-part of the ship and had not exploded. These were the only boilers under which there was fire at the time of the explosion. Several of the divers found a deep hole near the ship's ram, but whether it was caused by the submarine mine or dug out by the end of the ram as the forward part of the vessel sunk and turned over on its side could not be definitely ascertained. Around the vessel was found a great deal of powder mixed with the mud. When this was brought up and fired it burned freely. It was the testimony of experts that if the original explosion had taken place inside the Maine all of the powder would have been consumed, or at least all of it would have been consumed in those magazines which were affected. As a matter of

fact, it was found that in two magazines part of the powder had exploded and a part of it had not, showing that the explosion did not take place until the vessel was sinking and the powder in some places was wet. A great many powder cans, as already stated, were found containing a little powder, and many which had burst at the seams and had allowed the powder to dissolve in the water.

The court left the harbor of Havana on March 14th and convened March 17th, on board the battleship Iowa, off Key West, where it met for five days, going over the testimony and preparing the report. This report was signed March 21st and sent to Admiral Sicard on board the flagship New York, who approved it on the 22d of March and forwarded it to the Secretary of the Navy, who in turn handed it to the President, who sent it with a special message to Congress on March 28th. The court was formally dissolved on the fifth day of April. As the report was of great importance, it is here given in full:

U. S. S. IOWA, FIRST RATE.

KEY WEST, Fla., Monday, March 21, 1898.—After full and mature consideration of all the testimony before it, the court finds as follows:

ONE. That the United States battleship Maine arrived in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, on the twenty-fifth day of January, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, and was taken to buoy No. 4, in from five and a half to six fathoms of water, by the regular government pilot.

The United States Consul-General at Havana had notified the authorities at that place, the previous evening, of the intended arrival of the Maine.

TWO. The state of discipline on board the Maine was excellent; and all orders and regulations in regard to the care and safety of the ship were strictly carried out.

All ammunition was stowed in accordance with prescribed instructions, and proper care was taken whenever ammunition was handled.

Nothing was stowed in any one of the magazines or shell-rooms which was not permitted to be stowed there.

The magazines and shell-rooms were always locked after having been opened, and after the destruction of the Maine the keys were found in their proper place in the captain's cabin, everything having been reported secure that evening at 8 P. M.

The temperatures of the magazines and shell-room were taken daily and reported. The only magazine which had an undue amount of heat was the after ten-inch magazine, and that did not explode at the time the Maine was destroyed. The forward boilers were wrecked by the inner explosion.

The torpedo warheads were all stowed in the after-part of the ship under the ward-room, and neither caused nor participated in the destruction of the Maine.

The dry gun-cotton primers and detonators were stowed in the cabin aft and remote from the scene of the explosion.

Waste was carefully looked after on board the Maine to obviate danger. Special orders in regard to this had been given by the commanding officer.

Varnishes, dryers, alcohol and other combustibles of this nature were stowed on or above the main deck and could not have had anything to do with the destruction of the Maine.

The medical stores were stowed aft under the ward-room and remote from the scene of the explosion.

No dangerous stores of any kind were stored below in any of the other store-rooms.

The coal bunkers were inspected daily. Of those bunkers adjacent to the forward magazine and shell-rooms four were empty, namely, "B 3," "B 4," "B 5," "B 6."

"A 5" had been in use that day, and "A 16" was full of new river coal. This coal had been carefully inspected before receiving it on board. The bunker in which it was stowed was accessible on three sides at all times, and the fourth side at this time, on account of bunkers "B 4" and "B 6" being empty. This bunker, "A 16," had been inspected Monday by the engineer and officer on duty.

The fire-alarms in the bunkers were in working order, and there had never been a case of spontaneous combustion of coal on board the Maine.

The two after boilers of the ship were in use at the time of the disaster, but for auxiliary purposes only, with a comparatively low pressure of steam and being tended by a reliable watch. These boilers could not have caused the explosion of the ship. The four forward boilers have since been found by the divers and are in a fair condition.

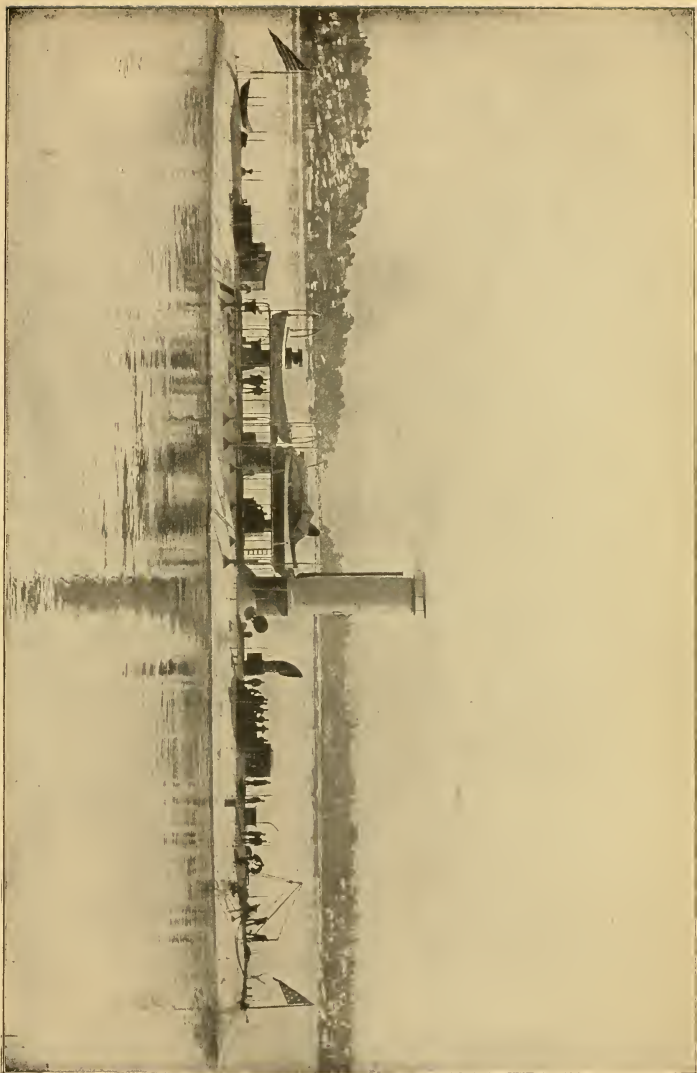
On the night of the destruction of the Maine everything had been reported secure for the night at 8 P. M., by reliable persons, through the proper authorities, to the commanding officer. At the time the Maine was destroyed the ship was quiet and, therefore, least liable to accident caused by movements from those on board.

EXPLOSIONS.

THREE. The destruction of the Maine occurred at 9.40 P. M., on the 15th day of February, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, she being at the time moored to the same buoy to which she had been taken upon her arrival.

There were two explosions, of a distinctly different character, with a very short, but distinct, interval between them, and the forward part of the ship was lifted to a marked degree at the time of the first explosion.

The first explosion was more in the nature of a report, like that of a gun; while the second explosion was more open, prolonged and of greater volume. This second



U. S. S. KATAHDIN

Steel harbor defense ram. Twin screw. No main battery. Secondary battery, four 6-pounder rapid fire guns. Thickness of armor 6 inches at top, 3 inches at bottom. 7 officers, 91 men.

explosion was, in the opinion of the court, caused by the partial explosion of two or more of the forward magazines of the Maine.

CONDITION OF THE WRECK.

FOUR. The evidence bearing upon this, being principally obtained from divers, did not enable the court to form a definite conclusion as to the condition of the wreck, although it was established that the after-part of the ship was practically intact and sank in that condition a very few minutes after the destruction of the forward part.

The following facts in regard to the forward part of the ship are, however, established by the testimony :

That portion of the port side of the protective deck which extends from about frame 30 to about frame 41 was blown up aft and over to port. The main deck, from about frame 30 to about frame 41, was blown up aft and slightly over to starboard, folding the forward part of the middle superstructure over and on top of the after-part.

This was, in the opinion of the court, caused by the partial explosion of two or more of the forward magazines of the Maine.

FIVE. At frame 17 the outer shell of the ship, from a point eleven and one-half feet from the middle line of the ship and six feet above the keel, when in its normal position, has been forced up so as to be now about four feet above the surface of the water; therefore about thirty-four feet above where it would be had the ship sunk uninjured. The outside bottom plating is bent into a reversed V-shape, the wing of which, about fifteen feet broad and thirty-two feet in length (from frame 17 to frame 25), is doubled back upon itself against the continuation of the same plating extending forward.

At frame 18 the vertical keel is broken in two, and the flat keel bent into an angle similar to the angle formed by the outside bottom plating. This break is now about six feet below the surface of the water, and about thirty feet above its normal position.

In the opinion of the court, this effect could have been produced only by the explosion of a mine situated under the bottom of the ship at about frame 18, and somewhat on the port side of the ship.

SIX. The court finds that the loss of the Maine, on the occasion named, was not in any respect due to fault or negligence on the part of any of the officers or members of the crew of said vessel.

SEVEN. In the opinion of the court, the Maine was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her forward magazines.

EIGHT. The court has been unable to obtain evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the Maine upon any person or persons.

W. T. SAMPSON, Captain, U. S. N.,

President.

A. MARIX, Lieutenant-Commander, U. S. N.,

Judge Advocate.

The court, having finished the inquiry it was ordered to make, adjourned at 11 A. M., to wait the action of the convening authority.

W. T. SAMPSON, Captain, U. S. N.,
President.

A. MARIX, Lieutenant-Commander, U. S. N.,
Judge Advocate.

U. S. Flagship New York,
March 22, 1898.
Off Key West, Florida.

The proceedings and findings of the Court of Inquiry in the above case are approved.

M. SICARD,

Rear Admiral, Commander-in-Chief of the United States Naval Force on the North Atlantic Station.

This in brief is the story of how the causes of the disaster were reached. Too much credit cannot be given to young Ensign Powelson for his intelligence and energy in proving to a mathematical demonstration that the Maine was blown up by a submarine mine.

The Spanish officials in Cuba made a perfunctory investigation. Altogether, their divers were down below about five hours, during which time they made a most cursory examination. This court then reported that the Maine had been blown up as the result of an interior explosion, one of the principal reasons for this being that no dead fish were found in the harbor afterwards. Our own experts testified that an explosion underneath the water would not necessarily kill fish, nor would it throw up a great volume of water, as the Spaniards claim.

When the news of the terrible calamity reached the United States, public feeling reached the highest pitch of excitement. Rumors of all kinds were in the air. Enormous editions of the great journals were printed, and the one topic of conversation was the cause of the disaster and the effect of the occurrence upon our rela-

tions with Spain. Hourly bulletins were displayed at the newspaper offices.

The provocation to excitement caused by the appalling disaster was great, but the country bore the news with a calmness and steadiness which indicated its inherent strength, and greatly impressed foreign observers. Great credit was given to Captain Sigsbee, who, in that terrible moment when, in a foreign port, surrounded by what must be regarded as a hostile population, his ship sunk under him as the result of a mysterious and deadly blow, showed not only intrepidity, but perfect self-possession. His quiet, dignified, self-restrained dispatch, with its calm statement that any judgment upon the cause of the disaster must be postponed, gave a fine example, which was instantly responded to by the Government and the nation.

Most hearty were the words of praise for Chaplain Chidwick of the Maine, who, day after day, worked incessantly among the ghastly spectacles as the dead were brought to shore, identifying the bodies, performing short religious rites over each, making records of all clues to identity, and in the intervals consoling the wounded at the hospitals.

As time wore on, each succeeding day bringing its rumors of retaliation and intervention in Cuban affairs, and in the midst of war preparations on an unprecedented scale, which were being carried on by the War and Navy Departments, President McKinley and his advisers, and both branches of Congress, acted as strong men act under great blows and great provocation. There was no hasty denunciation. The spirit of the brave men at Havana and of the heads of the Government at Washington was fully shared by the people at large. The United States had a President in whom they trusted.

DEWEY'S TRIUMPH AT MANILA.



COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY'S historic victory in Manila Bay on the morning of May 1, 1898, is the most notable feat in the history of American naval battles. That the first serious encounter between the United States and Spain should take place at the antipodes, across vague leagues of sea and land, was not anticipated by the people of the United States; yet it would almost seem that a prophetic instinct on the part of the Navy Department had selected the men and the ships for the Asiatic squadron.

It was in January, 1898, that Commodore Dewey raised his pennant on the Olympia. Believing that in the event of hostilities with Spain the opportunity to wind up his career gloriously would be in an Atlantic assignment, to which he had a right, Dewey reluctantly accepted the Asiatic billet. But when he received the curt order to "capture or destroy" the Spanish fleet in the East, he complied so effectually that his victory stands out single and alone as the most brilliant achievement in naval warfare.

Threatening complications between Russia and England regarding the possible partition of China, and German aggressions on the Celestial Empire in a time of peace, had led to an increase in our Asiatic squadron,



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND STAFF



CREW OF THE OLYMPIA

even before a clear apprehension of hostilities with Spain had been felt by the American Government. Dewey's squadron, which lay in the cosmopolitan harbor of Hong Kong, when the President's order was received on April 26th, consisted of the *Olympia*, flagship, a protected cruiser, first rate; the *Baltimore*, the *Boston*, and the *Raleigh*, protected cruisers of the second rate; the *Concord*, third rate; the *Petrel*, fourth rate; and the *McCulloch*, a revenue vessel.

Dewey had not been idle while lying in this neutral port. He had purchased, right at hand, two ships of considerable size—the *Zafiro* and the *Nanshan*—and had loaded them with coal and provisions. Always a student of harbors and coast lines, he studied by day and by night charts of the China Sea and adjacent waters. He dressed his white squadron in a war coat of nameless drab, and waited impatiently for permission to engage the Spanish fleet known to be in Philippine waters.

While conjecture had been busy with the possibilities of inflicting a blow upon Spain in the East, no one was so sanguine as to even hope that our almost unknown fleet in Asiatic waters would seek out the enemy and fight him until not a vessel was left to fly his flag. But that is exactly what did occur. It proved to be one of the most interesting and instructive lessons in the use of warships, and changed the fortunes of a vast and rich colony, by wresting from Spain her most splendid possession in the East.

The law of nations allows belligerents a stay of only twenty-four hours in a neutral port after war has been declared. As China had not at that time announced her position of neutrality, her ports were open to the American Commodore, and Dewey took refuge in Mirs Bay, some thirty miles from Hong Kong. From this harbor

he set forth upon his quest for the Spanish fleet, braving the dangers of torpedo, ram, and shell in the tension and hope of conflict.

Day by day he sent his scouts into every harbor and inlet likely to be tenanted by the enemy. Every precaution known to naval craft was employed. Subig Bay, where it was half-hoped the Spanish Admiral would be found, was empty of war-vessels. Still skirting the Philippine coast, Dewey's ships were abreast the entrance to Manila Bay at midnight, April 30th. With an entrance to the China Sea on the westward, the bay of Manila is in shape not unlike a vast balloon. In this entrance, ideally placed by Nature to guard the approach to Spain's most affluent spot in her Oriental colonies, tower the islands of Corregidor and Rulacabilla. Twenty-six miles to the northeast lies the city of Manila, the emporium of the vast Philippine group.

Some ten miles to the south and west of Manila is Cavité, on an arm of land which points outward, completely sheltering a large sheet of water where the Spanish Admiral Montojo had anchored his fleet. Cavité was the seat of Spanish naval activity in the East Indies. It contained a dock, an arsenal, and a marine railway.

Dewey's hardihood in entering hostile waters during the hours of darkness will be best understood by a consideration of the dangers to be encountered by the American fleet. Once past the Krupp guns of heavy calibre that lined the embattled cliffs of Corregidor and her sister island, miles of torpedo-strewn waters intervened before the batteries of Cavité could be engaged. Spain had made unstinted efforts to erect Cavité into an inexhaustible defense, both as to provisions and appliances for any emergency. For years no stranger had been able to get within observing distance of its arsenal;

and throughout the Eastern seas it was the belief that the defenses of Manila were impregnable, so ample had been the precautions of Spain. From a military point of view Cavité was much more important than Manila itself.

Strong testimony to Dewey's heroism is the fact that he went to his work anticipating all the dangers that his own skill, prudence, and scientific knowledge could suggest. He naturally supposed that Spain's chief city in the East was prepared for such an onset as he meditated. He gave his enemy credit for the plans of defense that he himself would have adopted, had their positions been reversed.

Before entering Manila Bay, he called his captains together and made known his plan of operations. The group comprised Captain Charles V. Gridley, of the flagship; Commander N. M. Dyer, of the *Baltimore*; Captain Joseph B. Coghlan, of the *Raleigh*; Captain G. F. Wilde, of the *Boston*; Commander Asa Walker, of the *Concord*; Commander E. P. Wood, of the *Petrel*; and Captain D. B. Hodgson, of the *McCulloch*. With instructions to slip past the islands and into the bay under cover of the darkness, the captains returned to their respective ships. It was fully arranged that once inside the bay they were to engage the enemy wherever found.

With all lights extinguished, in a night of misty darkness, the audacious Commodore led the way, followed by the remainder of the line. When the lights of Corregidor were plainly visible, and while under the very sweep of its guns, "all hands" was called and coffee served. One by one, the spectral fleet slipped by without challenge. Then suddenly a shower of sparks from the *McCulloch's* funnel was followed by the boom of a

great gun from Corregidor, then another, and still a third. To this last, the Boston and the McCulloch replied. The flashing and booming from the island continued for a few minutes longer—then silence.

The perils of torpedoes and mines still remained to the groping vessels; the possibility of being rammed in the darkness by the Spanish fleet was present in every mind; yet the adventurous fleet swept on, Dewey, on the bridge, talking in undertones to the rebel Philippino who was acting as pilot. Afterwards, an officer, in analyzing the sensations of the crisis, said: "This invisible fleet ahead was a test, out of which no man came without a sigh of relief. It is a hard thing to whisper an order, I know, so perhaps it is not to be wondered at that there should have been a break or vibration in the men's voices as they passed the necessary word from mouth to mouth. We were all keyed up, but it was not long before the fighting string in every man's heart was twanging and singing like a taut bow."

In tropic lands, day breaks with a flash. The sunlight of that morning revealed each American ship stripped for action—with lines of men asleep beside their guns. Nestled in dazzling foliage, the suburbs of Manila surrounded the city itself—a mass of spires and domes from which the jangle of church bells was wafted to the invading fleet. Part of the Spanish ships were visible, part concealed behind the claw-like arm of Cavité; but all were eager to challenge the Yankee right of way, although evidences abounded that they were taken unawares.

Both Captain-General Augusti and Admiral Montojo knew that war had been declared. They were in cable communication with Hong Kong and knew the exact status of the American fleet. Yet they had neglected



THE BATTLE OF MANILA. THE AMERICAN FLEET.

the most elementary preparations and precautions, and the arrival of the American squadron was a bewildering surprise.

After safely anchoring his supply ships out of range, the American fleet, still led by Dewey in the *Olympia*, circled majestically to the eastward to meet the Spanish Admiral, who had aligned his ships with the intention of compelling a standing fight.

The following account is taken from the first letter received by the Navy Department from Commodore Dewey, after his arrival at Manila. The date was May 4, 1898:

"* * * * * Entered the south channel at 12.30 A. M. (May 1), steaming in line at eight knots. After half the squadron had passed, a battery on the south side of the channel opened fire, none of the shots taking effect. The *Boston* and *McCulloch* returned the fire. The squadron proceeded across the bay at slow speed, and arrived off Manila at daybreak, and was fired upon at 5.15 A. M. by three batteries at Manila and two near Cavité, and by the Spanish fleet anchored in an approximate manner on the east and west line across the mouth of Bakor Bay, with their left in shoal water in Canacao Bay.

"The squadron then proceeded to the attack. The flagship *Olympia*, under my personal direction, leading, followed at a distance by the *Baltimore*, *Raleigh*, *Petrel*, *Concord*, and *Boston*, in the order named, which formation was maintained throughout the action. The squadron opened fire at 5.41 A. M. While advancing to the attack two mines were exploded ahead of the flagship, too far to be effective. The squadron maintained a continuous and precise fire, at ranges varying from five thousand to two thousand yards, counter-marching

in a line approximately parallel to that of the Spanish fleet."

The opening shot came from the Spaniards; still Dewey stood silent on the bridge of the Olympia, until the Spanish flagship had sent her first salute to the American Commander, and the American flagship had become the target of the Spanish line. Then he turned calmly to the waiting captain by his side, with the historic words:

"When you are ready, you may fire, Gridley!"

Almost simultaneously with the tranquilly uttered permission to return the enemy's fire, the roar of the Olympia's guns sounded as the flagship turned her side to the line of fire, and each ship in turn took up the refrain. Dewey's plan of operations kept the American fleet in constant movement, turning an alternate side in firing, enabling every battery to come into play in turn, thereby easing the strain on each. Such tactics were not counted upon by the Spanish Admiral, who had anticipated a combat, ship to ship, but they reflect the highest credit upon the broad scope of Dewey's masterful aggressiveness.

Again referring to Dewey's modest account of the action, we find: "The enemy's fire was vigorous, but generally ineffective. Early in the engagement two launches put out towards the Olympia with the apparent intention of using torpedoes. One was sunk and the other disabled by our fire and beached before an opportunity was had to fire torpedoes. At 7 A. M. the Spanish flagship, Reina Christina, made a desperate attempt to leave the line and come out to engage at short range, but was received with such galling fire, the entire battery of the Olympia being concentrated upon her, that she was barely able to return to the shelter of the

point. The fires started in her by our shells at this time were not extinguished until she sank.

"The three batteries at Manila had kept up a continuous report from the beginning of the engagement, which fire was not returned by this squadron. The first of these batteries was situated on the south mole-head, at the entrance to the Pasig River. The second was on the south bastion of the walled city of Manila, and the third at Malate, about one and a half miles further south. At this point I sent a message to the Governor-General to the effect that if the batteries did not cease firing the city would be shelled. This had the effect of silencing them."

Amid the din of broadsides and across the shot-torn sea, the Spanish Admiral, leaving his line of battle, bravely made direct for the Olympia. Montojo himself, with his two sons as aides, stood upon the bridge of the Reina Christina as she bore down upon the rival flagship. Advancing and retiring with each circling evolution of the American fleet, the Spanish leader continually sought the Olympia, whose every gun was turned upon his ship. The duel between the flagships continued until, as the Reina Christina turned to the shore, an eight-inch shell from the Olympia's main battery struck her squarely in the stern, under the protecting deck plates, tore through the vessel and killed and wounded one hundred and thirty men, including the captain. An eye-witness on the Olympia gave the following account of this single shot:

"The Commodore passed the word to concentrate all possible fire on the Reina Christina, and she actually shivered under the battering of our storm of shot and shell. Rents appeared near her water-line where the eight-inch shells had torn their way. One shot struck

the port bridge on which Admiral Montojo stood, upon which, like the brave man he was, he coolly stepped to the other end. But no bravery could stand the driving, crushing, rending of the tons of steel which we poured into the Christina, and there was quite a little cheer from our forward men as the Spanish flagship turned and made for the shore.

"But appreciation of courage on the part of the enemy did not prevent our gunners from also appreciating the excellent opportunity which the retreating flagship gave us for a raking shot. As she got into her swing with the stern dead toward us, one of Captain Gridley's guns thundered, and an eight-inch shell struck the enemy as squarely in the centre as though she had been painted off in target squares. It was a bull's eye so marvelous in its exactness and so terrible in its effects that I cannot help speaking of it a little more at length. We saw from where we stood that it shattered the Christina's steering gear, and, unless our eyes very much deceived us, we saw, too, that the Spaniard was actually driven forward with a shivering motion like one prize-fighter sent in catapult fashion staggering into the ropes from the fist blow of another prize-fighter.

"From what we learned then, and from what we were able to learn afterward, I am convinced that no man in the squadron had up to that time an idea of the awfully destructive possibilities of the eight-incher. The projectile weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, and one hundred and fifty pounds of powder were used to expel it. The gun itself was about twenty-eight feet long. When it left Gridley's gun the shell traveled at the rate of two thousand feet a second. The distance between the Olympia and the Reina Christina was about two thousand five hundred yards, and the time between the

shot's leaving the muzzle of our gun and its impact on the stern of the Spanish ship was the scarcely appreciable one of five seconds. When it left our gun it had what is technically known as an energy of over eight thousand foot-tons—that is, it would have gone through twenty-one and a half inches of Harveyized steel. But the *Reina Christina* was an unarmored vessel, and all that enormous penetrative energy was expended on the Spanish cruiser's protected sides, and such internal resistance of partitions, bulkheads, engines, etc. It was through all these obstructions that the great shell tore its way until it reached the aft boiler. There it exploded, and as it did so ripped up the deck of the cruiser and scattered its hail of steel in all directions. We could see the smoke pouring out of the vessel, the gush of escaping steam, and the shower of splinters and mangled bodies."

The sequel may be given in Admiral Montojo's own words: "Although we recognized the hopelessness of fighting the American ships, we were busy returning their fire. The *Reina Christina* was hit repeatedly. Shortly after 6.30 o'clock I observed fire forward. Our steering gear was damaged, rendering the vessel unmanageable, and we were being subjected to a terrible hail of shot and shell. The engines were struck. We estimated we had seventy hits about our hull and superstructure. The boilers were not hit, but the pipe to condenser was destroyed. A few minutes later, I observed the after part on fire. A shell from the Americans had penetrated and burst with deadly effect, killing many of our men. The flag lieutenant said to me: 'The ship is in flames. It is impossible to stay on the *Christina* any longer.' He signaled to the gunboat *Isla de Cuba*, and I and my staff were transferred, and my flag hoisted on her.

Before leaving the *Christina*, my flag was hauled down. My flagship was now one mass of flames; I ordered away all the boats I could, to save the crew."

At this point Dewey ordered the signal made to cease firing, and withdrew his ships to give the men their breakfast. The morning was hot, and his gun crews, stripped to the waist, had been fighting on a single cup of coffee all around. A blinding, impenetrable smoke covered the havoc the American ships had wrought; but when the Spaniards caught sight of the withdrawing fleet, they burst into cheers, and Captain-General Augusti sent a dispatch to Madrid, in which he stated that the Yankee fleet had drawn off, disabled. At the same time the land batteries sent a shower of shells after the receding ships. "No reply, I suppose, sir?" asked the executive officer of the flagship. "Oh, no!" Dewey replied. "Let them amuse themselves. We shall have plenty of chance to burn powder after breakfast. We haven't really begun fighting yet."

After breakfast had been concluded, Dewey turned to his chief of staff, and inquired if everything was ready. "I believe so, sir," was Lamberton's reply. "Very well. Call to quarters and get under way," was the quiet order.

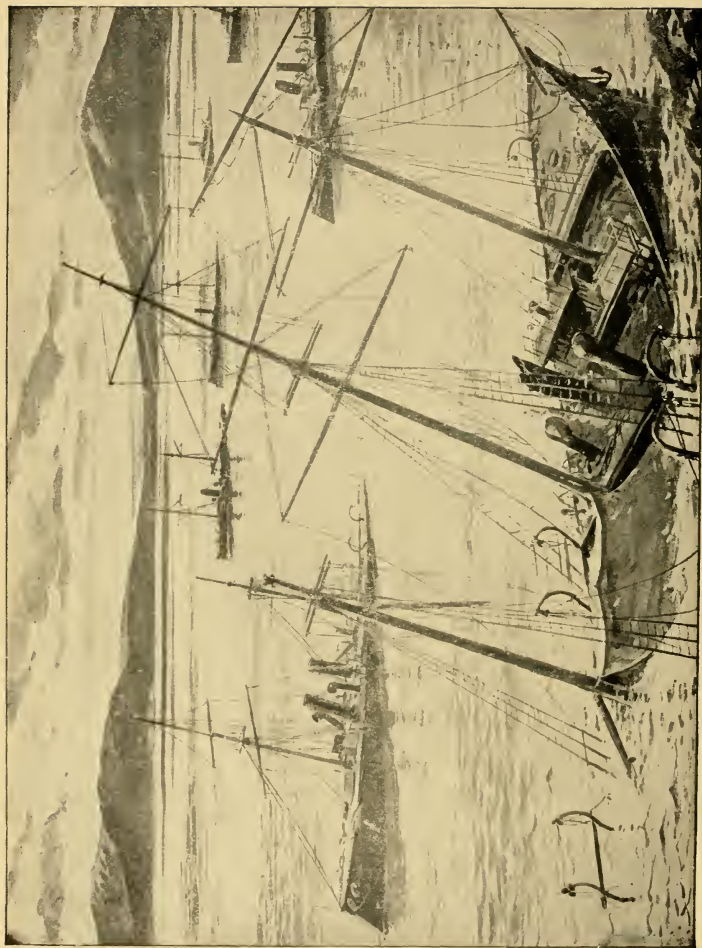
Continuing his report, Commodore Dewey says: "At 7.35 A. M. I ceased firing and withdrew the squadron for breakfast. At 11.16 A. M. returned to the attack. By this time the Spanish flagship, and almost the entire Spanish fleet, were in flames. At 12.30 P. M. the squadron ceased firing, the batteries being silenced, and the ships sunk, burned, and deserted. At 12.40 P. M. the squadron returned and anchored off Manila, the *Petrel* being left behind to complete the destruction of the smaller gunboats that were behind the point of Cavité.

This duty was performed by Commander E. P. Wood in the most expeditious and complete manner possible."

Captain Dyer, in the *Baltimore*, led the second attack, and when within three-thousand-yard range poured a broadside into the *Reina Christina*. The Spanish flagship seemed to crumble into fragments under the discharge of the *Baltimore*'s guns; her captain, Cardaso, and many of his men were killed, and the remainder of her crew jumped overboard and swam for the nearest ship as the *Reina Christina* settled and sank. Then the *Baltimore*, *Olympia*, and *Raleigh* poured such a stream of shells into the *Don Juan d'Austria* that she fairly rocked under the impact of their missiles. A shell from the *Raleigh* exploded in the magazine of the doomed ship, which blew up with such a violent concussion as to careen the *El Correo*, already so damaged that the *Petrel*, the smallest of the American warships, finished her with a few shots. A broadside from the *Boston* landed with such precision on the *Velasco* that she heeled to port, showing the jagged rents in her starboard side. The Spanish ship sank so rapidly that her crew had barely time to escape to the shore in boats. The *Castilla*, on fire and helpless, was scuttled to prevent the explosion of her magazine.

"Every ship in the Spanish fleet," says an eye-witness, "with one exception, fought valiantly; but to the *Don Antonio d'Ulloa* and her commander, Robion, should be given the palm for that form of desperate courage and spirit which leads a man to die fighting. The flagship and the *Boston* were the executioners. Under their shells the *Ulloa* was soon burning in half a dozen places; but her fighting crew gave no signs of surrender. Shot after shot struck the Spaniard's hull until it was riddled like a sieve. Shell after shell struck her upper decks,

until under the awful fire all of her upper guns were useless; but there were no signs of surrender. The main deck crew escaped, but the captain and his officers clung to the wreck. On the lower deck her gun crews stuck to their posts like the heroes they were. As shot after shot struck the shivering hulk, still her lower guns answered back as best they might; it seemed as though it was impossible to kill her. At last we noticed her in the throes, that sickening unmistakable lurch of a sinking ship. Her commander noticed it too, still there was no surrender. Instead, he nailed the Spanish ensign to what was left of the mast, and the Don Antonio d'Ulloa went down, not only with her colors flying, but also with her lower guns still roaring defiance. Just as the picture of the Ulloa's end is luridly bright, so that of another ship is gloomily dark. For the sake of her gallant mates, this ship shall be nameless. She had hauled down her colors about the same time that the Ulloa had refused to do so, and had gone down with them all aflutter. A boat's crew from the McCulloch was signaled to go and take possession of this ship, when to our amazement she opened fire on the approaching gig. The ensign stood up in the stern in open-mouthed wonder at such a piece of treachery, but kept his boat along her course. The incident had not passed unobserved by the squadron, however, and the Spaniard's fate was a swift one. There was no need for the Commodore to fly a signal, for it was as with a common impulse that every one of our vessels stopped firing at the enemy in general, and directed every available shot at that Spaniard in particular. The bay leaped up and foamed around the traitorous vessel as though it had been struck by the whip-end of a Texas tornado, and when the waters were at rest again the Spaniard had vanished as completely



THE SPANISH FLEET. AFTER THE BATTLE OF MANILA.

as though that tornado had carried her bodily into a neighboring State."

At 12.20 P. M. the signal, "We surrender!" was shown from Cavité. The dazzling work was done, the battle ended after five hours of spectacular fighting. His work of destruction completed, Dewey now turned to a task of mercy—that of rescuing and caring for the vanquished. These he established in hospitals on shore. To Admiral Montojo he sent the following message: "I have pleasure in clasping your hand and offering my congratulations on the gallant manner in which you fought."

Dewey had seen hot work before. He received his "baptism of fire" in the old steam-sloop *Mississippi*, under Farragut, in the early days of the civil war. But he had never been called to confront such problems as came with the responsibility of victory. He had crushed the *naval* power of Spain in the East. But the Spanish army lay intact in Manila, whose conquest was desirable, but impossible without an army to occupy the place. Manila could not resist a bombardment, but the Spanish commander could and did refuse to withdraw unless driven out by the guns of the fleet, which would have slaughtered the innocent and destroyed the private property of a colony composed of many nationalities.

Dewey, in this trying emergency, proved that he possessed not only the sterling qualities of the born warrior, but incomparable abilities as a statesman and diplomatist. He feared that his countrymen might receive an untruthful account of the battle from Spanish sources, and knew of the anxieties that would ensue from only an inkling of the events of that historic day. He, therefore, made an effort to overawe the Spanish Captain-General, and by securing the surrender of the city,

which was at his mercy, obtain access to the cable. The British Consul had hurried to the fleet so soon as the destruction of the Spanish ships was an accomplished fact, and Dewey made use of him to send Captain-General Augusti word that the city of Manila was in a state of blockade; that the United States forces would occupy Cavité; that if a single shot were fired at the fleet, he would destroy everything within range; and that if he were not permitted to use the cable, he would cut it. The telegraph company expressed their desire to have the cable then neutralized, but the Captain-General peremptorily refused the transaction. Hence, as he could not use the line himself, Commodore Dewey cut it, and thenceforth could communicate with Washington only by way of Hong Kong, 600 miles away.

On the day following the engagement, Dewey sent Commander Lamberton to take possession of the arsenal at Cavité, which had hoisted a white flag the day before. As this officer approached the landing, on the Petrel, he saw with dismay that the white flag was no longer flying. The open places could be seen crowded with troops and many evidences of belligerency in the attitude of the men. Apprehensive of treachery, Commander Lamberton got into a launch with Commander Wood, leaving orders that if they were not back in an hour to open fire on the arsenal. On landing, the two officers asked to be conducted to the Commander. This proved to be a Captain Sostoa, who informed Lamberton that the Admiral had retired to Manila, and that he, Sostoa, was in charge. "May I ask, Captain," said Lamberton, "why your men are under arms after yesterday's surrender?"

"There was no surrender," replied Sostoa.

"But," said Lamberton, "the white flag was hoisted."

"Yes," retorted Sostoa, "but not as a surrender, only as a token of truce during which we might remove our women and children to a place of safety."

"But, Captain," said Lamberton, "an arsenal is not exactly the place for women and children in times of war. They should have been removed before the bombardment began."

"Ah, well, you see," said Captain Sostoa with a shrug, "you Americans came in to visit us at such an extremely early hour that we had no time to remove our women and children. If you had begun to fight at a less unseasonable hour——"

"Excuse me, Captain," said Lamberton. "You fired the first shot. But there is no use talking of past events, nor is it my place to do so. I am sent here as a representative of Commodore Dewey, of the United States Asiatic squadron, to take possession of this arsenal, and my further instructions are that all Spaniards, whom I find here, must surrender their arms and persons as prisoners of war. If this is not done and done quickly, the engagement will be renewed."

To this Sostoa replied that he could do nothing without consulting his superior.

"But we will regard you as sufficiently representative," Lamberton rejoined. Then the Spaniard requested that the terms of the surrender might be put down in writing. Lamberton glanced at his watch. Forty of the sixty minutes had elapsed, and in twenty more the Petrel's guns would be banging away, and while Lamberton and Wood knew very well what the issue of the new fight would be, so far as the fleet and the arsenal were concerned, their own predicament would be rather anomalous. Lamberton wrote down these terms.

"Without further delay all Spanish officers and men

must be withdrawn, and no buildings or stores must be injured. As Commodore Dewey does not wish further hostility with the Spanish naval forces, the Spanish officers will be paroled, and the forces at the arsenal will deliver all their small arms."

The conversation had been in Spanish, but as the conditions were written in English, Sostoa wanted them translated and clearly explained.

Again Lamberton looked at his watch. Five minutes of the hour only remained.

"Excuse me, Captain," he said, "but there is an absolute reason why I should return at once to the vessel. I will give you until noon, and if on that hour the white flag is not again hoisted over this arsenal, we shall again open fire."

They reached the landing and the launch just in time, for as they put off from the steps they could see the men moving into position around the Petrel's guns, preparatory to opening fire.

Captain Sostoa did not wait for noon, but hoisted the white flag at a quarter of 11; and when Lamberton returned to take possession, he found that the captain had marched off to Manila with every man, and that every man had taken his rifle.

On May 3d the Raleigh and Baltimore secured the surrender of the batteries on Corregidor Island, paroling the garrison and destroying the guns. On the morning of May 4th the transport Manila, which had been aground in Bakor Bay, was towed off and made a prize.

Commodore Dewey's report gave the following regarding the Spanish warships: "The Spanish lost the following vessels: Sunk—Reina Christina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa. Burned—Don Juan de Austria,

Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba, General Lezo, Marquis del Duero, El Correo, Velasco, and Isla de Mandinao (transport). Captured—Rapido and Hercules (tugs), and several small launches. I am unable to obtain complete accounts of the enemy's killed and wounded, but believe their losses to be very heavy. The Reina Christina alone had one hundred and fifty killed, including the captain, and ninety wounded."

Continuing his report Dewey said: "I am happy to report that the damage done to the squadron under my command was inconsiderable. There were none killed and only seven men in the squadron very slightly wounded. Several of the vessels were struck, and even penetrated; but the damage was of the slightest, and the squadron is in as good condition now as before the battle.

"I beg to state to the Department that I doubt if any commander-in-chief was ever served by more loyal, efficient, and gallant captains than those of the squadron now under my command. Captain Frank Wilde, commanding the Boston, volunteered to remain in command of his vessel, although his relief arrived before leaving Hong Kong. Assistant Surgeon Kindleberger, of the Olympia, and Gunner J. C. Evans, of the Boston, also volunteered to remain after orders detaching them had arrived.

"The conduct of my personal staff was excellent. Commander B. F. Lamberton, chief of staff, was a volunteer for that position, and gave me most efficient aid. Lieutenant Brumby, flag lieutenant, and Ensign W. P. Scott, aide, performed their duties as signal officers in a highly creditable manner. The Olympia being short of officers for the battery, Ensign H. H. Caldwell, flag secretary, volunteered, and was assigned to a sub-division

of the five-inch battery. J. L. Stickney, formerly an officer in the United States navy, volunteered for duty as my aide, and rendered valuable services. I desire specially to mention the coolness of Lieutenant C. G. Calkins, the navigator of the Olympia, who came under my personal observation, being on the bridge with me throughout the entire action, and giving the ranges to the guns with an accuracy that was proven by the excellence of the firing."

The news of Dewey's action at Manila was received with great joy all over the United States, and on the day the news was received the Secretary of the Navy sent the following message, along with a confidential dispatch to the Commander-in-chief of the Asiatic squadron:

"WASHINGTON, May 7th.

"DEWEY, Manila:

"The President, in the name of the American people, thanks you and your officers and men for your splendid achievement and overwhelming victory. In recognition he has appointed you an Acting Admiral, and will recommend a vote of thanks to you by Congress. LONG."

The thanks of Congress were promptly voted, with a sword for Commodore Dewey, and a medal for each officer and man who took part in the engagement. Congress also increased the number of Rear-Admirals from six to seven, so that the President might appoint Dewey a Rear-Admiral, which was done at once, and the appointment confirmed by the Senate.

Although Dewey's vessels were more powerful than those of the Spanish Navy, he had the disadvantage of advancing into strange waters, where shoals existed, and where, for all he knew, death-dealing torpedoes and mines were laid. In fact, two of the latter were exploded in front of the squadron, but so hurriedly as to do no

harm. He had also the shore batteries to contend against, which made the opposing weight of metal more than equal to his. "The Spanish admiral" says a contemporary journal, "though he must have been aware that the American squadron was somewhere in the vicinity, could not bring himself to believe that the American commodore would have the audacity to steam into a mined harbor in the night time, with forts on both sides, and the Spanish squadron ready to receive him. But Dewey took the chances, and his being beforehand was half the victory. Many men, equally as brave in action, would have delayed to reconnoitre, and thereby have given time for the enemy to make additional preparations to receive him.

In consequence of Dewey's disregard of possible danger, he found the Spanish ships in a cramped position where they could best be attacked.

There is also another thing to be noticed about the engagement at Manila Bay, and that is in regard to torpedo boats. It certainly seems that they are not the danger they are supposed to be, if used in daylight. Two of the Spanish torpedo boats from Cavite were directed against the *Olympia*, and were seen as soon as they started. They escaped several large projectiles directed at them by the great guns of the flag-ship, but they were easily destroyed when the six-pounder rapid firers got trained upon them. In daylight the torpedo boat is no longer to be feared. What a night attack will do, under the glare of the search lights, is more uncertain. For harbor defense torpedo boats may be very useful, but they are too wearing, on both officers and men, for any prolonged sea service.

Dewey's action has taught us several things, for, except the Japan-China war, there had been no fighting

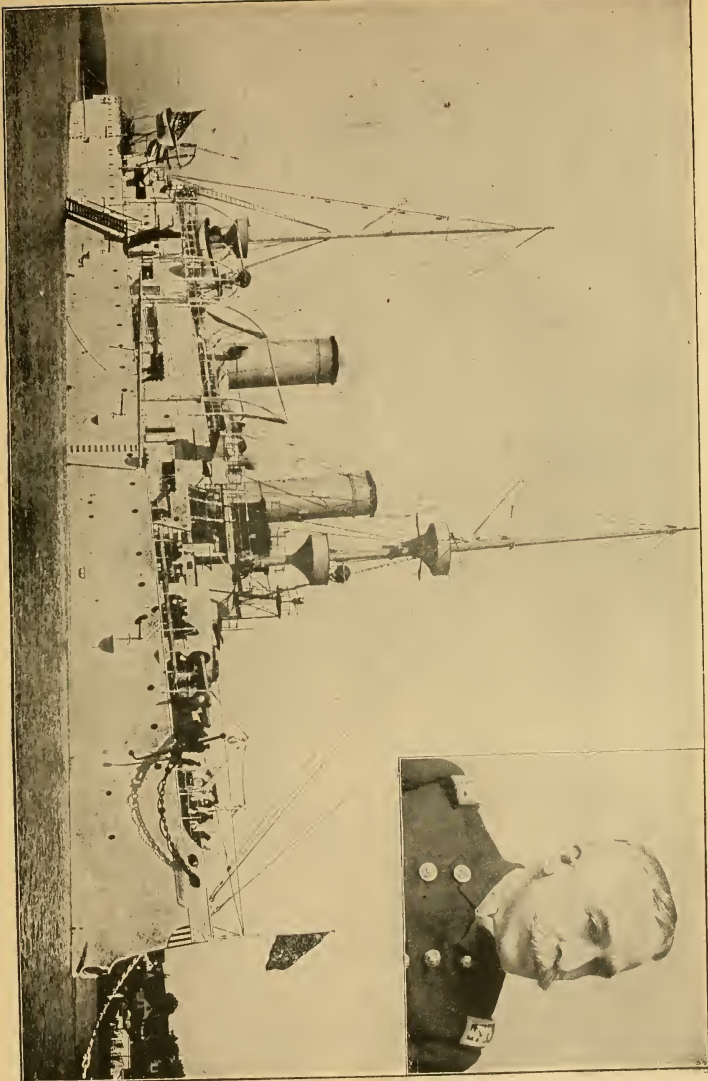
with the new ships, and Dewey's victory was a glorious one in its conduct and its results. It has also been useful in teaching the nations what they did not know before, and in impressing more strongly what they had some apprehension of. It showed that originality and dash, after careful planning and adequate preparation, will generally succeed. With several fortified positions on shore the advantage should have certainly been with the Spanish forces, but in spite of the great risk that every officer and every man must have known was being taken, "there was not a faint heart in all that squadron, but an enthusiasm and esprit du corps that could not but win with such a leader."

As far as a naval action went, that at Manila was a "clean cut" thing. Nothing can take away from the small, well-drilled, well-manned and well-officered East Indian Squadron the credit they have so thoroughly well earned.

Rear Admiral Dewey was born in Montpelier, Vt., in 1838. Dr. Julius V. Dewey, the father of the admiral, was a cultured gentleman of the old school, honored for his stalwart integrity and stern force of character. Admiral Dewey's mother was celebrated throughout Vermont, her native state, for remarkable beauty of person and grace of manner.

The handsome colonial mansion in Montpelier was long a center of New England hospitality, and the Deweys were paramount among the first families of Vermont:

When Dewey was fourteen years old, a desire for a sea-faring life took possession of him, but his father did not take kindly to the thought of his son's becoming a sailor; so a compromise was effected, and young Dewey left the Montpelier public school and entered the Nor-



ADMIRAL DEWEY AND HIS FLAGSHIP OLYMPIA.

wich University at Northfield, Vt. This being a military school the youthful enthusiasm of the boy was temporarily appeased by musket practice and drill; but after two years had passed, Dr. Dewey decided that if his son must follow the sea, he should do so in a manner consistent with the Dewey stock.

An appointment to the Naval Academy placed the future Admiral at Annapolis in 1858. Upon his graduation, in 1858, he cruised for a few years as midshipman on the steam frigate *Swatara* in the Mediterranean and then returned to Montpelier.

On April 19, 1861, Dewey was commissioned Lieutenant, and for two years served on the steam sloop *Mississippi*, taking part in the action of the West Gulf Squadron. The *Mississippi* grounded, and was riddled by the shore batteries at Port Hudson. The officers and men were landed on the opposite side by boats; Captain Smith and Lieutenant Dewey being the last to leave the ship. In 1863 the young Lieutenant was in the thick of the fight with the gunboats that met the Confederates below Donaldsonville, and subsequently served on the steam gunboat *Agawam*, Captain Rhind, of the North Atlantic Squadron, and participated in two attacks on Fort Fisher in 1864-1865.

Dewey was commissioned Lieutenant Commander March 3, 1865, and a year later became executive officer of the famous *Kearsarge*. He also served on the frigate *Colorado*, flagship of the European Squadron.

On returning to the United States in 1868, he was detailed for duty at Annapolis, remaining for two years.

Dewey received his first command—the *Narragansett*—in 1870, and was engaged in special service till 1875, two years of which he had charge of the Pacific Survey. Meantime he became a Commander.

Commander Dewey became Light House Inspector in 1876, and was Secretary of the Light House Board from 1877 to 1882, when he was assigned to the command of the *Juniata*, of the Asiatic Squadron. In 1884 he was promoted to be Captain, and took command of the *Dolphin*, one of the first craft of the new Navy, and afterwards of the *Pensacola*, flagship of the European Squadron.

In 1888 Captain Dewey served as Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting, with rank of Commodore. He was commissioned Commodore February 28, 1896. From 1893 to 1895 Commodore Dewey was a member of the Light House Board. In 1896 and 1897, he was President of the Inspection and Survey Board. On November 30, 1897, he was assigned to the command, of the Asiatic Squadron, and assumed his duties January 3, 1898.

In recognition of his splendid achievement at Manila, Commodore Dewey was appointed a Rear Admiral in May, 1898.

Admiral Dewey married the daughter of the celebrated Governor Goodwin, War Governor of New Hampshire—a fighter of the old school. Mrs. Dewey did not long survive the birth of her only son, George Goodwin Dewey.

Admiral Dewey made his home in Washington after his wife's death. He was fond of horseback exercise, being never without a thoroughbred animal, and he treated them with a considerate kindness that was characteristic of the man.

Admiral Dewey was an early riser, and spent most of his time in the public service. He was temperate to the degree of abstemiousness. He was Life President of the Metropolitan Club, of Washington, member of the Uni-

versity Club, of New York, and for some time a member of the Somerset Club, of Boston. During his earlier residence in Washington, he was a member of the Maryland Hunting Club, but later his active public service prevented him indulging his taste for gunning.

Admiral Dewey's son said of him: "Father has always been an extremely active man. He has been a lifelong student of everything connected with the sea. He is a constant reader, but in his studies he seldom goes outside of nautical science, or some collateral branch, such as Naval History. He made a study of harbors, too, and is a thorough geographer. I attribute his success at Manila in part to his knowledge of the harbor. He undoubtedly knew just what he was doing and where he was going when he made that midnight dash which seems to be so amazing to people who don't know him. He knows how to navigate; he never carried a pilot all the time he was captain. He did his own navigating.

"Then, too, father had every confidence in his men, and the feeling was reciprocal, which was another strong element that contributed to his success. He knew what they could do. The cardinal principle of my father has been: 'Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well.'"

This was the keynote of the life of George Dewey, whose name in a day was placed with those of John Paul Jones, Decatur, Farragut, and others who have shone in Naval History.

NAVAL OPERATIONS IN CUBAN WATERS.



THE world knew on the 20th day of April, 1898, that the American-Spanish War was now surely at hand. Congress had passed a joint resolution demanding that Spain immediately withdraw her forces from Cuba; and President McKinley had promptly signed the document and cabled it to Minister Woodford for presentation to the Spanish Government.

Spain haughtily rejected this ultimatum, which gave her the choice of peace or war, and defiantly threw down the gage of battle. Our government at Washington promptly took it up.

Acting Rear-Admiral Sampson, then at Key West, was given instructions to "capture or destroy" every ship that Spain had in Cuban waters; and to establish a blockade as contemplated in the plan of campaign as mapped out at Washington.

It was clear to all that it would be mainly a contest on the seas, and this meant another chapter in the Naval History of our country.

Although Spain had, at that time, a total of some fifty ships, big and little, distributed in Cuban waters, no doubt existed in official circles as to Sampson's ample preparation and ability to carry out his instructions.

Backed up with a liberal appropriation by Congress, the Navy Department, under the efficient guidance of Secretary Long, had been buying, at home and abroad, such vessels as would strengthen our fighting-power on the seas.

Accordingly Admiral Sampson, following the President's instructions, led his fleet out from Key West in the early morning of April 22d and headed for Havana.

His squadron comprised the cruiser New York, as flagship, the Iowa, Indiana, Puritan, Newark, Detroit, Marblehead,

Helena, Dupont, Terror, Cushing, Osceola, Uncas, Porter, Nashville, and other members of the auxiliary fleet. It was not long before the first gun of the war was heard! Captain Maynard of the Nashville, in speaking of the capture, said:

"We had proceeded under orders from the flagship, and were about twenty miles from Key West, when, at ten minutes past seven o'clock, the watch reported a strange craft on the port side. We made it out to be a Spanish freighter, though no flag was flying. No answer was given to our signals, and the stranger was seen to be in full flight.

"Admiral Sampson ordered us to make the capture, and Patrick Mullen, a gunner, was ordered to fire a 6-pounder over her bow. The stranger made no answer to this, except to increase her speed. With that another shot was sent within fifty feet of the Spaniard, who, seeing it was sink or surrender, chose the latter alternative, and hove to."

The blockading squadron arrived off Havana that evening and the various vessels took their position as assigned.

On the following day the flagship New York captured another Spanish merchantman off Havana; and the Porter and Helena took the Mathilde and Miguel Jover, respectively. Four Spanish prizes were taken in the Gulf of Mexico on the 24th, and on the succeeding day the little Mangrove captured the big steamship Panama off Havana. Two more Spanish prizes were taken on the 26th; two by the monitor Terror on the 27th, and one each by the Newport and Nashville on the 29th.

The frequent capture of prizes served for a while to relieve the daily routine. But this pacific blockade, the task of guarding Havana Harbor against the "ships that never came," soon grew irksome to the *personnel* of the fleet, and yet this could not be *safely* avoided. Precipitate action at that time would have been unwise, to say the least. Foreign intervention then seemed altogether possible. And any serious reverses to our arms might have stimulated the Continental Powers to complicate the situation. The Fabian policy of the Blockading Squadron was justified by events. While we were daily growing stronger, Spain was wasting away.

We had everything to gain and nothing to lose by cautious movements and further preparation. Time was our ally. And in those days of waiting, the plans were wrought out for the brilliant achievements so soon to follow.

DEEDS OF HEROISM.

Only a few years ago, the days for romantic daring and the chances for individual heroism were considered to have departed from naval warfare forever. Men-of-war were becoming simply big fighting machines, manned largely by engineers and machinists, it was said, and the possibility of a display of personal daring was precluded by the manner in which they were to fight.

But there has been a change in this respect, largely brought about by the introduction into the American navy of numbers of that class of craft known as torpedo-boats, and the conversion of high-powered ocean-going tugs and swift steam yachts into auxiliary gunboats.

These additions to the navy are generally commanded by a Lieutenant, and are therefore under the direction of young men, the pick of the navy—men of daring, steady nerves and cool judgment.

The spirit that made the American navy illustrious in former wars, was not wanting in the conflict between the United States and Spain, and young naval officers welcomed the war for the opportunities of daring and heroism, which open the doors to fame and promotion.

THE RESCUE OF THE WINSLOW.

A signal act of heroism was the rescue of the torpedo-boat Winslow, by the auxiliary gunboat Hudson, commanded by Lieutenant Frank H. Newcomb, in Cardenas Bay, on May 11, 1898.

Three days previously, Lieutenant Bernadou, in the Winslow, while quietly making a reconnoissance in Cardenas Bay, under the early morning haze, was fired upon by three Spanish gunboats from behind the shelter of man-

grove clumps and one of the smaller islands in the bay. The Winslow engaged the Spaniards with her one-pound guns, receiving a furious fire of six-inch shells in return.

The engagement was spirited on both sides, but the rapid and galling fire of the torpedo-boat soon disabled one of the Spanish gunboats, which was taken in tow by her consorts, and all three retreated to a position where they could not be followed, because of mines and torpedoes.

It was for the purpose of attacking these gunboats that the Cruiser Wilmington, the Hudson and the Winslow entered Cardenas Bay on the afternoon of May 11. The Spanish vessels were lying at the docks when the Wilmington and Hudson opened fire upon them. When the Winslow approached within range, the gunboats, supported by the shore batteries, concentrated their fire upon her, pouring in a terrific storm of shells. The Winslow plied her guns in return until struck by a solid shot which disabled her boiler, causing her to roll and drift helplessly.

At the fierce cheers of triumph which arose from the Spanish crews, the Hudson dashed in to the assistance of her wounded consort and endeavored to throw a line to her imperiled crew. With the exception of the single shot that disabled the Winslow's boiler, the Spanish fire had been wild, but as the torpedo-boat lay rolling in the water, it improved.

Finally, after trying in vain for twenty minutes, the Hudson was able to approach near enough to throw a line to the Winslow. The fire from the Spaniards was terrific; shells were exploding all about. "Heave her, heave her," shouted Ensign Bagley from the deck of the Winslow. "Don't miss it," came from an officer on the Hudson. "Let her come. It's getting too hot here for comfort," Bagley shouted back, with a smile. At the instant the line was thrown, a shell burst in the very midst of the little group on the Winslow. Ensign Bagley was instantly killed, others fell groaning on the blood-stained deck. Helpless and disabled, the Winslow swayed under the murderous fire of the Spanish

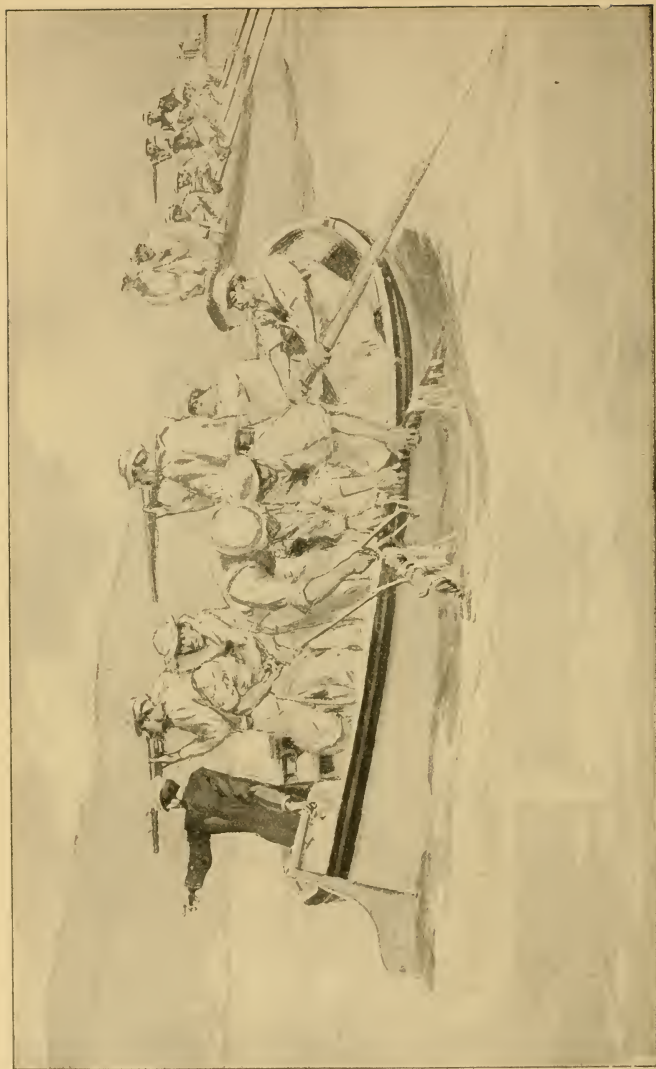
gunboats; another cheer came from the Spaniards, and the rain of shell fell faster. Still in danger of going aground in the shallow water, the Hudson succeeded in getting a line aboard the Winslow and started to tow her out of the deadly fire; the line parted, and both boats were again at the mercy of the Spanish fire. Finally, another line from the Hudson was gotten to the deck of the torpedo-boat, but there were only three men left there to make it fast. The Winslow was towed to Pedras Island and anchored with her dead and wounded on her decks. Later in the day the Hudson conveyed the dead and wounded to Key West.

Besides Ensign Bagley, the first to fall in the war, four others of the crew of the Winslow were killed, and five, including Lieutenant Bernadou, were wounded. Lieutenant John Baptiste Bernadou, the intrepid commander of the Winslow, is one of the most daring and venturesome young officers in the naval service, and an expert at torpedo work. He watched the building of the Winslow from the time her keel was laid until her trial trip, as inspector in charge, and took command of her upon her acceptance by the Government.

Ensign Worth Bagley was a native of North Carolina, and graduated from the Naval Academy July 30, 1897. He was appointed an ensign on the day following and assigned to duty on the Indiana. In August, he was transferred to the ill-fated Maine where he remained until November 23, when he was ordered to duty in connection with the Winslow, which was under construction at that time. When she was completed and put in commission in December, he was attached to her, and remained so until the moment of his death. Ensign Bagley was a dashing officer, and one of the most popular of the young commissioned officers of the navy.

A special message to Congress from President McKinley, on June 27, 1898, contained the following:

"On the 11th day of May, 1898, there occurred a conflict in the Bay of Cardenas, Cuba, in which the naval torpedo-boat Winslow was disabled, her commander wounded and one of her officers and a part of her crew killed by the enemy's fire.



CUTTING CABLES NEAR CIENFUEGOS UNDER SPANISH FIRE.

"In the face of a most galling fire from the enemy's guns, the revenue cutter Hudson, commanded by First Lieutenant Frank H. Newcomb, United States revenue cutter service, rescued the disabled Winslow, her wounded commander and remaining crew. The commander of the Hudson kept his vessel in the very hottest fire of the action, although in constant danger of going ashore on account of the shallow water, until he finally got a line made fast to the Winslow and towed that vessel out of range of the enemy's guns, a deed of special gallantry.

"I recommend that in recognition of the signal act of heroism of First Lieutenant Frank H. Newcomb, United States revenue cutter service, above set forth, the thanks of Congress be extended to him and to his officers and men of the Hudson, and that a gold medal of honor be presented to Lieutenant Newcomb, a silver medal of honor to each of his officers and a bronze medal of honor to each member of his crew who served with him at Cardenas.

The sequel to the disaster at Cardenas, may be briefly told, and not inappropriately termed avenging the Winslow's dead.

On May 12, the Wilmington returned to the coast and keys off Cardenas, and with a sudden and effective fire, swept that city bare of defences. The masked battery and the forts were torn to atoms; two gunboats and two schooners were riddled and sunk, and the blockhouse burned. Men and guns in the battery that surprised the Winslow, were blown into the air by the terrific fire of the Wilmington.

CUTTING CABLES.

The following account of how bluejackets performed their duty under conditions of almost certain death, shows the stuff of which the United States Navy is made.

On May 11, 1898, the cruiser Marblehead, the gunboat Nashville and the auxiliary cruiser Windom steamed to a point near the harbor of Cienfuegos, on the south coast of Cuba, under orders to cut the cables connecting Havana with Santiago de Cuba.

The expedition was successful, but for nearly three hours the men worked under the very shadow of death without flinching.

It was in the early morning when four boats, commanded by Lieutenant Winslow of the Nashville and Lieutenant Anderson of the Marblehead began this perilous task. Each officer was in command of a cutter and a launch manned by volunteers. The launches had one-inch rapid fire guns in the bows, and the cutters were equipped with grappling irons and appliances for raising the cables.

Near the mouth of the harbor, which winds about between high hills, the ground is low and covered with tall grass and underbrush; behind, towers a sharp bluff covered with trees. Within a few feet of the water was the cablehouse, with a lighthouse on one side and a blockhouse or lookout on the other.

Before the boats were sent in, the Nashville opened her fire at the Spanish defences which could be plainly distinguished, and the Marblehead and Windom joined in the shelling of the rifle pits, which were at the very water's edge, driving the Spaniards to the shelter of the lighthouse, from which point of vantage they opened fire upon the boats, which were now grappling for the cables. "Cut it down," came from the bridge of the Marblehead, and with marvelous precision, the great guns at a range of 1000 yards, and with a heavy sea rolling, bit off piece after piece until the small house around the base of the tower and the tower itself were a mass of ruins. The marksmanship was superb; clouds of dust and debris flew high in the air as the cablehouse crumbled under the fire of the Nashville; a crash from the Marblehead and the blockhouse was torn to atoms.

Meanwhile, the boats were working in the face of the terrific shore fire, and under the iron storm from the ships that was sweeping the hillside. The men in the boats worked steadily and in silence while a hurricane of shell shrieked over their heads. In the height of the fire one cable was hauled up and one hundred and fifty feet cut out of it. The work was slow and laborious, but the nerve of the men showed splendidly.

The strong current compelled the oarsmen to keep steadily at work, while part of the crew grappled for the cable. Sailors at the oars, when struck by bullets, rowed until they fell from loss of blood, and under a canopy of shot and shell the dead and wounded were transferred to other boats. Then the second cable was discovered and brought to the surface; eighty feet of the tough steel wires were hacked off by axes and chisels, and search for the third cable was begun, but the boats were unable to locate it. This was a smaller cable, running east to a local point. Still under fire, the boats withdrew from the scene of their heroic exploit, were picked up by the ships, and the dead and living were lifted to the decks of the ships to which they belonged.

Patrick Reagan, seaman of the *Marblehead*, was killed and five other seamen were badly wounded. Lieutenant Cameron McR. Winslow, who had command of the expedition, was shot in the hand. He was a member of the famous naval family of that name. He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1875 and subsequently was in service in all parts of the world. He was the first commander of the torpedo-boat *Cushing*, and was ordered to duty on the *Nashville* in October, 1896.

HOBSON AND THE MERRIMAC.

So long as stories of man's heroism endure, the daring exploit of Lieutenant Hobson and his associates will be told.

Lieutenant Richmond P. Hobson, of the flagship *New York*, with a volunteer crew of seven men, shortly after 3 o'clock on the morning of June 3, 1898, ran the collier *Merrimac* into the throat of the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, swung her broadside to across the channel, and then exploded and sank her. He succeeded in this desperate enterprise under the fire of the batteries and forts which guarded the entrance, without support from the fleet.

In his official report of this blocking of Santiago Harbor, Admiral Sampson said :

"Permit me to call your special attention to Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson. As stated in a special telegram before coming here, I decided to make the harbor entrance secure against the possibility of egress by Spanish ships by obstructing the narrow part of the entrance by sinking a collier at that point.

"Upon calling upon Mr. Hobson for his professional opinion as to a sure method of sinking the ship, he manifested the most lively interest in the problem. After several days' consideration he presented a solution which he considered would insure the immediate sinking of the ship when she reached the desired point in the channel.

"This plan we prepared for execution when we reached Santiago. The plan contemplated a crew of only seven men and Mr. Hobson, who begged that the work might be entrusted to him. The anchor chains were arranged on deck for both the anchors, forward and aft, the plan including the anchoring of the ship almost automatically.

"As soon as I reached Santiago I had the collier put to work. The details were completed and diligently prosecuted, hoping to complete them in one day, as the moon and tide served best the first night after our arrival. Notwithstanding, the hour of 4 o'clock in the morning arrived and preparation was scarcely completed. After a careful inspection of the final preparations, I was forced to relinquish the plan for that morning, as dawn was breaking.

"Mr. Hobson begged to try the plan at all hazards.

"This morning proved more propitious, as a prompt start was made. Nothing could have been more gallantly executed. We waited impatiently after the firing by the Spaniards had ceased. When Hobson and his men did not reappear from the harbor at 6 o'clock I feared that they had all perished. A steam launch which had been sent in charge of Naval Cadet Powell to rescue the men appeared at this time, coming out under a persistent fire of the batteries, but it brought none of the crew.

"A careful inspection of the harbor from the ship showed that the vessel Merrimac had been sunk in the channel.

"This afternoon the Chief of Staff of Admiral Cervera came out under a flag of truce with a letter from the Admiral extolling the bravery of the crew in an unusual manner. I cannot myself too earnestly express my appreciation of the conduct of Mr. Hobson and his gallant crew.

"I venture to say that a more brave and daring thing has not been done since Cushing blew up the Albemarle.

"Referring to the inspiring letter which you addressed to the officers at the beginning of the war, I am sure you will offer a suitable professional reward to Mr. Hobson and his companions.

"I must add that Commander J. N. Miller relinquished his command with the very greatest reluctance, believing he would retain his command under all circumstances. He was, however, finally convinced that the attempt of another person to carry out the multitude of details which had been in preparation by Mr. Hobson might endanger its proper execution. I, therefore, took the liberty to relieve him, for this reason only. There were hundreds of volunteers who were anxious to participate. There were 150 from the Iowa, nearly as many from the New York and large numbers from all the other ships, officers and men alike."

Words cannot paint the live, matter of fact heroism of the men who successfully accomplished this audacious undertaking. Just before leaving the flagship, Lieutenant Hobson said of his plans:

"I shall go right into the harbor until about 400 yards past the Estrella Battery, which is behind Morro Castle. I do not think they can sink me before I reach somewhere near that point. The Merrimac has 7000 tons buoyancy, and I shall keep her full speed ahead. She can make about ten knots.

"When the narrowest part of the channel is reached I shall put her helm hard aport, stop the engines, drop the anchors, open the sea connections, touch off the torpedoes and leave the Merrimac a wreck, lying athwart the channel, which is not as broad as the Merrimac is long. There are ten eight-inch improvised torpedoes below the water line on the Merrimac's port side.

"They are placed on her side against the bulkheads and vital spots, connected with each other by a wire under the ship's keel. Each torpedo contains eighty-two pounds of gunpowder. Each torpedo is also connected with the bridge, and they should do their work in a minute, and it will be quick work even if done in a minute and a quarter.

"On deck there will be four men and myself. In the engine room there will be the other two. This is the total crew, and all of us will be in our under-clothing, with revolver and ammunition in watertight packing strapped around our waists. Forward there will be a man on deck and around his waist will be a line, the other end of the line being made fast to the bridge, where I shall stand.

"By that man's side will be an ax. When I stop the engines I shall jerk this cord and he will thus get the signal to cut the lashing which will be holding the forward anchor. He will then jump overboard and swim to the four-oared dingy which we shall tow astern. The dingy is full of life-buoys and is unsinkable. In it are rifles. It is to be held by two ropes, one made fast at her bow and one at her stern.

The first man to reach her will haul in the towline and pull the dingy out to starboard. The next to leave the ship are the rest of the crew. The quarter-master at the wheel will not leave until after having put it hard aport and lashed it so; he will then jump overboard.

"Down below, the man at the reversing gear will stop the engines, scramble up on deck and get over the side as quickly as possible.

"The man in the engine room will break open the sea connections with a sledge hammer and will follow his leader into the water. This last step insures the sinking of the Merrimac whether the torpedoes work or not.

"By this time, I calculate the six men will be in the dingy and the Merrimac will have swung athwart the channel, to the full length of her 300 yards of cable, which will have been paid out before the anchors were cut loose.

"Then, all that is left for me is to touch the button. I shall stand on the starboard side of the bridge. The explosion will

throw the Merrimac on her starboard side; nothing will be able to raise her after that.

"And you expect to come out of this alive?" asked a companion of the Lieutenant.

"Ah, that is another thing," said the Lieutenant. He was so interested in the mechanical details of the scheme that he scarcely stopped to talk of life and death. But, in reply to the frequent questions, Hobson said :—

"I suppose the Estrella Battery will fire down on us a bit; but the ships will throw their searchlights in the gunners' faces, and they won't see much of us. Then, if we are torpedoed we should even then be able to make the desired position in the channel. It won't be so easy to hit us, and I think the men should be able to swim to the dingy."

"I may jump before I am blown up. But I don't see that it makes much difference what I do. I have a fair chance of life either way. If our dingy gets shot to pieces we shall then try to swim for the beach right under Morro Castle."

"We shall keep together at all hazards. Then we may be able to make our way alongside, and perhaps get back to the ship. We shall fight the sentries or a squad until the last, and we shall only surrender to overwhelming numbers, and our surrender will only take place as a last and almost un contemplated emergency."

Ensign Powell of the New York volunteered for a mission almost equally as hazardous as that of Hobson's. With six men in the flagship launch, he patrolled the mouth of the harbor to rescue Hobson and his plucky crew, should any of them live through the rain of fire that they were to meet, and come out of the harbor after the Merrimac had been sunk. He pluckily remained until daylight, but was forced to return to the flagship under heavy fire from the batteries, without seeing a trace of the Merrimac's crew.

The great anxiety throughout the fleet for the brave men who had taken their lives in their hands, was relieved later in the day, when Captain Oviedo, the chief of staff of Admiral Cervera, Commander of the Spanish fleet, put out of the harbor in a boat with a white flag, boarded the flagship

and informed Admiral Sampson that Hobson and his entire party were alive, that they had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards, that two were slightly wounded, and offering, in recognition of their bravery, to exchange them.

Both in America and abroad, the highest tributes of praise were paid Lieutenant Hobson and his crew. Commodore Schley, commander of the flying squadron said: "I watched the Merrimac as she made her way to the entrance of the harbor, and my heart sank as I saw the perfect hail of fire that fell on the devoted men. I did not think it was possible one of them could have gone through it alive. They went into the jaws of death. It was Balaklava over again, without the means of defence which the light brigade had. Hobson led a forlorn hope without the power to cut his way out, but fortune once more favored the brave, and I hope he will have the recognition and promotion he deserves. His name will live as long as the heroes of the world are remembered."

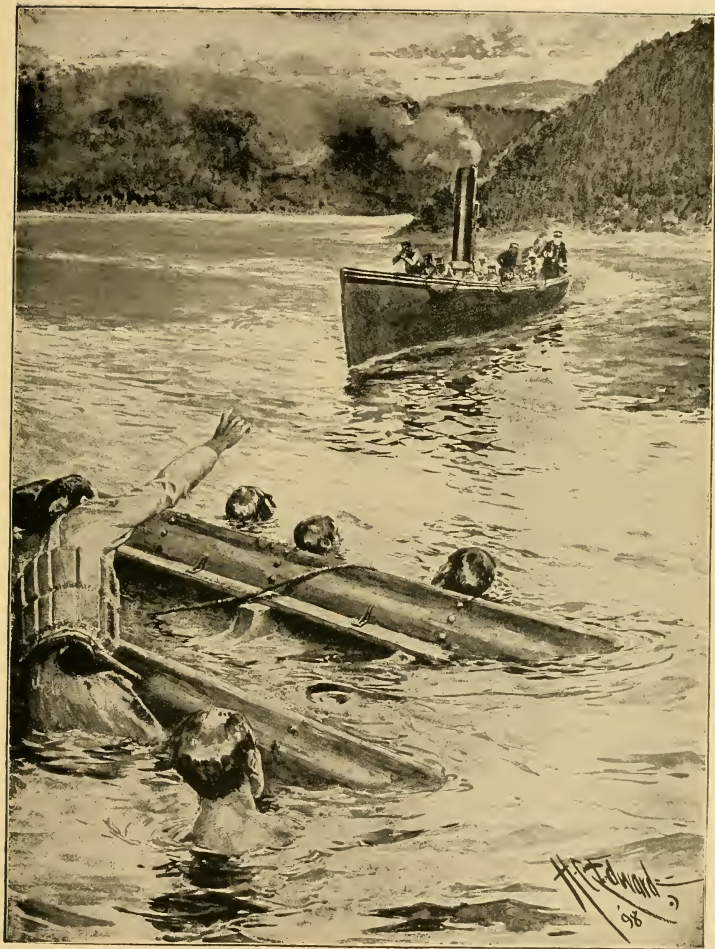
Ex-President Benjamin Harrison said: "The act of Lieutenant Hobson has few if any parallels in the history of the world. Lieutenant Hobson and his heroic crew not only went with the Merrimac into the range of an awful fire, unable to reply, but the interior of their vessel was loaded with torpedoes for her destruction at the proper time.

"They went in unable to fire one gun at the enemy, and prepared to destroy the very deck under their feet. We search the pages of history in vain to find some act of heroism for country and flag that approaches this."

President McKinley in a special message to Congress recommended Lieutenant Hobson and Ensign Powell for promotion and vote of thanks.

As Admiral Sampson declared, this act of Hobson's compares favorably with that of Cushing in blowing up the Albemarle, an account of which will be found in this volume.

The resolutions recommended by the President were adopted June 29, tendering the thanks of Congress to Naval Constructor Hobson and the other heroes of the Merrimac, and the actual names of the men who composed the crew were inserted



CAPTURE OF HOBSON AND THE "MERRIMAC" MEN
Admiral Cervera and Spanish Marines approaching in a Steam Launch

in the resolutions, it being the first time that a man not holding a commission had been thus honored by Congress.

After several attempts had failed, the exchange of Lieutenant Hobson and his associates for Spanish prisoners was finally effected in the presence of the armies of both nations, in front of Santiago, July 6. Lieutenant Hobson was exchanged for Lieutenant Arles of the Spanish army and fourteen Spanish soldiers were given up for Hobson's associates.

In the case of Lieutenant Hobson promotion was deferred until his wishes could be ascertained, but the men found their promotions awaiting them, orders to that effect have been sent to Admiral Sampson by the Secretary of the Navy.

For the first four days, after Lieutenant Hobson and his companions were captured, they were confined in Morro Castle as naval prisoners; then they were removed to the Reina Mercedes Hospital on the outskirts of Santiago.

They were aware of the different bombardments of the forts and of the battles on land, but had no definite knowledge of the results of either. They were well treated by the Spaniards.

After his return to the flagship New York, Lieutenant Hobson told the story of the sinking of the Merrimac:

"I did not miss the entrance to the harbor," he said, "as Ensign Powell in the launch supposed. I headed east until I got my bearings, and then made for it, straight in. Then came the firing. It was grand, flashing out, first from one side of the harbor and then from the other, from those big guns on the hills. The Vizcaya, lying inside the harbor, joined in.

"Troops from Santiago had rushed down when the news of the Merrimac's coming was telegraphed, and soldiers lined the foot of the cliffs, firing wildly across and killing each other with the cross-fire.

"The Merrimac's steering gear broke as she got to Estrella Point. Only three of the torpedoes on her side exploded when I touched the button. A huge submarine mine caught her full amidships, hurling the water high in the air and tearing a great rent in the Merrimac's side.

"Her stern ran upon Estrella Point. Chiefly owing to the work done by the mine, she began to sink slowly. At that time she was across the channel, but before she settled the tide drifted her around.

"We were all aft, lying on the deck. Shells and bullets whistled around. Six-inch shells from the Vizcaya came tearing into the Merrimac, crashing into wood and iron and passing clear through, while the plunging shots from the fort broke through her decks.

" 'Not a man must move,' I said; and it was only owing to the splendid discipline of the men that we were not all killed, as the shells rained over us and minutes became hours of suspense.

"The men's mouths grew parched; but we must lie there till daylight, I told them. Now and again one or the other of the men lying with his face glued to the deck and wondering whether the next shell would not come our way, would say, 'Hadn't we better drop off now, sir?' But I said, 'Wait till daylight.'

"It would have been impossible to get the catamaran anywhere but on the shore, where the soldiers stood shooting, and I hoped that by daylight we might be recognized and saved.

"The grand old Merrimac kept sinking. I wanted to go forward and see the damage done there, where nearly all the fire was directed. One man said that if I rose it would draw all the fire on the rest. So I lay motionless.

"It was splendid the way those men behaved. The fire of the soldiers, the batteries of the Vizcaya were awful. When the water came up to the Merrimac's decks the catamaran floated amid the wreckage, but she was still made fast to the boom, and we caught hold of the edges and clung on, our heads only being above water.

"One man thought we were safer right there. It was quite light. The firing had ceased, except that on the New York launch, and I feared Ensign Powell and his men had been killed."

Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, assistant naval constructor, was born at Greensboro, Alabama, August 17,

1870, and was appointed after a competitive examination to the Naval Academy in May, 1885. He was the youngest member of his class, but graduated at the head of his eighteen companions.

He studied engineering under the auspices of the United States Government in France, and was made assistant naval constructor in 1891. He was the author of a semi-political pamphlet entitled "The Situation and Outlook in Europe," and was assigned to the flagship New York when Rear Admiral Sampson sailed for the West Indies.

Ensign Joseph W. Powell, who took command of the New York's steam launch and lay under the batteries for many hours until he was satisfied from his own observation that the Merrimac had gone down; was known as "One of Hobson's Chickens." When Hobson joined the squadron, he secured permission from the authorities to take with him three young naval cadets from the Academy at Annapolis. Ensign Powell was appointed to the Academy in 1893.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

JULY 3D, 1898.



THE engagement, off Santiago, between Admiral Cervera's fleet and Admiral Sampson's ships, under the immediate command of Commodore Schley, was one of desperate daring on both sides, resulting in the destruction of the Spanish fleet that sailed from the Cape Verde Islands in the latter part of April, 1898. From that time until May 12th, when Admiral Cervera touched at the Island of Martinique, the fastest cruisers in the American Navy had been patrolling West Indian waters without sighting the Spanish ships, while Admiral Sampson with a powerful squadron waited for the Spaniards off Porto Rico; but Admiral Cervera's ships could not be found. The opinions of naval strategists were as numerous as the individuals themselves, yet the location of the Cape Verde fleet remained a mystery.

No one doubted the ability of the American ships to cope with the enemy, but there were grave fears of a sudden dash upon some unprotected coast, or a stealthy night attack upon the American vessels, by torpedo boats that formed an important part of the Spanish fleet. The safety of the battleship Oregon, which had not then finished her historic voyage from San Francisco to Jupiter, Florida, was a fruitful topic of discussion in all circles, when the announcement came that the Spanish warships had arrived at Curacoa, a Dutch island off the coast of Venezuela, had coaled there and then proceeded to sea in the direction of Cuba.

On May 25th, Commodore Schley, commanding the Flying Squadron, telegraphed the Navy Department that he was satisfied the Spanish fleet was in Santiago harbor on the

south coast of Cuba. On the same day, the larger part of Admiral Sampson's squadron, then lying directly opposite the entrance to Havana harbor, moved to the eastward. On the 29th, all doubt as to the whereabouts of Admiral Cervera's fleet was at an end, as Captain Sigsbee, formerly in command of the ill-fated battleship *Maine*, took the swift *St. Paul* across the line of Morro's frowning guns and located the vessels. Admiral Pascual Cervera y Topete and his hitherto elusive fleet were bottled up in Santiago harbor; Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, a man possessing ideal qualities of dash and cunning, persistency, zeal and courage, had cleverly caught the Spaniards in a trap of their own setting.

The harbor of Santiago de Cuba, into which the Spanish admiral took his magnificent cruisers and swift torpedo-boats, is one of the finest land-locked anchorages in the world.

Coming in from the sea it is impossible to detect the mouth of the harbor channel until close inshore, as toward the land nothing can be seen but high mountains presenting an apparently impenetrable front. But, continuing to approach the coast, two mountains seem suddenly to part asunder, disclosing a passage only one hundred and eighty yards wide, but of good depth.

Like Havana and San Juan, Santiago has its Morro Castle, built about 1640, on the mountain to the right of the entrance. On the mountain to the left is the fort of La Socapa; further in and on the same side as Morro, is the star-shaped fortification called *Estrella*, or the Star. After the breaking out of the Cuban Revolution in 1895, the natural defenses of Santiago harbor were materially strengthened by the addition of numbers of batteries and earthworks of modern construction.

A preliminary bombardment, to determine the position of the Spanish forts and to locate the batteries on the hills above the harbor, was made by Commodore Schley on May 31st. During its progress, the Spanish flagship *Cristobal Colon* was twice struck by shells from the battleship *Massachusetts*.

June 1st, Admiral Sampson with his squadron arrived off Santiago, relieved Commodore Schley, and assumed command of all the vessels operating in those waters.

On June 3d, Assistant Naval Constructor Hobson and a volunteer crew took the collier Merrimac into the harbor of Santiago, and attempted to sink it across the channel in its narrowest part. The undertaking was only partially successful, for reasons given in his report, but unstinted praise was rendered Hobson and his associates for their daring exploit.

June 6th Admiral Sampson's fleet bombarded the defences of Santiago harbor. The fire was terrific; the Estrella and Catalina fortifications were destroyed and the other works silenced.

Again, on June 16th, the American fleet bombarded the Santiago batteries, with the exception of Morro. This was spared because it was supposed that Hobson and his men were in confinement there. The American gunnery was superb and did tremendous execution, totally wrecking one heavy battery and inflicting terrible punishment on the others.

Following these operations against the harbor defenses, the American Army of Invasion, commanded by Major-General William R. Shafter, landed to the eastward of Santiago and invested the city itself.

With his position becoming more untenable every day, and acting under direct orders from Spain, Admiral Cervera on the morning of July 3d, made a desperate dash out of the harbor and attempted to escape.

A Sunday quiet rested on the American fleet off Santiago, the shore batteries were silent. On the land, the armies of both nations were resting after two days of hard fighting.

Admiral Sampson in the flagship New York was steaming away to the eastward to confer with General Shafter, and the vessels on the blockade were the Iowa, Indiana and Oregon, battleships; the flagship of Commodore Schley, the cruiser Brooklyn, and the converted yachts, Gloucester and Vixen. The Iowa was lying a mile further out than the rest of the squadron, trying to fix her forward twelve-inch turret which was out of repair, while the Indiana was doing the same thing to her forward thirteen-inch turret. The absolutely available ships, therefore, were the Brooklyn, the Texas and the

Oregon. Nevertheless, the Iowa and Indiana took splendid parts in the action.

As the signal "Cervera's trying to escape," passed round the fleet, the Brooklyn dashed after the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, the first ship to emerge from the harbor. The splendid Spanish cruiser had turned to the westward, her high, black bulwarks showing plain against the green of the hills, with the red and yellow ensign of Spain and the pennant of Admiral Cervera, flying above the magnificent ship.

Behind this flagship, and at nearly equal speed, came the *Vizcaya*, the *Almirante Oquendo* and the *Cristobal Colon*, with two torpedo-boat destroyers, the *Furor* and *Pluton*, bringing up the rear.

The first shot of the action was from an eleven-inch gun on the *Maria Teresa*, and was intended for the Brooklyn; then began a running fight, one of the momentous battles of naval history.

Swinging to a parallel course with the enemy, the Iowa brought her starboard battery into action, the grim battleship sending twelve and eight-inch shells at the nearest ship, and pouring in a rapid fire storm from her secondary battery.

All the American ships were quickly in action, and a hurricane of shot and shell rained upon the cruisers that were following after Cervera's flag.

The first fire of the battleships was poured upon the Spanish flagship, but soon the *Vizcaya*, *Oquendo*, and *Colon* had to face the fire of the Iowa, Texas and Indiana, while the Brooklyn and the Oregon raced after the flying admiral.

The scene was magnificent beyond description. As the smoke, which wrapped the ships in stifling obscurity, lifted from time to time, the Admiral's ship, "bannered with flame," could be seen ten miles to the westward of Morro Castle, headed for the shore, a last, desperate effort to keep her out of her enemy's hands.

Almost simultaneously with the beaching of the *Maria Teresa*, the *Vizcaya* and *Oquendo* fighting their way in the terrible din and uproar of heavy guns and the continuous crash and rattle of rapid-fire batteries, turned shoreward

unable to withstand the terrible hammering of the battle-ships.

The Spanish crews had not been idle. They fought with desperate bravery, but courage was no match for courage and good gunnery. The Spanish shells flew wild while the American gun fire was marked with merciless precision.

The Vizcaya and Oquendo were beached less than half a mile apart, and as they accepted the inevitable and headed for the shore, both cruisers were on fire; the Vizcaya from forward to amidships.

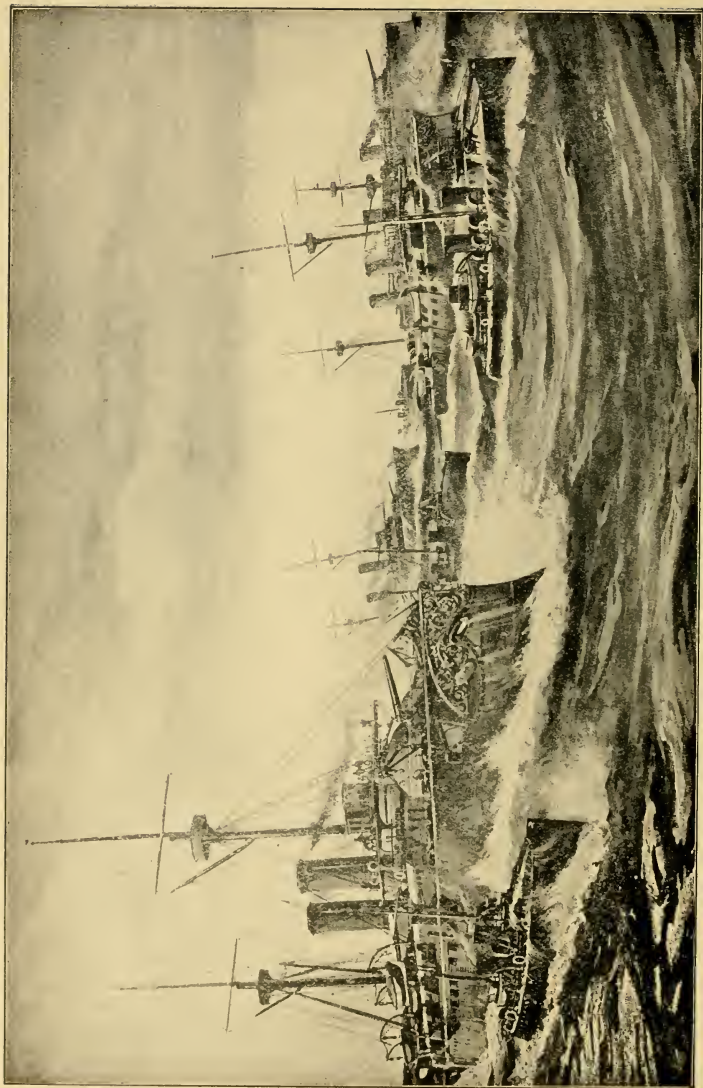
None who saw the battered wreck that now rested on the beach at Acerraderos, blackened by fire, her bows blown out by some internal explosion, and gaping shot wounds in her sides, would recognize the splendid cruiser Vizcaya, who, but a few months before, visited the harbor of New York, charged, as her captain announced, "with a mission of peace."

The Oquendo laid well upon the beach, her sides scarred by many shots, a tremendous hole in her portbow; her military masts gone; her deck a scene of wreck and confusion.

The Cristobal Colon made the longest run for liberty. Past the bay where her battered sisters, the Vizcaya and Oquendo were lying, past the Maria Teresa smouldering on the beach, the fleet cruiser held westward, evidently hoping to break through the lines and reach free water. She had passed the Iowa, the Indiana and the Texas, but could not shake off the Brooklyn and the Oregon, which were coming up with railroad speed. In spite of the twelve and thirteen-inch shells that rained upon the fleet cruiser, she kept on in the low hanging smoke from her own guns and that which drifted inshore from her pursuers.

The firing was incessant, and the Spanish Commander, his ship on fire at the stern, seeing the Oregon turning inshore to intercept him, altered his course as if to attempt to pass between the Oregon and the Brooklyn and run for the open sea.

But it was not to be; the Texas and the Oregon were closing the gap between themselves and the doomed ship, firing at long range, and the Brooklyn was raking



ADMIRAL CERVERA'S FLEET LEAVING CURACOA.

her at much shorter range. Wreathed in smoke and unable to subdue the flames caused by bursting shells, the Colon headed inshore and ran for the rocks over which the surf was breaking.

As the Colon headed for the shore, the battleships ceased firing and ran in to save the survivors. The Colon struck bow on and rested there. She had consistently followed the idea that led the ships to quit the harbor—the making of a glorious end.

But the battleships were not to have all the glory of the day. The converted yacht Gloucester, did work that was heroic and astonishing.

As the Vizcaya came out of the harbor, and passed into the storm of shells from the battleships, she turned her secondary battery on the Gloucester, who returned the fire with six-pound shells, and then trained her guns on the Oquendo and Colon. She was in the thickest of the fighting and when the Furor and Pluton appeared she riddled them with a deadly fire.

A twelve-inch shell from the Iowa tore off the stern of one of the torpedo-boat destroyers, and then the Gloucester rained shells upon her and her consort. Splintered and torn the destroyers attempted to turn and run for the mouth of the harbor, but the Gloucester was ready for them and under her fire one was sunk and the other run ashore to save the lives of those left on board. This one blew up soon after being abandoned and boats from the Gloucester picked up the survivors of the crews including both commanders.

Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, who commanded the Gloucester on this memorable day, was executive officer on the battleship Maine when she was destroyed in Havana harbor.

Admiral Cervera escaped to the shore in a boat sent by the Gloucester to the assistance of the Maria Teresa. As soon as he touched the beach he surrendered himself and his command to Lieutenant Morton, and asked to be taken on board the Gloucester, which was the only American vessel near him at the time.

The Spanish Admiral, who was wounded in the arm, was taken to the Gloucester, and was received at the gangway by her commander, Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, who placed his cabin at the disposal of the gallant Spaniard.

In this action the Spanish lost all their ships and about one half their number in killed and wounded.

On the American ships one man was killed and one wounded.

The prisoners were taken on the auxiliary cruiser St. Louis to Portsmouth, N. H. Subsequently, Admiral Cervera and the higher Spanish officers were taken to Annapolis, where comfortable quarters were provided for them, and every courtesy shown them.

The following description of the battle between the American and Spanish warships, was furnished by an eye-witness on Commodore Schley's flagship, the armored cruiser Brooklyn :

"The Brooklyn and the Vixen were the only ships to the west of the entrance, the other ships having drifted to the east. On the bridge, Navigator Hodgson, of the Brooklyn, said sharply to the lookout: 'Isn't that smoke moving?' and the lookout, after a minute's inspection with the long glass, dropped it excitedly and fairly yelled, 'There's a big ship coming out of the harbor, sir!'

"Hodgson, who is a particularly cool man, looked once himself, and then grasping the megaphone, shouted: 'After bridge, there. Tell the Commodore that the enemy's fleet is coming out!'

"Commodore Schley was sitting under the awning on the quarter-deck. Going to the bridge he said, 'Raise the signal to the fleet,' and turning to Captain Cook, who stood near, he said, 'Clear ship for action.' Then he went forward and took his place on a little platform of wood running around the outside of the conning tower, which had been built for him.

"The men, with a yell, went to their guns and the rapid preliminary orders were given. Schley, glasses in hand, watched the first ship turn out, and saw her start for the west. Still he gave no signal to fire or move.

"The Oregon opened with her thirteen-inch shells, and the Indiana and Texas followed suit. The range was a long one. Still the Brooklyn waited. But down below, the coal was being forced into the furnace, every boiler was being worked, and every gun made ready to fire. Schley wanted to know which way they were all going, or whether they would scatter.

"In the meantime the Oregon began to turn to the west and the Texas had moved in closer, and was damaging the leading ship, the Infanta Maria Teresa.

" 'They are all coming west, sir,' shouted Lieutenant Sears, and just then the western batteries opened up.

" 'Full speed ahead; open fire!' shouted the Commodore. 'Fire deliberately and don't waste a shot,' he added, and the orderlies carried the word to the turrets.

"In an instant the Brooklyn's terrific eight- and five-inch batteries on her port side opened, and the cruiser headed for a point in front of the first escaping ship, firing at and receiving the fire from two of them.

"At 10.11 the Spanish ships had all concentrated their shots on the Brooklyn, and she was in a perfect rain of shells, most of which went over her.

"Standing in this rain of shells, Commodore Schley asked a yeoman or ship's storekeeper, a young man named Ellis, who stood near him with a stadimeter, 'What is the distance to the Vizcaya?' The man took the observation. 'Twenty-two hundred yards, sir,' he said, and there was a whistle, followed by a splash, as his head was literally torn from his shoulders by an eight-inch shell.

" 'Too bad,' said Commodore Schley, as the body fell at his feet, then, with his glasses to his eyes, he added, 'The first ship is done for. She is running ashore.'

"The Maria Teresa was running her nose on the beach, and in an instant was a mass of flames. The Brooklyn was ordered to concentrate her fire on the Almirante Oquendo, and, with the Oregon's assistance, in ten minutes more the Oquendo was sent ashore a burning wreck but a short distance from Santiago. The Iowa, in the meantime, had sunk

one torpedo-boat destroyer, and the other one had been driven ashore by the Gloucester's terrific rapid fire.

"At 10.49 the Brooklyn turned her attention to the Vizcaya, the Cristobal Colon having passed the latter and now being in the lead well up the coast.

"At the time the only vessels in sight from the Brooklyn were the Oregon, about a mile and a half astern, and the Texas, about three miles astern. At 10.54 the Vizcaya was raked fore and aft, clean along her gun-deck, by an eight-inch shell from the Brooklyn. Another one, a minute later, exploded in her superstructure with terrific force, killing eighty people. She was afire, and at 10.55 she headed for the beach at Acerraderos where she went ashore.

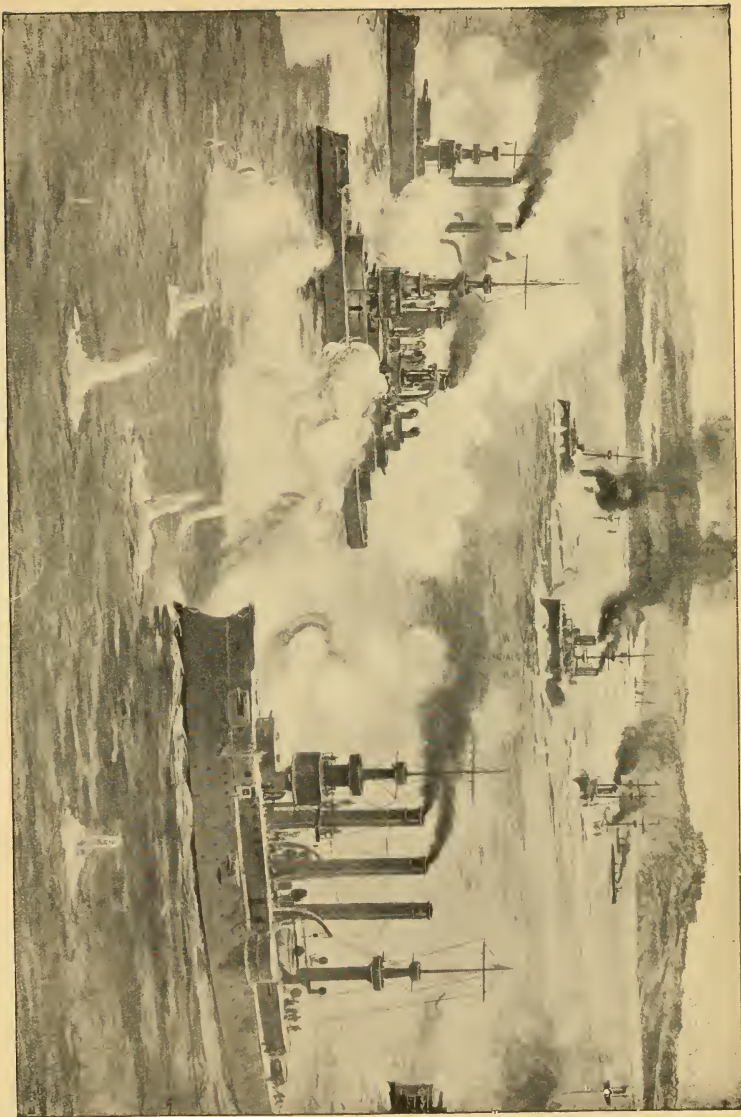
"The Brooklyn did not stop, but kept up the chase after the Cristobal Colon, the Oregon rapidly closing up and following her. The other vessels at this time were from six to eight miles behind, and Admiral Sampson's flagship, the New York, was not in sight.

"At 1.05, P. M., both the Brooklyn and the Oregon were pounding away at the Colon. In another ten minutes, after returning the fire in a desultory sort of way and rapidly losing ground, the Colon turned towards shore. At 1.15 she hauled down her flag.

"With yells of delight the men poured out of the turrets of the two ships, and when a boom went up at the mainmast of the Brooklyn they began to cheer, and did not stop for ten minutes.

"At this time the only ships in sight were the Vixen, about five miles away, and the Texas, about seven miles away. The New York was not in sight. As the big ships moved in on the quarry, the smoke of the New York could be seen coming over the horizon from the east, but she was fully twelve miles away.

"A boat was lowered from the Brooklyn, and Captain Cook went aboard to receive the surrender. The captain in charge said, with tears in his eyes, 'I surrender unconditionally to Commodore Schley. We were badly hurt and could not get away.' While Captain Cook's boat was coming alongside,



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the Spanish captives shouted, 'Bravo, Americano,' and the crew responded, 'Bravo, Spaniardio' (sic).

"While Captain Cook was returning to the Brooklyn, the New York, with Admiral Sampson, came along, ran in between the Brooklyn and the prize, and ordered Captain Cook to send the prisoners on board the New York.

"Commodore Schley, seeing this, megaphoned over, 'I request the honor of receiving the surrender of the officers of the Cristobal Colon.'

"Commodore Schley then raised the pennant: 'A glorious victory has been won. Details later.'

"The answer from the New York was, 'Report your casualties.'

"The Brooklyn was hit twenty-six times, but only one man, G. H. Ellis, was killed, and only one man, J. H. Burns, fireman, wounded.

"The Colon went ashore at the place where the Virginius expedition tried to land and was captured years ago.

"The chase had lasted four hours, and the Brooklyn, Oregon, Texas and Gloucester had saved the United States fleet from the stain of allowing the Spanish vessels to escape—the Oregon and Brooklyn by their splendid chase and great gunnery, the Texas by her determined work on the first two ships, and the Gloucester, by her marvelous attack on the destroyers."

Captain Robley D. Evans, commanding the battleship Iowa, who took a prominent part in the battle which resulted in the destruction of the Spanish fleet, told this thrilling story of the engagement:

"As the Spanish squadron came out in column, the ships beautifully spaced as to distance and gradually increasing their speed to thirteen knots, it was superb.

"The Iowa from this moment kept up a steady fire from her heavy guns, heading all the time to keep the Infanta Maria Teresa on her starboard bow and hoping to ram one of the leading ships. In the meantime the Oregon, Indiana, Brooklyn and Texas were doing excellent work with their heavy guns. In a very short space of time the enemy's

ships were all clear of the harbor mouth, and it became evidently impossible for the Iowa to ram either the first or the second ship on account of their speed.

"The range at this time was 2000 yards from the leading ship. The Iowa's helm was immediately put hard to starboard, and the entire port side was poured into the Infanta Maria Teresa. The helm was then quickly shifted to port and the ship headed across the stern of the Teresa in an effort to head off the Oquendo. All the time the engines were driving at full speed ahead. A perfect torrent of shells from the enemy passed over the smokestacks and superstructure of the ship, but none struck her.

"The Cristobal Colon, being much faster than the rest of the Spanish ships, passed rapidly in front in an effort to escape. In passing the Iowa the Colon placed two six-inch shells fairly in our starboard bow. One passed through the cofferdam and dispensary, wrecking the latter and bursting on the berth deck, doing considerable damage. The other passed through the side at the water line with the cofferdam, where it still remains.

"As it was now obviously impossible to ram any of the Spanish ships on account of their superior speed, the Iowa's helm was put to the starboard, and she ran on a course parallel with the enemy. Being then abreast of the Almirante Oquendo, at a distance of 1100 yards, the Iowa's entire battery, including the rapid-fire guns, was opened on the Oquendo. The punishment was terrific. Many twelve-and eight-inch shells were seen to explode inside of her and smoke came out through her hatches. Two twelve-inch shells from the Iowa pierced the Almirante Oquendo at the same moment, one forward and the other aft. The Oquendo seemed to stop her engines for a moment and lost headway, but she immediately resumed her speed and gradually drew ahead of the Iowa and came under the terrific fire of the Oregon and Texas.

"At this moment the alarm of 'torpedo-boats' was sounded, and two torpedo-boat destroyers were discovered on the starboard quarter at a distance of 4000 yards. Fire was at once

opened on them with the after battery, and a twelve-inch shell cut the stern of one destroyer squarely off. As this shell struck, a small torpedo-boat fired back at the battleship, sending a shell within a few feet of my head. I said to Executive Officer Rogers, 'That little chap has got a lot of cheek.' Rogers shouted back, 'She shoots very well all the same.'

"Well up among the advancing cruisers, spitting shots at one and then at another, was the little Gloucester, shooting first at a cruiser and then at a torpedo boat and hitting a head wherever she saw it. The marvel was that she was not destroyed by the rain of shells.

"In the meantime, the Vizcaya was slowly drawing abeam of the Iowa, and for the space of fifteen minutes it was give and take between the two ships. The Vizcaya fired rapidly but wildly, not one shot taking effect on the Iowa, while the shells from the Iowa were tearing great rents in the sides of the Vizcaya. As the latter passed ahead of the Iowa she came under the murderous fire of the Oregon. At this time the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Almirante Oquendo, leading the enemy's column, were seen to be heading for the beach and in flames. The Texas, Oregon and Iowa pounded them unmercifully. They ceased to reply to the fire and in a few moments the Spanish cruisers were a mass of flames and on the rocks, with their colors down, the Teresa flying a white flag at the fore.

"The crews of the enemy's ship stripped themselves and began jumping overboard, and some of the smaller magazines began to explode.

"Meantime, the Brooklyn and the Cristobal Colon were exchanging compliments in lively fashion and at apparently long range, and the Oregon, with her locomotive speed, was hanging well on to the Colon, also paying attention to the Vizcaya. The Teresa and the Oquendo were in flames on the beach just twenty minutes after the first shot was fired. Fifty minutes after the first shot was fired the Vizcaya put her helm to port with a great burst of flame from the after part of the ship, and headed slowly for the rocks at Acerra-deros, where she found her last resting place.

"As it was apparent that the Iowa could not possibly catch the Cristobal Colon and that the Oregon and Brooklyn undoubtedly would, and as the fast New York was also on her trail, I decided that the calls of humanity should be answered and attention given to the 1200 or 1500 Spanish officers and men who had struck their colors to the American squadron commanded by Admiral Sampson. I therefore headed for the wreck of the Vizcaya, now burning furiously fore and aft. When I was as far as the depth of water would admit, I lowered all my boats and sent them at once to the assistance of the unfortunate men, who were being drowned by dozens, or roasted on the decks. I soon discovered that the insurgent Cubans from the shore were shooting on men who were struggling in the water after having surrendered to us. I immediately put a stop to this, but I could not put a stop to the mutilation of many bodies by the sharks inside the reef. These creatures had become excited by the blood from the wounded mixing in the water.

"My boats' crews worked manfully and succeeded in saving many of the wounded from the burning ship. One man, who will be recommended for promotion, clambered up the side of the Vizcaya and saved three men from burning to death. The smaller magazines of the Vizcaya were exploding with magnificent cloud effects. The boats were coming alongside in a steady string and willing hands were helping the lacerated Spanish officers and sailors on to the Iowa's quarter deck. All the Spaniards were absolutely without clothes. Some had their legs torn off by fragments of shells. Others were mutilated in every conceivable way.

"The bottoms of the boats had two or three inches of blood. In many cases dead men were lying in the blood. Five poor chaps died on the way to the ship. They were afterwards buried with military honors from the Iowa. Some examples of heroism, or more properly devotion to discipline and duty, could never be surpassed. One man on the lost Vizcaya had his left arm almost shot off just below the shoulder. The fragments were hanging by a small piece of skin. But he climbed unassisted over the side and saluted as if on a visit

of ceremony. Immediately after him came a strong, hearty sailor, whose left leg had been shot off above the knee. He was hoisted on board the Iowa with a tackle, but never a whimper came from him. Gradually the mangled bodies and naked men accumulated until it would have been almost difficult to recognize the Iowa as a United States battleship.

"Blood was all over her usually white quarter deck, and 272 naked men were being supplied with water and food by those who a few minutes before had been using a rapid fire battery on them. Finally, came the boats with Captain Eulate, commander of the Vizcaya, for whom a chair was lowered over the side, as he was evidently wounded. The captain's guard of marines was drawn up on the quarterdeck to salute him, and I stood waiting to welcome him. As the chair was placed on the deck the marines presented arms. Captain Eulate slowly raised himself in the chair, saluted me with grave dignity, unbuckled his sword belt, and holding the hilt of the sword before him, kissed it reverently, with tears in his eyes, and then surrendered it to me.

"Of course, I declined to receive his sword, and as the crew of the Iowa saw this, they cheered like wild men. As I started to take Captain Eulate into the cabin to let the doctors examine his wounds, the magazines on board the Vizcaya exploded with a tremendous burst of flame. Captain Eulate, extending his hands, said: 'Adios Vizcaya. There goes my beautiful ship, Captain,' and so we passed on to the cabin, where the doctors dressed his three wounds. In the meantime, thirty officers of the Vizcaya had been picked up, besides the 272 of her crew. Our wardroom and steerage officers gave up their staterooms and furnished food, clothing and tobacco to those naked officers from the Vizcaya. The paymaster issued uniforms to the naked sailors, and each was given all the corned beef, coffee and hard tack he could eat. The war had assumed another aspect."

The following account is from another source:

"Almost before the leading ship was clear of the shadow of Morro Castle, the fight had begun. Admiral Cervera started it by a shell from the Infanta Maria Teresa, to which ne

had transferred his flag. It struck none of the American vessels. In a twinkling the big guns of the Texas belched forth their thunder, which was followed immediately by a heavy fire from our other ships. The Spaniards turned to the westward under full steam, pouring a constant fire on our ships, and evidently hoping to get away by their superior speed.

"The Brooklyn turned her course parallel with that of the Spaniards, and, after getting in good range, began a running fight.

"The Texas still leading in shore, kept up a hot exchange of shots with the foremost ships, which gradually drew away to the westward under the shadow of the hills. The third of the Spanish vessels, the Vizcaya or the Almirante Oquendo, was caught by the Texas in good fighting range, and it was she that engaged the chief attention of the first battleship commissioned in the American navy—the old "hoodoo," but now the old hero. The Texas steamed west with her adversary, and as she could not catch her with speed she did with her shells. Captain John W. Philip directed operations from the bridge until the fire got so hot that he ordered the ship to be run from the conning tower, and the bridge contingent moved down to the passage surrounding the tower. This was a providential move, for a moment later a shell from one of the Spanish cruisers tore through the pilot-house. It would have killed the wheelman and perhaps everybody on the bridge had they remained there.

"Captain Philip, Executive Officer Harper, Navigation Officer Milner, Cadet Reynolds, manipulating the range-finder, and a few messengers stood outside on the conning tower platform.

"Captain Philip directed every move throughout the heat of the fight. For half an hour the shells whistled all about the ship, but only one other struck it. This tore a hole through the ash-hoist amidships and exploded inside the smokestack. No one was injured.

"The din of the guns was so terrific that orders had to be yelled close to the messengers' ears, and at times the smoke

was so thick that absolutely nothing could be seen. Once or twice the twelve-inch guns in the turrets were swung across the ship and fired. The concussion shook the great vessel as though she had been struck by a great ball, and everything movable was splintered. The men near the guns were thrown flat on their faces. One of them, a seaman named Scarm, was tumbled down a hatch into the forward handling-room. His leg was broken.

"Meanwhile the Oregon had come in on the run. She passed the Texas and chased after Commodore Schley, on the Brooklyn, to head off the foremost of the Spanish ships. The Iowa also turned her course westward, and kept up a hot fire on the running enemy.

"At 10.10 o'clock the third of the Spanish ships, the one that had been exchanging compliments with the Texas, was seen to be on fire and a mighty cheer went up from our ships. The Spaniard headed for the shore and the Texas turned her attention to the one following. The Brooklyn and Oregon, after a few parting shots, also left her contemptuously, and made all steam and shell after the foremost two of the Spanish ships, the Almirante Oquendo and the Cristobal Colon.

"Just then the two torpedo-boat destroyers Pluton and Furor were discovered. They had come out after the cruisers without being seen and were boldly heading west down the coast. 'All small guns on the torpedo-boats,' was the order on the Texas, and in an instant a hail of shot was pouring all about them. A six-pounder from the starboard battery of the Texas, under Ensign Gise, struck the foremost torpedo-boat fairly in the boiler.

"A rending sound was heard above the roar of battle. A great spout of black smoke shot up from that destroyer and she was out of commission. The Iowa, which was coming up fast, threw a few complimentary shots at the second torpedo-boat destroyer and passed on. The little Gloucester, formerly the yacht Corsair, then sailed in and finished the second boat.

"Gun for gun and shot for shot the running fight was kept up between the Spanish cruisers and the four American ves-

sels. At 10 30 o'clock the Infanta Maria Teresa and Vizcaya were almost on the beach, and were evidently in distress. As the Texas was firing at them a white flag was run up on the one nearest her.

" 'Cease firing,' called Captain Philip, and a moment later both the Spauiards were beached. Clouds of black smoke arose from each, and bright flashes of flame could be seen shining through the smoke. Boats were visible putting out from the cruisers to the shore. The Iowa waited to see that the two warships were really out of the fight, and it did not take her long to determine that they would never fight again. The Iowa herself had suffered some very hard knocks.

"The Brooklyn, Oregon and Texas pushed ahead after the Colon and Almirante Oquendo, which were now running the race of their lives along the coast. At 10.50 o'clock the Almirante suddenly headed inshore, she had the Brooklyn and Oregon abeam, and the Texas astern. The Brooklyn and Oregon pushed on after the Cristobal Colon, which was making fine time, and which looked as if she might escape, leaving the Texas to finish the Almirante Oquendo. The work did not take long. The Spanish ship was already burning. At 11.05 down came a yellow and red flag at her stern. Just as the Texas got abeam of her she was shaken by a mighty explosion.

"The crew of the Texas started to cheer. 'Don't cheer, because the poor devils are dying,' called Captain Philip, and the Texas left the Almirante Oquendo to her fate to join in the chase of the Cristobal Colon.

"That ship in desperation was plowing the waters at a rate that caused the fast Brooklyn trouble. The Oregon made great speed for a battleship, and the Texas made the effort of her life. Never since her trial trip has she made such time.

"The Brooklyn might have proved a match to the Cristobal Colon in speed, but she was not supposed to be her match in strength.

"It would never do to allow even one of the Spanish ships to get away. Straight into the west the strongest chase of modern times took place. The Brooklyn headed the pursuers.

She stood well out from the shore in order to try to cut off the Cristobal Colon at a point jutting out into the sea far ahead. The Oregon kept a middle course about a mile from the cruiser. The desperate Don ran close along the shore, and now and then he threw a shell of defiance. The old Texas kept well up in the chase under forced draught for over two hours.

"The fleet Spaniard led the Americans a merry chase, but she had no chance. The Brooklyn gradually forged ahead so that the escape of the Cristobal Colon was cut off at the point above mentioned. The Oregon was abeam of the Colon then and the gallant Don gave it up.

"At 1.15 o'clock he headed for the shore, and five minutes later down came the Spanish flag. None of our ships were then within a mile of her, but her escape was cut off. The Texas, Oregon and Brooklyn closed in on her and stopped their engines a few hundred yards away.

"Captain Cook left the Brooklyn in a small boat and went aboard the Cristobal Colon, and received the surrender. Meantime the New York, with Admiral Sampson on board, and the Vixen were coming up on the run. Commodore Schley signaled to Admiral Sampson, 'We have won a great victory, details will be communicated.'

"The victory certainly was Commodore Schley's. Then for an hour after the surrender in that little cove under the high hills was a general Fourth of July celebration, though a little premature. Our ships cheered one another, the captains indulged in compliments through the megaphones, and the Oregon got out its band, and the strains of the 'Star Spangled Banner' echoed over the lines of Spaniards drawn up on the deck of the last of the Spanish fleet, and up over the lofty green-tipped hills of the Cuban mountains.

"Commodore Schley, coming alongside the Texas, from the Cristobal Colon, in his gig, called out cheerily, 'It was a nice fight, Jack, wasn't it?'

"The veterans of the Texas lined up and gave three hearty cheers and a tiger for their old commander-in-chief. Captain

Philip called all hands to the quarter-deck, and with bared head, thanked God for the almost bloodless victory.

" 'I want to make public acknowledgment here,' he said, 'that I believe in God the Father Almighty. I want all you officers and men to lift your hats and from your hearts offer silent thanks to the Almighty.'

"All hats were off. There was a moment or two of absolute silence, and then the overwrought feelings of the ship's company relieved themselves in three hearty cheers for their beloved commander."

After the battle Admiral Cervera said to a special correspondent of the New York *Herald* that he had received three cablegrams from the Minister of Marine at Madrid ordering him to leave Santiago. Knowing the force he would have to encounter, he felt convinced that obedience to these orders would spell "suicide" to the imprisoned fleet that faced it.

Then came another despatch, a peremptory one, that left no choice but to obey. It said:—"No matter what the consequences are, go to sea at once and fight the enemy."

"So I went out. My plan was to attack your Brooklyn, sink or disable her if possible, then run to Havana, raise the blockade there, and seek refuge in the harbor, but I failed in my purpose, as you know, lost all I had, my fleet and everything. My country's misfortune and my own are very great."

"Asked if he thought the destruction of his fleet would end the war, the Admiral said:

"I cannot speak. I am unable to speak of that."

"If the Americans attack Havana I am sure they will meet with a terrible resistance and will lose ships and men."

"If Linares is not heavily reinforced Santiago must fall. But on the day before I left he was joined by two thousand men. He was expecting reinforcements from all parts of the island. If they join him the city may hold out for some time."

The conversation turned to Hobson and his forlorn hope, and the Admiral had no word of praise too high for that little band of heroes and their world renowned exploit.

Cervera then spoke of Captain Wainwright, of the Gloucester, and his brave, big-hearted executive officer, Lieutenant H. McL. P. Huse. Cervera thanked them both from the bottom of his heart for the manner in which they had stood by the fire-imperilled Maria Teresa, whose heated guns made a fearful danger zone, and whose magazine threatened to dash the life from every one near by.

Seeing the danger, Cervera begged Lieutenant Huse to shove off from the flaming wreck. "That gallant and noble officer," said Cervera, replied, "No, Admiral, not until I have rescued all your wounded."

"I jumped overboard and my son followed me. I could make no headway and would have been drowned had not he helped me and borne me up with his younger and stronger arms. While we were struggling in the water the Cubans on shore fired at us, but the Americans drove them away and would not allow them to molest us again.

"Then I was taken on board the Gloucester and then to the Iowa."

The Admiral was asked about the first bombardment of Santiago. "It was a great surprise," he confessed. He had feared that the Cristobal Colon would have been sunk, as the rest of the fleet was not within supporting distance, and the forts at that time were but imperfectly defended, mounting but a few guns.

He could not understand why the American ships did not close in and strike the Colon en masse, as she had none of her big guns on board.

"Did not have her big guns? Where were they?" was the question that interrupted the Admiral's talk.

"In Italy—or perhaps in the pockets of our chief of ordnance," was the reply given with an expressive shrug.

Continuing, the Admiral said that during the attack of June 6 the Reina Mercedes was struck several times, and that the captain and four of the vessel's crew had been killed.

He was greatly impressed by the battery practice of the Texas during the fight of June 22, and gave high praise to that vessel for the splendid way in which her guns were handled.

Of Captain Robley D. Evans, of the Iowa, the Admiral spoke in glowing terms. On board that vessel he had been received more as a conqueror than a captive, had been allowed to retain his sword, and had seen the marine guard of the ship stationed to receive him as though he was a visiting admiral instead of a half-drowned and sadly beaten hostage of war.

Eulate, captain of the Vizcaya, also spoke in high terms of Captain Evans, and appreciated the courtesy of "Fighting Bob" in allowing him to retain his sword, and also for the way in which he allowed the Vizcaya's dead to be buried. After the Spanish flag had been wrapped around the bodies the padre of the Vizcaya committed them to the deep, the Iowa's guard of marines firing three volleys over the dead.

Cervera told Commodore Schley that one shell which had burst on the Maria Teresa killed and wounded eighty men.

Shortly after his surrender, Captain Eulate, of the Vizcaya, wounded, halt of limb and depressed in spirit, said to a correspondent of the press that he had saved his honor, although he had lost his ship. That was the wording of a dispatch which he had sent his wife after the destruction of the Vizcaya.

"When you think of the odds I encountered, you will see that I could not do more than I did." Captain Eulate said.

"I had only one ship against four. My enemies were the Brooklyn, the Oregon and the Texas, and I think the Iowa was the other. All four punished us severely, but it was the Texas that gave us our coup de grace—a shell fired from that vessel entering our port below and exploding one of the forward magazines. My men stood by their guns and fought like true Spaniards."

"But naval conflicts now are not determined by courage," sighed the mournful Captain. "The victory is to the finer machine, and the American machines were better than ours. The Vizcaya, ah! she was a fine ship! And now what a wreck! Poor Spain!"

Captain Eulate commanded the Vizcaya during that vessel's visit to New York Harbor, a short time after the Maine dis-

aster. Before that he had come into notoriety as the officer who had ordered the execution of the Competitor prisoners.

Two days later in an interview Captain Eulate said :—

“The entire squadron was ordered to devote the fire of their guns to the cruiser Brooklyn, because it was believed that she was the only ship in the American squadron who could overtake us. When we got out of the harbor I saw immediately that the flagship Maria Teresa was getting a terrible baptism of fire. It was frightful. The Texas and the Brooklyn were just riddling her, and in fifteen minutes I saw she was on fire. The Iowa and the Oregon were firing on the Oquendo, and as yet I had not been badly hit.

“The Brooklyn was a half mile closer to us than any other ship and I determined to try and ram her, so that the Colon and Oquendo could get away, and I started for her. She was a good mark with a big broadside, and as I started I thought surely I would get her, but she had evidently seen us and very quickly turned about, and, making a short circle, came at our port side, so that I thought she would ram us. The manœuvre of the Brooklyn was beautiful.

“We opened a rapid fire at her with all our big guns, but she returned it with terrible effect. The Oregon also hit us several times, but the Brooklyn's broadside crashing into our superstructure simply terrorized the men. We worked all our guns at her at one time and I don't see how she escaped us. She simply drove us into shore, at one time fighting us at 1100 yards. One shell went along the entire gun deck, killing half the men on it and wounding nearly all the rest. A shell from the Oregon hit the superstructure, and it was then, wounded and knowing that we could not get away, I struck the flag and started toward the beach. When those men who were alive started to swim for shore the Cubans on shore shot at us until the American ships arrived and stopped them.

“The Brooklyn had prevented me from getting away, for I could have beaten the Oregon out, as I had a two mile lead on her. My orders were to try and sink the Brooklyn and I tried to carry them out. I did not think her battery could be so terrible as it was.”

The following was related by a correspondent who was on the battleship Iowa, four days after the destruction of the Spanish ships, and the surrender of Admiral Cervera :

“ ‘If I could have gotten by the Brooklyn, as I believed we could,’ said Admiral Cervera to Commodore Schley and Captain Evans, in the cabin of the Iowa, yesterday, ‘I could have gotten away. My orders to concentrate fire on the Brooklyn were carried out, but your ship has a charmed life, sir,’ and the sad-faced Admiral with tears in his eyes, added,

“ ‘My career is ended. I shall go back to Spain to be killed or die in disgrace.’

“ Commodore Schley put out his hand and rested it on Cervera’s shoulder. He speaks perfect Spanish, and the liquid language flowed easily as he said,

“ ‘Admiral, you are a brave man, and coming out as you did in the face of a superior force is but an exemplification of that bravery. Your country can but do you honor.’

“ Upon this Admiral Cervera threw his arms around the Commodore, and said, ‘Ah, sailors always are gentlemen.’

“ He then said that he thought their dead would number probably seven hundred and fifty, though he could not tell definitely. He spoke of the accuracy and deadliness of the Brooklyn’s fire, saying that in the early part of the action one of her shells traversed the entire length of the gun-deck, killing and wounding probably eighty men. On the Vizcaya alone there were one hundred and ten men killed.

“ Admiral Cervera said he had no doubt that at least, three of the ships would have gotten away had it not been for the Brooklyn, the Oregon and the Texas.

“ The story of Cervera’s attempt to escape is an interesting one as told by the Frigate Commander, Adolpho Centrores, a prisoner on the converted yacht Vixen, taken off the Colon. Commander Centrores said :

“ ‘It is not true that the heavy fire of the American ships drove us out. Besides the accident to the Reina Mercedes we had no casualties. The dynamite shells of the Vesuvius did no damage except to terrorize people. A shell did not strike Smith Cay at all, but hit near the base.

“‘We arrived in Santiago harbor on the 19th of May. We did not know that our whereabouts was a secret. We made no attempt to hide or to cover up our plans.

“‘On Saturday the 28th of May, we got word that Schley had left Cienfuegos for Santiago, and we started to get out. The news had come too late, as Schley had left a couple of his ships to act as decoys before Cienfuegos, and in the meantime had come down here. On Sunday morning, May 29th, we found Schley blocking our way. It was then Cervera's intention come out and give battle, but General Linares and the citizens objected, and we stayed.’

“‘What about the Hobson expedition?’ was asked.

“‘Well, we were very much surprised, and at the first alarm believed that a torpedo-boat attack was going on. The shore batteries opened up and the ships used their rapid fire guns. The dynamos were not going, however, and we had no searchlights, so that we could not find the object. We did not sink her with our batteries or our mines. She sunk herself with her own torpedoes by blowing out her bottom.’

“‘Admiral Cervera in making a tour of the shore batteries in a steam launch, a little later, found Hobson swimming in the entrance and trying to get out to sea. He had on a life-preserver, and when picked up asked that they save his companions. This was done.

“‘After the arrival of the great American fleet, Admiral Cervera did not believe it wise to go out and try to fight it. He argued that the best policy for the fleet was to hold the harbor against the enemy, and be ready by an enfilading fire over the hilltop to drive back the invading army.

“‘At first the people in Santiago believed this wise, but provisions ran short, dispatch after dispatch came from Madrid; it was found that public sentiment demanded a naval battle.

“‘On Saturday a conference was called on the flagship Maria Teresa, and all the officers of the fleet were present.

“‘Admiral Cervera announced his intention of going out, and it was decided to try it that night. Just after dark, and

after the ships had got up their anchors, beach lights were seen on the western hill, and it was decided that the American fleet had been warned of our intention and would close in on us. It was afterward too learned that the supposed signal lights were insurgents burning up block-houses.'

"Then one of the other officers added:

" 'We never thought that the Brooklyn's battery was so terrible or that she would attempt to fight all of us. She was a frightful sight when all her guns were going.

" 'On Sunday morning, the lookouts reported that the Massachusetts, New Orleans and New York were not in sight, and it was concluded that it was a good time to make the start. We were the last ship out and we saw at once that the Brooklyn, Texas and Oregon were doing dreadful work with the two leading ships. That is all I know of the battle except that two eight-inch shells from the Brooklyn went through us, and a thirteen-inch shell from the Oregon hit us in the stern. Brassy's naval annual puts the Oregon down at fifteen knots, but she was doing more than that when she chased us.' "

This pathetic story of Spanish disaster was told to a special correspondent of the New York *Herald*, by Captain Maacronhon, second captain of the Maria Teresa. His chief was desperately wounded during the fight:

"I love my country and my heart bleeds for her now. Our fleet, my country's pride, has been destroyed. I fear that there will be an uprising at home when its destruction is made known.

"Our plan for escape was well arranged, but better formulated than executed. We had arranged to force our way out on Saturday night, and the Maria Teresa was to have led. But, contrary to our expectations, the searchlights of your ships did not illumine the channel that night, as had been usual, and without that light we were unable to discern the wreck of the Merrimac, so we could not go out. You know how we came out the next morning—Sunday, that was. Great crowds were expected to come down to the wharf to see us depart, but the American troops were pushing the city too

IOWA.

VIZCAYA.

MARIA TERESA.

OREGON.



BATTLESHIPS IOWA AND OREGON DESTROYING SPANISH CRUISERS.

hard in front, and there were none to see us off. Our orders were to steam at full speed to the westward after clearing the harbor and concentrate our attack on the Brooklyn, paying no attention to any of the other ships, unless they forced us to attack them.

"So, in the morning they signalled to us from the battery that only the Texas and the Brooklyn were to the westward, and we got under way, the Maria Teresa, being the flagship, taking the lead. We opened fire on the Brooklyn, and the Texas answered it, but her shot fell short. Otherwise she would have struck us, for it was a straight line shot. The Brooklyn and the Iowa then fired, but neither shot hit. Again the Brooklyn and the Texas fired. The Brooklyn's shell went into the Admiral's cabin, and, exploding, set fire to the after part of the ship. The shell from the Texas pierced our side armor and exploded in the engine room, bursting the main steam pipe. We signalled to the engineer to start the pumps, but got no reply, and then found that all below in that part of the ship had been killed. At that time it was like hell on our bridge. Shells were bursting all around us, and the ship's hull was being riddled below.

"The Captain turned to me and said, 'Sir, do you think it best to continue the hopeless fight, or, for the sake of humanity and to save life, should we not beach the ship? Many of our guns are dismounted and our engines are crippled.'

"'Sir,' I replied, 'we are unable to fight longer. Let us beach the ship.'

"Then, as I said that, a shell struck our captain. His last words were to haul down the colors. The American fire was so fierce and their shells were bursting around us so fast and making so much smoke, that the Americans could not see that the flag was down and continued firing. I sent below for a blanket, and as soon as that was run up the firing ceased.

'Meanwhile the Vizcaya had run between us and the Texas and was then engaging three ships—the Brooklyn, Oregon and Texas. She made a desperate, but hopeless fight. Now that we have learned that we lost between eight hundred and a thousand men and the Americans lost only

one man, it amazes us. It is incredible. We cannot comprehend it. It does not seem possible. And yet we must believe it. Have we not seen with our own eyes the utter wrecks of our ships and how yours were not hurt, even to the smallest injury that we could see.

"Our intentions was to run to Havana, raise the blockade there and enter the harbor.

"I hear now the Americans intend sending their fleet to my country—that is my anxiety. My poor Spain will be helpless against your attack. I have seen what your ships can do and know our exposed cities will be destroyed.

"It will be an awful fight and Spain will suffer most. But if anyone was bold enough to suggest that to my countrymen he would be cut to pieces. If America carries the war into Spain and defeats us there, the disgrace would be too great to bear. You know the fall of a great nation is like the fall of a great family, 'and great shall be the fall thereof.' And I am afraid that is how it will be with Spain.

"Oh, God! Open the eyes of my countrymen at home, that they may understand why we were defeated here!

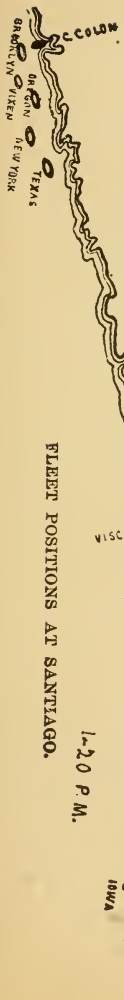
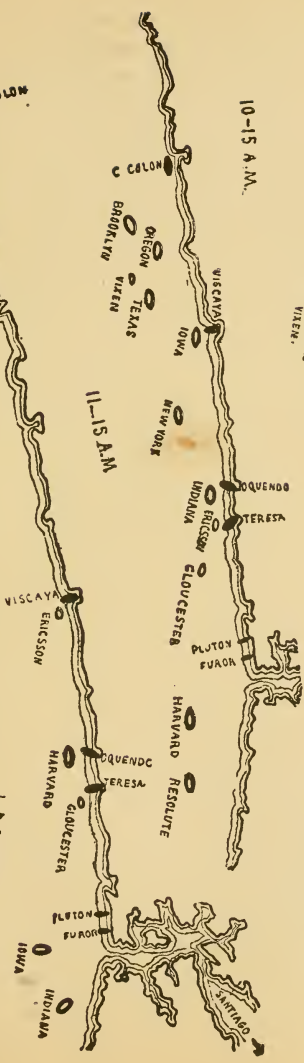
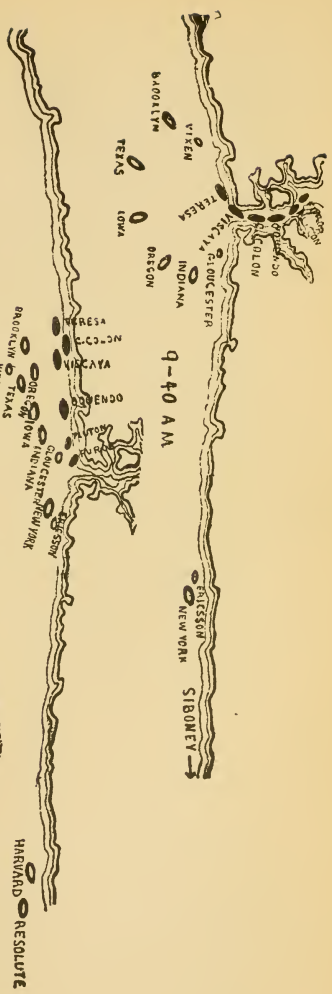
"We were all astonished by the amazing rapidity and deadliness of the fire from the American ships.

The correspondent stated that this was the general opinion among all the captured officers. They were all free to admit that the American navy man behind his gun is the most wonderful man they had ever dreamed of. The officers expressed wide-eyed astonishment when told that it is the custom in the American navy to exercise the crews at battery practice with full service charges at frequent and regular intervals.

"'But that must cost you tremendous money,' exclaimed one, an officer of the Colon. 'Yes,' said his companion, of the Vizcaya, 'but see the result.'

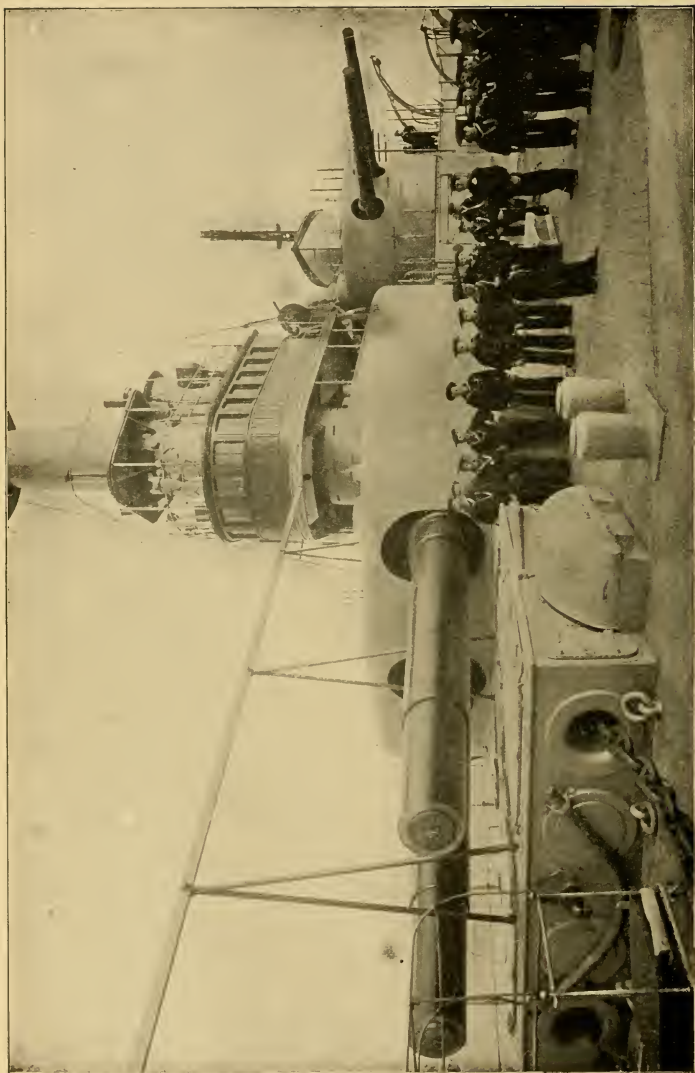
"All of the Spanish officers seemed deeply distressed over the disaster which has befallen Spain. They seemed no less astonished at their treatment as prisoners.

"'The Spanish press,' said one who begs me not to quote his name, 'is alone to blame for the awful way in which we



FLEET POSITIONS AT SANTIAGO.

and the country at large have been deceived. We have been led to believe that the Americans would talk and bluster, but would not fight, and that America had no good ships—that the few bad ones she had were manned by foreigners, who would desert in time of war. Oh, how we have been deceived! And then we were told that we would be horribly tortured and killed if we were captured. Now, I can hardly believe my senses. We are treated as friends and brothers by those we had been taught to dread.' ”



DECK OF U. S. S. INDIANA.

In the foreground are two of her 13-inch breech loading rifles, and two of her 8-inch guns are shown on the right. It costs to fire one of the former, with tooled steel projectile, \$700. The Indiana is capable of giving combat to any vessel afloat.

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OUR NEW NAVY.

TO the man who is busy with his own affairs the enormous advance the American navy is making toward supremacy of the seas has passed almost unnoticed. He has heard of the new American navy for the last twenty years, but the "newest" American navy is not so familiar; yet since 1901, the American navy has built or is building three scores of ships of all types, most important of all fourteen first class battleships, intended to be peerless. These are to maintain our navy up to the two-power standard, and we must look forward to a time in the not far distant future when the United States will become a most serious competitor for the command of the sea.

The close of the Civil War left the United States mistress of the seas. Her fleet was big enough to "rule the waves," being as great as those of the combined European Powers; but in the light of present-day fleets it was not strong, although at that time the half dozen little monitors then in the service, or being completed, could have of themselves almost annihilated any European squadron that could be sent against them. It was the monitor that caused the metamorphosis of all the navies of the world. England admitted that, of her proud fleets which commanded the seven seas, she really had only two fighting ships; only two ships which she could trust to go into an action against the little turreted monitors.

After the Civil War the American navy quickly lost its place, for, while all Europe had taken lessons in America and strove to reconstruct their fleets, the United States navy was permitted to drift backward with unprecedented speed. For twenty years the flag was carried around the world in ships which were obsolete or worse. Officers in the navy began to feel ashamed of the ships they commanded, which, until only twenty years ago, were armed with obsolete guns of short range and little penetration. Then, during the administration of President Arthur, a new navy was agitated, and under President Cleveland's administration the first ships of the white squadron were launched. This was the beginning of the new navy. The Spanish war tested it, and it stood the test successfully. That war, instead of putting a quietus on further construction, brought the United States into so prominent a position as a world power and added so many responsibilities that, instead of reducing the size of the fleet, it was found necessary to build another navy more powerful than the so-called new navy, and the first fruits of this advance are about to be gathered.

That Congress is in thorough sympathy with the development of a navy which shall give the United States an unquestioned place in the forefront of great world powers is indicated in increasingly generous appropriations for construction.

INCREASE OF THE NAVY.

The Naval Appropriation Act, approved April 27, 1904, provided for these increases in the naval establishment:

One first-class battleship, carrying the heaviest armor and most powerful armament for a vessel of its class upon a trial displacement of not more than 16,000 tons; to have the highest practicable speed and great radius of action, and to cost, exclusive of armor and armament, not exceeding \$4,400,000.

Two first-class armored cruisers, each of not more than 14,500 tons trial displacement, and carrying the heaviest

armor and most powerful armament for a vessel of its class; to have the highest practicable speed and great radius of action, and to cost, exclusive of armor and armament, not exceeding \$4,400,000 each.

Three scout cruisers, of not more than 3,750 tons trial displacement, carrying the most powerful ordnance of vessels of their class; to have the highest speed compatible with good cruising qualities and great radius of action, and to cost, exclusive of armament, not exceeding \$1,800,000 each.

Two colliers, to be capable of accompanying the battle fleet; to carry five thousand tons of cargo coal, loaded, and to have a trial speed of not less than sixteen knots, to cost not exceeding \$1,250,000 each. Said colliers to be built in navy yards, one on the Pacific and the other on the Atlantic Coast, the same to be designated by the Secretary of the Navy.

The Secretary of the Navy was also authorized, in his discretion, to contract for or purchase subsurface or submarine torpedo boats in the aggregate of, but not exceeding, \$850,000. Provided, that prior to said purchase of contract for said boats any American inventor or owner of a subsurface or submarine torpedo boat may give reasonable notice and have his, her or its subsurface or submarine torpedo boat tested by comparison or competition, or both, with a government subsurface or submarine torpedo boat or any private competitor, provided there be any such, and thereupon the board appointed for conducting such tests shall report the result of said competition or comparison, together with its recommendations, to the Secretary of the Navy, who may purchase or contract for subsurface or submarine torpedo boats in a manner that will best advance the interests of the United States in torpedo or submarine warfare. And provided further, That before any subsurface or submarine torpedo boat is purchased or contracted for it shall be accepted by the Navy Department as fulfilling all reasonable require-

ments for submarine warfare and shall have been fully tested to the satisfaction of the Secretary of the Navy.

Including these projected vessels, which are not yet in the process of construction, the United States Navy has on its list the following ships:

First class battleships.....	25
Third class battleships and coast defense ships.....	11
First class cruisers.....	15
Second class cruisers.....	3
Third class cruisers.....	21
<hr/>	
Total effective fighting ships.....	75

This table does not, of course, take into consideration the torpedo boat destroyers, of which there are 16; the torpedo boats, 36; or the submarines, 9 in number. Neither does it include the converted merchant vessels, six in number, nor the fleet of gunboats, tugs, colliers, supply ships, etc. With these there would be 332 in all, but the figures given in the table above are what is known as effective fighting ships, although at Santiago the little converted yacht Mayflower was discovered to be a very effective machine.

As the result of the various congressional provisions for naval construction the year 1904 passed into history as particularly noteworthy for the number of ships launched from government and private yards. The record of the year as reported to Congress by Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy, shows the following vessels to have been launched:

Vessels launched between December 1, 1903, and November 23, 1904.

Charleston, protected cruiser, January 23, 1904.

Virginia, battleship, April 5, 1904.

California, armored cruiser, April 28, 1904.

Rhode Island, battleship, May 17, 1904.

South Dakota, armored cruiser, July 21, 1904.

Dubuque, gunboat, August 15, 1904.

Cumberland, training ship, August 17, 1904.

Louisiana, battleship, August 27, 1904.

Milwaukee, protected cruiser, September 10, 1904.

Connecticut, battleship, September 29, 1904.

Nebraska, battleship, October 7, 1904.

Intrepid, training ship, October 8, 1904.

Georgia, battleship, October 11, 1904.

Paducah, gunboat, October 11, 1904.

Boxer, training brigantine, October 11, 1904.

A glance at a comparative table will show more thoroughly than words the position in which the United States stands relatively to the other Powers in the matter of effective fighting ships:

BATTLESHIPS.

	1st class.	2d class.	3d class.	Total.
Great Britain	48	11	6	65
France	17	10	10	37
*Russia	19	10	3	32
Italy	8	8	1	17
Germany	22	..	13	35
United States	25	..	11	36
Japan	7	..	1	8

CRUISERS.

Great Britain	42	38	69	149
France	14	15	27	56
*Russia	3	12	8	23
Italy	3	3	14	20
Germany	6	6	23	35
United States	15	3	21	39
Japan	8	4	14	26

It will be noticed that when the naval program is completed in 1907, the United States will stand third in the number of battleships and in a similar position so far as the num-

* No allowance has been made for the Russian ships lost in the Far East.

ber of cruisers is concerned; but there are some useful, or at least interesting, comparisons to be gained by looking at the total displacements before the war in the Far East, and in 1907. The ravages inflicted upon the Russian fleet in the Far East of course falsify the figures so far as Russia is concerned, but it is thought advisable to give the figures as they were at the opening of that struggle, February, 1904.

Rank in 1904.		Rank in 1907.	
Nation.	Tonnage.	Nation.	Tonnage.
Great Britain..	1,516,040	Great Britain..	1,867,230
France	576,108	France	755,757
Russia	416,158	United States .	672,525
Germany	387,874	Russia	558,432
United States .	294,405	Germany	505,619
Italy	258,838	Italy	329,257
Japan	243,586	Japan	253,681

Great Britain and France have great fleets of torpedo boats of all classes, so that in mere units those navies are considerably larger than the figures would indicate. The war in the Far East has once more turned attention to the torpedo boat as a war machine, but the best thought in naval circles is given to the battleship. Neither Germany nor the United States is building any additional torpedo boats, and in the British manoeuvres in the Irish Sea November, 1904, an expert who witnessed the evolutions said:

"It has already been pretty definitely proved that the big torpedo boat flotillas, of which the fastest division in the whole thirty-eight craft attached to the Red side can barely maintain a sea speed of eighteen knots, are not to be seriously regarded as aggressive units against a modern fleet. Harbor defense work is the only function in which they can be reasonably employed." At the same time the expert was enthusiastic about the work accomplished by the British submarine craft, which are swifter than those in the American navy, although virtually the same type.

The battleship is the first line of defense and offense of a country, and it has become more generally recognized of late years that it is the battleship which counts in a fleet. It is the bulldog of the squadron. It is so constructed and armed that it can give the hardest blow and receive the brunt of battle, and in the new battleships being built for the American navy it is the most generously armed with heavy guns. The modern battleship has been likened to a mobile fortress, which it essentially is, being, in fact, a steel citadel, whose walls are plated with the heaviest and toughest armor.

There is no dispute between naval authorities that the battleship is the supreme type of warship, that the first class battleship constitutes the chief element of naval strength, and it is mainly through it that command of the sea can be gained and maintained. A recent naval authority, writing of the value of this type, said:

"The supremacy of the battleship is grounded on the hard and fast lessons of sea history, on principles of strategy that are nearly immutable and on experiences costly in lives and treasure. It must be a part of the fleet because it supplies the main defiance a threatened country can deliver on the outer line and the strongest support it can offer to premeditated but sudden assault. Luckily again for the upward lift and advance of civilization and the independence of nations, no one power can afford to possess it in overwhelming numbers, for, while it is indubitably the last word that mechanical device and naval ingenuity can shout in aggressiveness, it is most expensive and difficult to build. On the other hand, there is a definite and logical fleet suited to each country, and this is fixed by the political and strategical environment, the geographical situation and the racial tendencies and traditions. Hence no nation can permit its sea force to fall below the standard necessary to its safety, even though its maintenance calls for heavy sacrifices."

Although the supremacy of the battleship is admitted, no

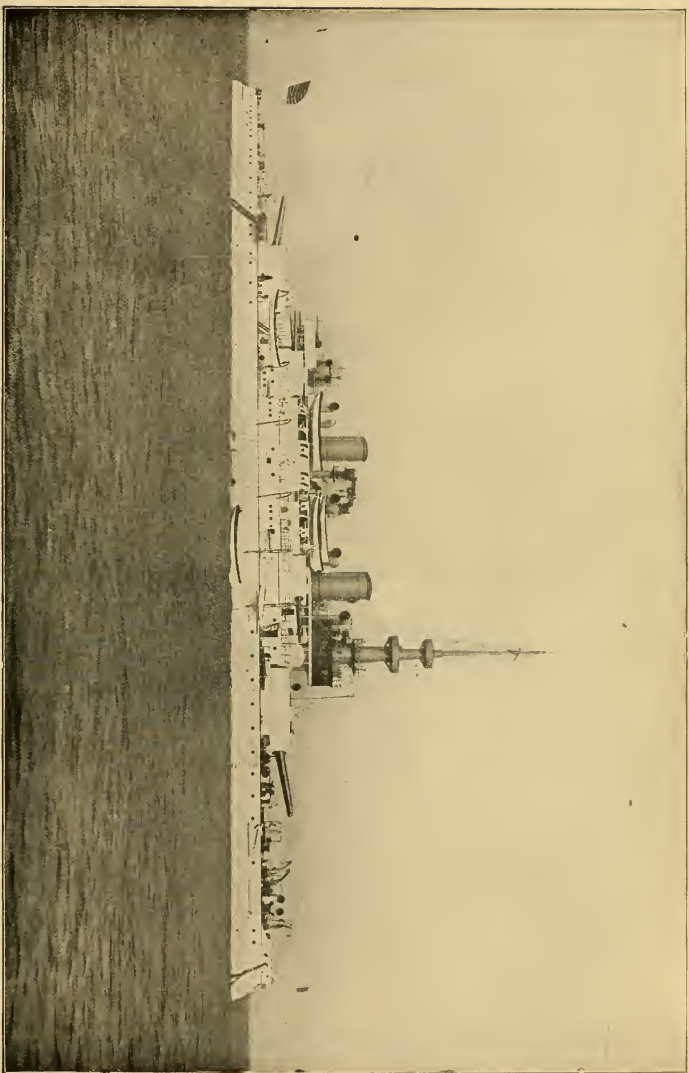
nation is building so many as the United States. Including the 16,000-ton ship there are 15 in the naval programme. Against this Great Britain is building 10; Germany, 8; Russia, 9; France, 6, and Italy, 4. Great Britain still maintains and will have maintained for the next three years at least her "two-power standard," but if the newest American navy continues the increase on a scale at all comparable with that since the Spanish war, the British navy will fall below the standard intended to keep Britannia ruler of the waves.

In the American navy the superiority has been maintained in the armament of its ships. Compared with other navies, the ships of the United States show a far higher average of heavy guns per ship than any other. This percentage on battleships is 23.5; on cruisers, 17.2. France has an average of 22 guns on battleships and 16.5 on cruisers; Germany, 18 on battleships and 14 on cruisers; Great Britain, 18 on battleships and 13.4 on cruisers. In the matter of armament, it will be seen, Great Britain is behind.

American faith in the battleship is indicated in the building of the *Louisiana*, and her sister ship, the *Connecticut*. These great ships, monster additions to America's "newest navy" have the strongest batteries of any battleships afloat. Instead of the 6-inch rapid-firing guns which have heretofore prevailed since the *Kearsarge* type was built, there are twelve 7-inch guns. Four 12-inch guns in fore and aft turrets and eight 8-inch guns complete the powerful main battery.

Hitherto the secondary batteries of the battleships have been composed mostly of 3-pounder and 6-pounder rapid-fire guns. On the new ships these are superseded by twenty 3-inch rapid-fire rifles, throwing a 14-pound explosive shell. There also are twelve 3-pounder semi-automatic guns, eight 1-pounder automatic guns and two 3-inch field guns and eight machine guns for the fighting tops.

The 12-inch guns are mounted in pairs in the two electrically controlled, balanced, elliptical turrets on the centre line,



U. S. S. OREGON.

Battleship. Twin screw

Main battery, four 12-inch, eight 8-inch and four 6-inch breech loading rifles. Secondary battery, twenty 6-pounder and six 1-pounder rapid fire guns and four Gatlings. Thickness of armor, 18 inches. 32 officers, 441 men.

each with an arc of fire of 270 degrees. The 8-inch guns are mounted in pairs in four electrically controlled, balanced, elliptical turrets, two on each beam, at each end of the superstructure. The 7-inch guns are mounted in broadside on pedestal mounts on the gundeck behind 7-inch armor, each gun being isolated by splinter bulkheads of nickel steel from 1½ to 3 inches thick; forward and aft guns are arranged to fire right ahead and right astern, respectively; other 7-inch guns have the usual broadside train. In the secondary battery the guns are arranged in commanding positions. Each vessel has four torpedo tubes.

In armor, as well as armament, the Louisiana and her twin, the Connecticut, are superior to anything afloat. The hull of each of the vessels is protected at the water line by a complete belt of armor, 9 feet 3 inches wide, having a uniform thickness of 9 inches for about 285 feet amidships, forward and aft of which points the thickness is gradually decreased to 4 inches at the stem and stern.

The lower casemate armor extends to the limits of the magazine spaces, and reaches from the top of the water line belt to the lower edge of the 7-inch gun ports on the main deck, and is 7 inches in thickness, the athwartships bulkheads at the ends of the casemate being 6 inches thick. The casemate armor around the 7-inch guns on the gun deck is 7 inches thick, and the splinter bulkheads are from 1½ to 2 inches thick. The 12-inch barbettes have 10 inches of armor in front and 7½ inches in the rear, above the gun deck.

There is a complete protective deck, extending from stem to stern, the deck being flat amidships, but sloped at the sides throughout and sloped at each end. It is built up of 20-pound plating throughout, with nickel steel of 40 pounds on the flat and 100 pounds on the slope.

The engines are of the vertical, twin-screw, four-cylinder, triple expansion type, of a combined indicated horsepower of 16,500. The screws turn outward from the top. Each vessel is lighted by electricity, and each is built for use as a

flagship. The dimensions of each vessel are 16,000 tons displacement, 450 feet long, 77 feet beam, $26\frac{3}{4}$ feet draught and speed, 18 knots.

The Tennessee, Pennsylvania and Colorado, represent the new type of high-class, heavily armed cruiser, and tremendously increase the general fighting efficiency of the navy. Of these ships the Tennessee is of 14,500 tons displacement while the Pennsylvania and Colorado are each of 13,680 tons displacement, figures which a few years ago would have been notable for battleships. The Tennessee is two feet wider than either the Pennsylvania or Colorado. Her principal measurements are: Length on load line, 502 feet; beam, 71 feet 6 inches; draught, 24 feet 6 inches. Her test speed is 24 knots an hour for four consecutive hours. The power is supplied by vertical triple-expansion engines, steam being generated in Niclausse water-tube boilers. The collective capacity of the engines is 23,000 horsepower. Her normal coal capacity is 900 tons, but she can carry 2,000 tons if required, having thus a steaming radius of 12,000 miles.

She has two 10-inch guns. The heaviest guns of the Pennsylvania are 8-inch. The Tennessee also has two more 6-inch guns than the Pennsylvania. Her armament is as follows:

Main battery, four 10-inch breech-loading rifles, .45-calibre in length; sixteen 6-inch rapid-fire, .50-calibre in length; secondary battery, eighteen 3-inch breech-loading rifles, twelve 3-pounder rapid-fire guns, eight 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, two 3-inch field guns and eight machine guns.

The four 10-inch guns in pairs are mounted in two electrically controlled, elliptical, balanced turrets, having inclined port plates, one forward and one aft in the centre line of the vessel, with an arc of fire of 270 degrees. The 6-inch guns are so mounted that four can fire directly ahead and four astern, with eight on each broadside.

On the water line belt her armor is 7 feet 6 inches in width,

extending the entire length of the vessel, and that covering the space occupied by the engines and boilers will be 6 inches thick. From there it tapers to a thickness of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. For a length of 232 feet above the main belt line the side is protected by 5-inch armor extending vertically through the main deck. At the ends are transverse armor bulkheads four inches in thickness, 5-inch armor protecting the 6-inch guns, 6-inch armor, the 8-inch turret, except the port plates, which are $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches; 6-inch barbettes, a conning tower 9 inches thick, and a protective deck of nickel steel extending throughout the vessel, $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches on the flat, 4 inches in thickness on the slope. Along the sides above the protective deck extends a 3-inch cellulose armor belt.

These ships are typical of the high class ships which the government is securing. With ships actually in commission and those under construction authorized, the navy's strength is as follows:

FIT FOR SERVICE OR UNDER REPAIR.

First class battleships	11	Gunboats under 500 tons.....	21
Second class battleship	1	Torpedo boat destroyers	16
Armored cruisers	2	Steel torpedo boats	30
Armored ram	1	Submarine torpedo boats	8
Single turret harbor defense monitors	4	Wooden torpedo boats	1
Double turret monitors	6	Iron cruising vessels, steam....	5
Protected cruisers	18	Wooden cruising vessels, steam.	6
Unprotected cruisers	3	Wooden sailing vessels	9
Gunboats	12	Tugs	41
Light draught gunboats	3	Auxiliary cruisers	5
Composite gunboats	6	Converted yachts	23
Training ship (Naval Academy), sheathed	1	Colliers	16
Special class (Dolphin-Vesuvius)	2	Supply ships and hospital ships.	14
		Total	265

UNDER CONSTRUCTION OR AUTHORIZED.

First class battleships	14	Training ships	2
Armored cruisers	10	Training brig	1
Protected cruisers	5	Colliers	2
Scout cruisers	3	Tugs	2
Gunboat for Great Lakes	1		—
Composite gunboats	2	Total	47
Steel torpedo boats	6		

UNFIT FOR SERVICE.

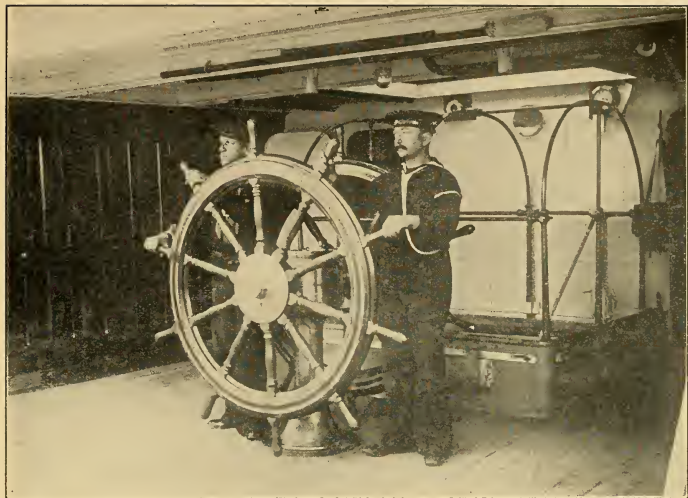
Wooden cruising vessels, steam..	10
Wooden sail vessels	5
	—
Total	15
	—
Grand total	327

UNIQUE SHIPS.

Our navy contains some unique ships. The armored ram Katahdin is one of them. The Katahdin was built for the sole purpose of ramming, and no other navy possesses a craft of its kind. The value of the ram as a weapon of naval warfare was known to the ancient Greeks and Romans, and during our civil war, and in 1866, at the battle of Lissa, between Austria and Italy, the ram was used with deadly effect, and proved a terrible engine of destruction. The hull of the Katahdin is constructed to stand the effects of the terrible blow which she bestows upon an enemy, the ram-head being of cast steel, and so supported and braced that the force of the blow is distributed throughout the ship. When at her full speed—16.1 knots—the impact of the ram is equivalent to the blow of a hammer of over 2,000 tons weight, moving at this rate of speed; and if such a blow were fairly delivered no vessel afloat could withstand it. The Katahdin is constructed so as to be partially submerged when in fighting trim, but has sufficient free board for coasting service when not submerged. During the war with Spain, the Katahdin was attached to the North Atlantic fleet.

Her armament consists of four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns.

Only in our navy can a vessel of the type of the Vesuvius be found. The Vesuvius is known in the navy as a



AT THE WHEEL



WRITING HOME

dynamite gun-vessel, but may be described as a floating gun-carriage, carrying three pneumatic guns. These guns are built into the forward part of the ship, their muzzles projecting above the deck, near the bow. They are made of thin cast iron, and their length is 54 feet, with a diameter of 15 inches. The full-sized shell for these guns is about seven feet long and $14\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter, and these are charged with dynamite or gun cotton. Rotation of the projectile is obtained by spiral vanes fitted to a tail back of the body of the shell; the guns themselves are not rifled. Compressed air is used for discharging the projectiles, and this is stored in reservoirs at a pressure of 2,000 pounds per square inch. The guns are loaded by hydraulic power, the projectiles being carried in "revolvers" under the rear of each gun. All the operations of the ship are directed by the officer in the conning tower. The guns have a fixed elevation and their range is varied by admitting more or less air. The steering of the ship is effected by steam, and the vessel itself is trained upon her adversary as an artillerist moves his gun carriage, the guns being pointed in accordance with the movements of the vessel. As the guns are practically noiseless, the first intimation an enemy has is the bursting of the shell in their midst. The *Vesuvius* has a displacement of 929 tons, a speed of 21.4 knots, a maximum coal supply of 152 tons. Her length is 252 feet; her extreme breadth is 26 feet 6 inches, with a mean depth of ten feet. In addition to her pneumatic guns, the *Vesuvius* carries three 3-pounder rapid-fire guns. Her complement is 70 officers and men.

During the war with Spain the *Vesuvius* was attached to the North Atlantic fleet and took part in several bombardments of the Spanish fortifications at Santiago, where the work she did opened the eyes of foreigners

to such an extent that some European nations began at once to make experiments with this kind of apparatus for sea-fighting.

The Buffalo, formerly the *Nictheroy*, is another vessel of the *Vesuvius* type. She was purchased by the United States in 1898.

The *Solace* is known in the navy lists as an ambulance ship, and the United States has the honor of making a precedent, for no other nation in the world has a vessel exclusively devoted to the care of those who fall on the decks of their ships during a naval engagement.

In the past, the arrangements on board ships for the care of the sick have been more or less limited, and the hospital system which was in vogue during the Civil War was confined to the large vessels of the navy containing what was termed a "sick bay," and which was provided with a surgeon; but the facilities for the care of the wounded were inadequate, and many a brave fellow died from his injury while awaiting the surgeon's knife or the nurse's bandages.

During the Hispano-American War, the United States secured one of the finest ships flying the American flag, and remodeled it into a floating hospital. This vessel, formerly the *Creole*, was renamed the *Solace*.

The *Solace* is so arranged that she can accommodate 700 patients, and has every appointment found in first-class hospitals. She has several elevators by which persons can go from one deck to another without climbing or descending stairways; a large steam laundry and an elaborate system of disinfection. In addition to fans operated by steam power, which maintain a constant circulation of cool air, the vessel is supplied with ice-making machinery, as well as condensing apparatus, so that a constant supply of ice and plenty of pure water

can be obtained. An elaborate system of electric bells and telephones for the purpose of saving time in delivering orders are provided, in order that the ship's commander, chief surgeon, or other officers can communicate with anyone in different parts of the vessel.

The Solace has a corp of surgeons, all experienced in surgery and medicine, and a number of expert nurses, post-graduates of famous nurses' schools and thoroughly familiar with their vocation. The medical staff is also assisted by many other helpers.

The Solace is a steel ship of 4,000 tons, with a speed of seventeen knots. She is painted green, relieved by a broad band of white around the hull, and carries at one of her mast-heads the ensign of the Red Cross. Over one million dollars was spent in the purchase of the Solace and in making provision for the comfort of sick and disabled sailors.

Repair ships were introduced into the navy in 1898. Their business is to accompany the war-vessels and to serve them on all necessary occasions. These ships are navigable repair shops of the most comprehensive description. They are provided with heavy steam tools for executing every imaginable kind of work in metal, and their equipment includes massive cranes for hoisting weighty objects aboard, and a cupola for making small castings of iron and brass. They carry armor plates with which to make patches for the sides of vessels that have been torn or ripped open by shell fire. Duplicates of nearly everything that go to make up a modern war-ship are carried in the holds of these vessels.

A war-vessel of the first-class has about seventy sets of engines, and much of the work of these floating machine shops consists in patching and renewing their numerous and complicated parts, plugging shot-holes,

fixing up boiler tubes, and mending such internal mechanism as may be in need of repairs. During a naval engagement, unless the enemy's fire is so severe as to render such a move impracticable, the repair ship takes helpless ships in tow, pulling them out of the reach of the enemy's fire.

Repair ships are about 3,000 tons, and have powerful engines, good speed, and large coal capacity.

NAMES OF WAR-VESSELS.

The general plan of bestowing names upon the ships of our navy has been to call the battleships after the States, and the cruisers after the larger cities of the country. The exceptions are the battleship Kearsarge, which perpetuates the name of her famous predecessor in the navy, and the cruiser Columbia. The ram Katahdin was built at Bath, Maine, and takes its name from the highest mountain peak in that State. No plan has been followed in giving names to our coast-defense vessels. The Amphitrite is named in honor of the Greek mythological goddess who presided over the sea; the Miantonomoh after the great Sachem of the same name, who assisted the early settlers of New England in their battles with hostile tribes. The names of others have an equally wide range of significance.

Then there is a list of vessels that perpetuate the names and bravery of great commanders and other naval heroes who have helped to make American history. Among these are the Cushing, the Winslow, the Farragut, and others of the torpedo-boat type.

GOING INTO COMMISSION.

To put a modern warship "into commission" involves an enormous amount of work. When the ship is laid

up in reserve or "in ordinary," as it is called, at one of the navy-yards, all stores are put ashore, engines and guns are covered with oil and anti-rust paint, the decks become dirty, the sides dull and stained.

When the order to get the ships ready for sea comes to the commanding officer of the navy-yard, a scene of activity begins. A force from the yard removes the accumulated dust and dirt from the various parts of the ship and her equipments, the engineer force attends to the engines and boiler-room. Every engine, boiler, pipe, wire, tube, rivet, nut, bolt and plate is carefully inspected, a full allowance of equipment and commissary stores is placed on board, and the galley and all its furnishings examined for possible defects. The line officers look after the condition of the guns, rigging, boats, cables, anchors, charts, nautical instruments, and signaling equipment.

Up to this time everything has been under control of the commandant of the yard. When the captain of the ship arrives and reports himself to the yard commander, the crew, which has been gathered from other vessels or enlisted for the ship, reports aboard. The captain orders all hands to be drawn up on the spar-deck at noon of the day on which the ship is to be put in commission, and reads to them his orders from the Secretary of the Navy detailing him to the command. Then the commission pennant is hoisted at the main truck, the Stars and Stripes at the gaff, and the ship is in commission.

CONSUMPTION OF COAL IN THE NAVY.

In 1897 the navy consumed 138,318 tons of coal at a cost of \$656,000. During the Hispano-American War, when every ship that was not undergoing lengthy repairs was in service, and a large auxiliary navy was being

utilized, the requirements were something like five times that number of tons. The navy pays from \$1.90 to \$18.00 a ton for coal, the latter figures being the price in some parts of South America.

The Navy Department has two steel coal piers and two steel sheds at the Dry Tortugas. Each of these sheds has a capacity for 10,000 tons of coal, and is equipped with the latest hoisting apparatus.

The probability of hostilities between the United States and Spain in Atlantic and Caribbean waters made it advisable to have the Oregon undertake the unprecedented voyage of nearly 14,000 miles around the continent of South America. On March 19, 1898, the Oregon weighed anchor in the harbor of San Francisco. Sixty-five days later she dropped anchor in Jupiter Inlet, Florida, having made the longest and quickest voyage ever undertaken by a battleship. With scarcely a day's delay the Oregon joined the North Atlantic fleet and took a glorious part in the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Santiago.

The normal coal supply of the Oregon is 400 tons, but for a long cruise she carries four times that quantity. On her memorable voyage that proved to the world the stanchness of American-built battleships, she consumed 3,908 tons of coal. Cruising at eleven knots an hour, the Oregon uses seventy-five tons every twenty-four hours. Under forced draught, with a speed of nearly seventeen knots, she requires two hundred and fifty tons for the same length of time. Every forty-three tons she takes aboard sinks her one inch in the water.

No war-vessels ever left the United States as elaborately equipped for every emergency as were the Oregon and Iowa in October, 1898. Two colliers were sent in advance to Bahia, Brazil, with coal to fill the bunkers of

the two battleships upon their arrival at that port; the Navy Department deeming it best to own colliers, and buy coal in this country, rather than to purchase it abroad at excessive figures.

The cruiser New York can carry twelve hundred tons of coal and steam thirteen knots with an expenditure of one hundred tons a day; going at twenty-one knots, she uses more than three times that amount.

CONSUMPTION OF WATER ON SHIPBOARD.

The water consumption of a first-class warship is likewise something enormous. Not less than 7,000 gallons are used by the *Indiana* every day—two-thirds of this quantity for the boilers, and the remainder for drinking, washing, cooking, etc. The cruiser *Brooklyn* requires about the same amount. Each war-vessel when starting from port carries only enough fresh water to fill her boilers; depending for further supplies upon the evaporators for distilling sea-water. The ship consumes no more water for steaming when going fast than when going slow; it is simply that more heat is put into the same quantity of water by burning more coal.

SEARCHLIGHTS AND SIGNALING.

The searchlights on our war-vessels play a very important part in the operations of the navy, particularly on blockading stations. During the blockade of Santiago by the American vessels, three battleships took turns of two hours each in keeping one searchlight directly on the harbor entrance during the dark hours of the night, lighting up the entire breadth of the channel, for half a mile inside of the entrance, so brilliantly that the movements of small boats could be detected, while four other vessels swept the coast line on either side the harbor and the horizon outside in the same manner.

The searchlight also comes into play in night signaling, and by a code similar to the waving of signal flags in the day-time; the searchlight beams transmit the signals. Another apparatus for signaling at night is in use on some of our ships and is called the *telephotos*. It consists of combinations of red and white lights attached to a mast or yardarm, and operated by a keyboard on the deck or bridge.

Still another device, which is in use on the San Francisco, works on the principle of a magic lantern, and the letters of the alphabet are thrown upon a screen or the surface of a funnel, rock or house, or upon the clouds if the night is dark.

TORPEDOES.

The human mind has devised no more destructive force as an adjunct to warfare than the torpedo. All the guns of a hostile battery, in hours of firing, cannot accomplish the damage inflicted by a single torpedo at one blow. The first historical record of the employment of the torpedo idea was the use of floating magazines, or powder boats, at the siege of Antwerp, in 1585. A Spanish army was then beleaguering the city, and, making little headway by regular means, resorted to the device of loading a ship with powder and letting the wind and tide carry it against the sea-walls of the city. As a result, the walls were damaged, but the land forces repaired them in time to defeat a Spanish attack. Not long after, the Dutch sent out a powder boat which fouled one of the Spanish ships and completely destroyed it. During the years that elapsed between the Antwerp experiment and the beginning of the present century, powder boats were resorted to on numerous occasions. During the Revolutionary War, Captain David Bushnell invented a submarine boat with which to attack the

British ships in American waters, but while reasonably navigable, the craft did not accomplish the expected results. Bushnell then turned his attention to drifting torpedoes. Two kegs filled with powder and clockwork to explode them at the proper time were attached by a long line and set adrift off New London, where the tide would carry them towards the British ship *Cerberus*, lying at anchor. A small supply vessel lying alongside the *Cerberus* was completely destroyed by this device, but the war-vessel escaped without serious injury.

Another attempt of Bushnell's was to blow up the British fleet before Philadelphia, in 1778, with the first contact torpedo ever made. Kegs filled with powder and fitted with plungers that would produce a spark when struck with sufficient force were employed. Some twenty or thirty of these torpedoes were prepared and launched, but Bushnell had not accurately calculated the speed of the current in the Delaware, and it was daylight when the fleet of kegs reached the city front. One keg blew up with a loud explosion, having struck a piece of ice in the river, and the frightened British, remembering the New London affair, hurried troops and artillery to the river front and fired at every floating object for twenty-four hours. A few were struck and exploded. This incident is known in American annals as the "Battle of the Kegs," and furnished no less a personage than Judge Francis Hopkinson, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, with the theme for a humorous ballad.

As far back as the War of 1812, Fulton, the steam-boat inventor, turned his attention to devices for destroying an enemy's ships, and invented several different kinds of torpedoes, and a submarine mine of the buoyant type, which floated a little below the surface.

Fulton took his models to France, but the Emperor Napoleon refused to have anything to do with what he called a savage method of warfare. From France, Fulton went to England and was given permission by the English Government to make experiments. He succeeded in blowing up a brig, using 170 pounds of powder in the torpedo, and other experiments which he made proved successful, but eventually his schemes were rejected by the British Government as they had been by the French.

Samuel Colt, the inventor of the revolver that bears his name, spent many years in investigation and experiment regarding the application of electricity to the explosion of torpedoes and submarine mines, and as early as 1843 was able to lay mines, connect them by electricity, and explode any mine, or group of mines, at pleasure. In that year he employed five miles of insulated wire to destroy a brig on the Potomac; and after his death his papers revealed a complete system of submarine mining, including a device containing a mirror arranged to throw the reflection of a passing vessel directly upon the line, and enable the operator to explode the mine by touching a button on his desk when the ship was in the right position.

During the Crimean War, Colt's ideas, which had been forgotten in the meantime, were revived, and military engineers began to regard submarine mines and torpedoes as not only legitimate, but formidable means of warfare.

During our Civil War, experts from the Confederacy were sent to Europe for materials and late devices for the protection of Southern ports, and as a result harbors and rivers were planted with torpedoes and many vessels of the Union fleet were destroyed. The effectiveness of

the submarine torpedo being thus demonstrated, all nations accepted it as a legitimate means of attack and defense.

SUBMARINE MINES.

The Germans began using the submarine mine with great effect during the Franco-Prussian War. Their mines, however, were only crude inventions, required to be planted in large numbers, and experts were satisfied if one out of six exploded.

Coming down to the time of the destruction of the battleship *Maine* in February, 1898, the Court of Inquiry of the United States Navy found that, "In the opinion of the court, the *Maine* was destroyed by a submarine mine, which caused the partial explosion of two or more of her magazines."

The Spaniards employed submarine mines of various types to supplement the defenses of Cuban, Porto Rican, and Philippine ports—notably Havana, Santiago, San Juan, and Manila, previous to the Hispano-American War; and one of the first moves of the United States in the early stages of that contest was to protect her entire coast with submarine mines capable of keeping Spanish warships at a distance.

The harbors that were most closely fortified in this manner were those of Boston and New York, the waters of Delaware and Chesapeake Bays, and the coasts of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Florida. A less close method of mining was employed in the harbor of New Orleans and along Key West and the Dry Tortugas, on account of the warships gathered there. The Pacific coast was well strengthened, and the bay of San Francisco so underlaid with mines that without modern appliances merchant vessels would have found it unsafe to steam in and out.

To explain the use of mines it is necessary to distinguish between the three different kinds—the “contact,” the “observation,” and the “ground” mines. The last two named are the ones most in use, and the “ground” mine is used more than the other.

The contact mine is a simple little arrangement by which a ball of dynamite is lowered to a point of about eight feet below the surface of the water. It is held there by means of a sinker which rests on the bottom of the ocean. The ball of dynamite has several points which, on being touched, are driven into the centre of the ball and an explosion takes place.

As will be seen, this must be greatly affected by the tides. At times the ball will be a great distance below the surface of the water; again it will be near the surface; all will depend upon the tide.

To do damage to the bottom of an ironclad, the explosion must take place at least eight feet below the water line, and the submarine mine must be located so that it will strike the ironclad six feet under water. This, with the ever-changing tide, is such a difficult matter that the contact mine is almost useless except when the tide is at a certain height.

Another bad point about the simple contact mine is that it gets uncontrollable. The iron sinker, no matter how heavy it might be, is apt to become knocked about by the waves, and the mine gets floated out to sea, ready to do damage to friend or foe.

The mine which is more generally used is the observation mine. This is in three parts. To an observer who can be permitted a glimpse underneath the surface of the water the observation mine consists of three balls. One three feet below the surface of the water, another eight feet below the surface of the water, and the third

lying on the bed of the ocean. These three are joined by a cable. The top one is the observatory. This consists of a globe with two points upon it. On being touched these points sink into the globe and complete the circuit. This circuit communicates with a station on the shore. As the points are driven into the top globe a bell is rung in the station and the engineer in charge realizes that a ship is passing over the mine. He looks out to see if it is a friend or a foe. If it is a foe, he touches a button and completes the circuit, which charges a mine. The explosive lies in the middle bulb, or the one which is about eight feet below the surface of the water.

In case a friendly ship has passed over the little observatory bulb the engineer does not touch the button, and no explosion takes place. These are extremely safe mines and are inexpensive. They can be planted in any harbor without danger to merchant ships.

COUNTERMINING.

Countermining consists in the destruction of an enemy's mine-field by laying across that field other mines, which by intentional explosion destroy the mines planted by the foe. If mines are found near enough to the surface, they may be destroyed by shell fire, or, if the range will permit, vessels of the Vesuvius type can effect the same end by dropping charges of gun-cotton or dynamite into the mine-fields.

LIFE IN THE NAVY.

The duties of the various officers of the United States Navy are much more exacting and complex than the layman would, at first thought, recognize. In reference to the active service department, the "landlubber" is prone to think that the captain, for instance, has but little to do;

that the enlisted men do everything for him. The fact is, however, that, although his subordinates may perform the more tangible manual operations, still they do not relieve him of his hardest task. They cannot think and plan for him. These things the captain must do for himself, when unattached to a fleet or squadron, and the work of a coal-passer oftentimes is play beside the mental strain to which a commanding officer is put when a crisis is at hand.

Each officer of a commissioned vessel has his own individual thinking to do, too. The vast amount of mental manœuvring that must be done when a critical moment, such as the sudden appearance of an enemy's battleship already cleared for action, is much too great for any one man to do. Each man has his especial part to take, and upon the lowest ranking officer's faithful and prompt carrying out of his duties may depend the outcome of the impending conflict.

GRADES OF OFFICERS.

In such a mammoth and wonderful mechanical contrivance as a modern warship there is an enormous amount of brain calculation involved, and especially in times of war the officers of the ship have not the sinecures which they are fabled to enjoy. The commanding officer, for instance, has much more to do than to simply give the order to set sail for his desired goal and then calmly sit down in luxury and await his arrival at his destination. The fact that naval warfare is even more complex than land operations is seen from the fact that the average of officers in the navy will outnumber those of the army. Even the ordinary seamen are sort of officers. They each have themselves to command in their individual duties even if there is no one subordinate to their im-

mediate orders. The privates in the army act in a body, and many a man stands between them and a commanding position. But on a warship the loss of a single man in a gun turret may mean the advancement of each remaining member of the detail. Every man has a certain standing, and rigid rules for precedence are established.

The officers of the United States Navy are divided into two classes: officers of the line and officers of the staff. The officers of the line are as follows, and exercise military command in the order mentioned: Rear-admiral, commodore, captain, commander, lieutenant-commander, lieutenant, lieutenant (junior grade), ensign, naval cadet, boatswain, gunner. They take rank in each grade according to the dates of their commissions.

The officers of the staff comprise medical officers, pay officers, engineer officers, chaplains, professors of mathematics, naval constructors, civil engineers, carpenters, and sailmakers—ranking in that order. The officers, assistant and sub-officers of the various grades have relative ranks, ranging from captain to ensign, according to seniority and real position.

DUTIES OF OFFICERS.

The rear-admiral may be assigned to the command of a fleet, a squadron, or a naval station, and during his tenure of office his authority is absolute to those under him. He is the brains of his command, and must do the planning and supervising in general, with, perhaps, the aid of the counsel and advice of his under officers. In a battle he it is who orders the strategic movements upon the enemy, and upon his perspicacity, upheld by the strict adherence to his plans, rests the result.

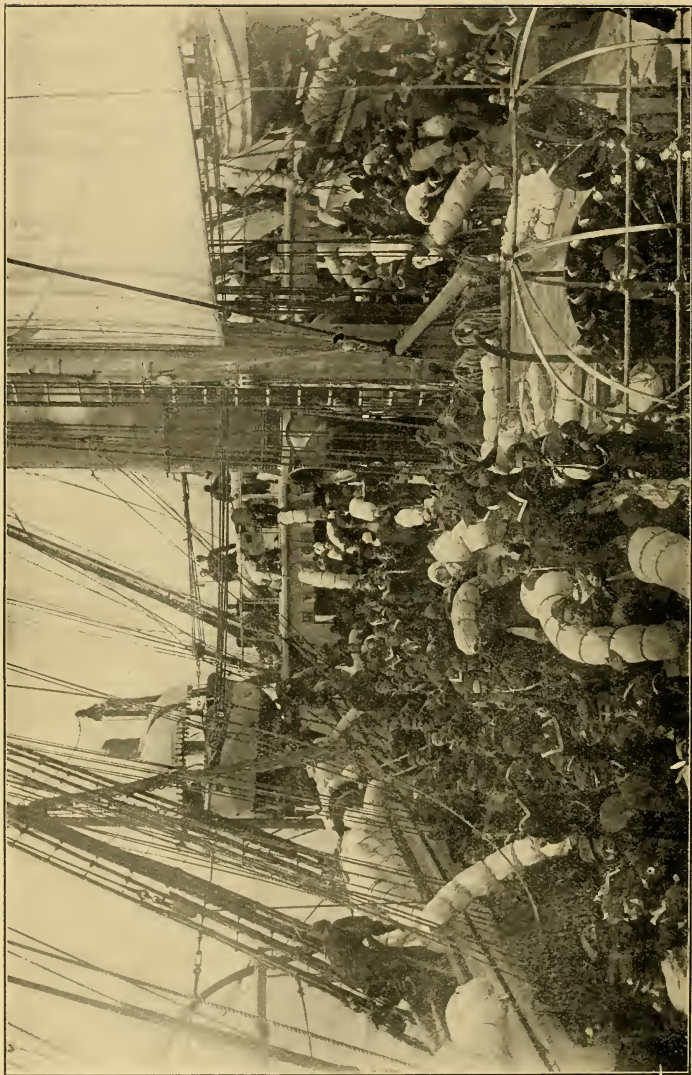
A commodore has almost as much power as a rear-

admiral, the command of a fleet, however, being denied him. A captain is farther limited to the command of but a division of a squadron as his highest power. A commandership is but a short degree less in authority, embracing nearly all of a captaincy's authority except as to the direct command of ships. A captain may have in charge a ship of the first rate, while the third rate is as high as a commander may attain to.

In order, a lieutenant-commander, lieutenant, and lieutenant of the junior grade may serve as executive officers or have command of inferior rate vessels. The ensigns and naval cadets may do any duty on the watch or in the engine-room as may be assigned them. All officers, from captain down, may also be assigned to shore duty. These officers of the line occupy about the same plane as commissioned officers in the army. Each has his particular station in battle, but they may be called upon to act directly as assistants to the ship's commanding officer. They all are instrumental in forwarding the proper orders to the stations and seeing that they are carried out.

WARRANT OFFICERS.

Boatswains, gunners, carpenters, and sailmakers are warrant officers, and have no relative rank. All below these, including mates, are petty officers. The petty officers are divided into four classes, the chief, first, second, and third. Each of these classes is sub-divided into four branches, the seaman, artificer, special, and marine. The seamen branch embraces the master-at-arms, the boatswain's mates, the gunner's mates, the quartermasters, the coxswains, and the schoolmasters. The artificer branch of petty officers includes machinists, carpenter's mates, boilermakers, coppersmiths, blacksmiths, plumbers and fitters, sailmaker's mates, water



SERVING HAMMOCKS

tenders, printers, oilers, and painters. The special branch is composed of yeoman, apothecaries, bandmasters, and musicians. Sergeant-majors, first sergeants in charge of guard, and corporals go to make up the marines.

The seamen and messmen are about the only persons actively engaged in the handling of the warships of the navy who have not the privilege of being classed as officers. These two departments are also divided into the same four branches, and comprise seamen of low grades, seamen gunners, apprentices, landsmen, firemen, shipwrights, sailmakers, coal passers, musicians, buglers, baymen, and the various grades of cooks, stewards, and mess attendants. Thus it will be seen that with the exception of but a few men nearly every warshipman is an officer of higher or lower grade.

Of the duties of the warrant officers, the navy regulations provide that they shall act as assistants to the heads of departments to which they belong; the boatswain and sailmaker to the equipment officer, the gunner to the ordnance officer, and the carpenter to the construction officer.

BOATSWAIN'S WORK.

The boatswain's especial charges are the spars and rigging, the anchors, boats, and other movable articles and spare parts pertaining to these in the hold and stores. The gunner has charge of the batteries, and supervises all ordnance work. He has in charge the armament and ordnance stores. The carpenter, of course, has for his duties all pertaining to the keeping in repair of the wooden portion of the vessel, the spars, the water-tight compartments, the bottom, and the mechanical devices for the management and safety of the vessel. In action, he must see to speedy repairs of all

damages which affect the effectiveness of the ship. The sailmaker is the head of the department in charge of the canvas in all conditions.

The executive officer of a vessel is the captain's right-hand man. He is detailed from among the officers of the line by the Secretary of the Navy. He is next in rank to the captain, but has no authority independent of him. The executive officer takes the carrying out of the captain's orders upon himself and relieves the head of the vessel of many minor and arduous details, acting in his place and keeping a constant and watchful oversight on the men and their work. He is also detailed as equipment and construction officer, and in these capacities has charge of all extra supplies, the requisitions, invoices, returns, and disbursements.

The second officer below the captain is the navigator and ordnance officer. He has general charge of the ship's course, under orders, and in reality is the pilot skipper. He reckons out the ship's position and has the oversight of the conning tower, chart-house, and steering apparatus. The navigator has charge also of the ship's log, and, in fact, is a small edition of the captain himself, always, however, bound by the latter's orders. As ordnance officer he performs duties in connection with the magazines, shell-rooms, and torpedoes. He keeps everything in readiness for instant action, and is held personally responsible for the efficiency of the arrangement and appurtenances.

DECK OFFICERS.

The officers of the deck and of the gun, torpedo, and powder divisions, as their titles indicate, have subordinate control over these departments. The officer of the deck resembles the army officer of the day; he is the officer on watch in charge of the ship. The safety and imme-

diate availableness of the vessel is in his charge to a degree. The junior officers of the line are defined as being those of a rank below that of a lieutenant of the junior grade, not assigned to regular duty as watch and division officers. The ensign may also serve as clerk to the commanding officer.

The duties of the officers of the staff are clearly indicated by their titles. The medical directors, inspectors, surgeons, passed assistant surgeons, and assistant surgeons are detailed to duty relative to the sanitary condition of the ship and the healthiness of all on board.

The pay officers (with the same sub-divisions) have control of the monetary receipts and disbursements and the paying off of the ship's men. The engineers look after the steam motive power, electric lighting and appliances, and exercise general supervision in the engine, boiler, and coal compartments. The chaplain addresses himself to the moral welfare of the men and holds divine service each Sunday at sea when practicable. The naval constructor is a general appendage to successive vessels of a fleet to observe their good and bad qualities, and later point out to the Navy Department chances for improvement in the building of new or overhauling of old warships.

The so-called flag officers are those immediately attached to the commodore of a fleet or squadron. The personal staff consists of a chief of staff, flag lieutenant, clerk, and aides. The surgeon, paymaster, engineer, and marine officer of the fleet constitute the fleet staff of a flag officer. The last four exert powers in their respective departments over the rest of the fleet at the order of the commodore. The personal staff aids him in the execution of his orders and in signaling. The duties of the four classes of petty officers are mainly the

carrying out of the commanding officer's orders relative to their stations, transmitted to them by their chiefs of departments.

THE FIREMEN.

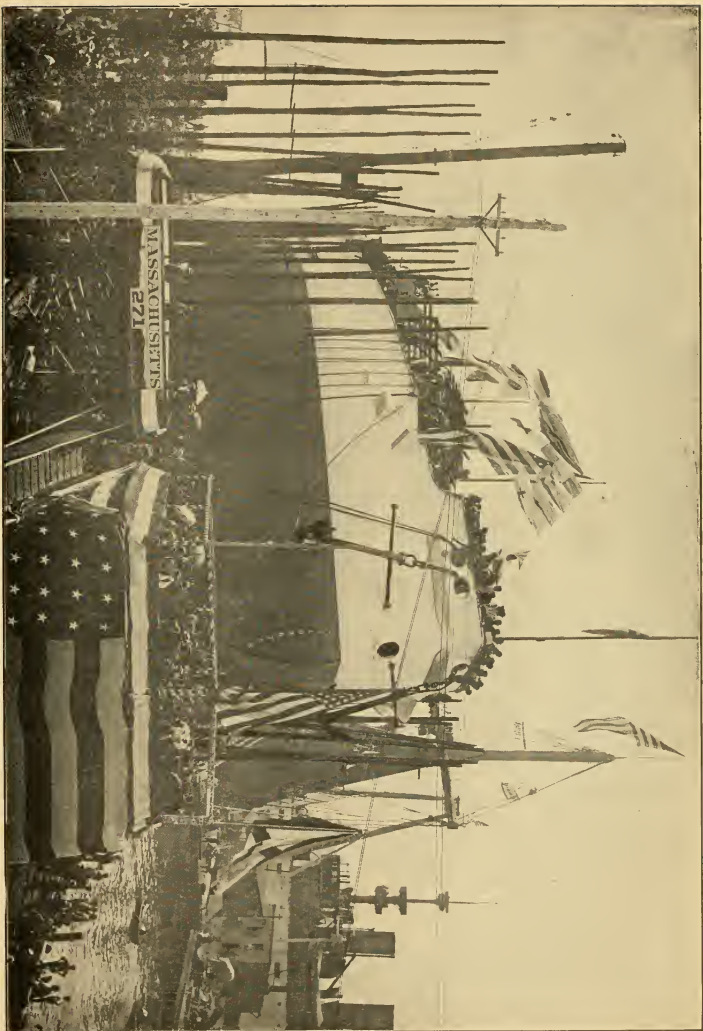
In action, the engineers, firemen, and coal-passers deserve a meed of praise equal to that given the fighting force. They work in a temperature of one hundred and fifty degrees and upwards, in half-hour turns. Without the power that moves the ship, the glorious achievements of our navy would not be possible.

When the Oregon was pursuing the Cristobal Colon off the coast of Cuba on July 3, 1898, an engineer approached the captain with, "Can't you fire just one gun?" "One gun, what for?" Captain Clark responded. "The firemen are lying down, just worn out, but if they could hear a gun and thought that we were anywhere near the enemy and in action, they will get upon their feet in an instant." The gun was fired, and sustained the wornout firemen for half an hour, when the great ship found her reward, her 13-inch guns covering every foot of her adversary's deck.

ETIQUETTE OF THE NAVY.

Etiquette on board a man-of-war is a matter of great ceremonial. From the moment an officer or a common sailor steps aboard until after he has left, he must observe conventions of many kinds.

The starboard gangway, for instance, is reserved for the use of the commissioned officers and their friends when going aboard or leaving a vessel. All others must use the port gangway. The first thing on stepping aboard ship is to "salute the deck" by lifting or touching the hat or cap. This is meant as a mark of respect to the colors and is acknowledged by the officer of the deck.



THE BATTLESHIP MASSACHUSETTS IN THE STOCKS

The quarter-deck is sacred to the officers, and the side of it occupied by the officer on duty is generally avoided by the others. No enlisted men are allowed on the quarter-deck except on duty.

One of the prettiest of naval ceremonies takes place at 8 A. M. and at sunset. This is the hoisting and lowering of the colors. These two functions are accompanied by appropriate military music, all hands, officers as well as men, who happen to be on deck at the time, standing at "Attention," facing aft and with heads bared, until the colors reach the flagstaff-head or are lowered into the arms of the quartermaster, who receives them, as the case may be.

Officers are required to salute the captain when passing him, but not each other except when on duty and an official communication is made. The junior always salutes first, the senior returning the courtesy. The men always salute when addressing or being addressed by an officer.

Certain interesting formalities are gone through in entering, leaving, and sitting in a ship's small boats. Entrance goes according to rank, juniors first. This is in conformity with the principle that the captain is always the last to abandon his ship. In sitting in the boat the senior sits farthest aft, the others ranging themselves according to their gradation in rank. In leaving the boat the senior goes first, which suggests the rule that in an attack on shore or a boarding party the senior leads the way.

Three principal ceremonials govern the official arrival on board or departure from a ship of persons of rank. One is called "piping over the side," and consists of the attendance at the gangway of from two to eight side boys and the long, shrill piping of the boatswain as the

honored person steps aboard or leaves the ship. For a commanding officer, admiral, or other high functionary the marine guard is paraded on the quarter-deck, presenting arms, with the music giving the appropriate number of "ruffles" as the functionary passes along the deck to or from the gangway. This is the second honor.

The third is the firing of gun salutes, the number of guns depending upon personal rank. The President of the United States and members of royal families receive 21 guns, the national salute, which is the highest number officially recognized. Other officials receive varying numbers below this, the following being examples: Admiral, 17 guns; vice-admiral, 15; rear-admiral, 13; commodore, 11. Governors of States, cabinet ministers, diplomatic representatives, generals of the army, and consular officers are all entitled to gun salutes.

The salute is not fired until the recipient is in his boat and pulls away from the vessel, when the first gun is fired and his flag is unfurled from the mast-head, to be pulled down with the last gun. While the salute is in progress the visitor's boat stops, proceeding only after the ceremony is over.

It is considered a serious breach of courtesy to fire either more or fewer guns than the person saluted is entitled to. When either is done, his representative promptly calls upon the saluting ship for an explanation, and, if this is not given satisfactorily, serious offense results.

Even the marking of the passage of time on board ship is a matter of ceremony. There is a clock near the captain's cabin which his orderly watches, and each half-hour he goes on deck and, saluting, reports to the officer on deck the number of bells. The officer returns the

orderly's salute, says "Very good," and directs the messenger to strike the proper number of bells.

But at 8 A. M., noon, and 8 P. M. there is a marked difference. These hours are reported not as "8 bells," but as "8 o'clock" or "12 o'clock." The officer then tells the orderly to report the hour to the captain, and the bells are not struck until the captain directs it through the medium of the orderly, the officer, and the messenger. It is not 8 A. M., noon, or 8 P. M. until the captain officially "makes it so." Not infrequently the captain plays Joshua and postpones the hour as he sees fit.

PAY OF OFFICERS.

The officers and men who handle our warships, if we except the glory and honors won, are as a class poorly paid. The positions of importance in the navy require men of unusual intelligence, who must pass through a long technical training and undergo a comparatively rough and, of course, often most dangerous life. It is safe to say that this same class of men, were they to devote the same energy to business, would be compensated much more highly. The pay of an officer varies according to his rank and the nature of his duty. His income is greatest while at sea and lowest when he is on leave or waiting orders.

It is not generally known that all officers feed and clothe themselves. They are also obliged to house themselves when on land. When at sea they are allowed 30 cents a day for their rations. The salary of enlisted men varies from \$19 a month, which is that of a third-rate seaman, to \$70 a month, which is paid to a chief machinist. Ordinary seaman receives \$19 a month, regular seaman \$24, and a landsman, who is an unskilled recruit, \$16. Salaries from \$45 to \$50 a month are paid to black-

smiths, electricians, boilermakers, etc. An allowance of 30 cents a day is allowed for rations to all enlisted men. Salaries are raised every time a sailor re-enlists. The pay of the officers of various grades is as follows :

RANK.	At Sea.	On Shore Duty.	On Leave, or Waiting Orders.
REAR-ADMIRALS	\$6,000	\$5,000	\$4,000
COMMODORES	5,000	4,000	3,000
CAPTAINS	4,500	3,500	2,800
COMMANDERS	3,500	3,000	2,300
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDERS—			
First four years after date of commission...	2,800	2,400	2,000
After four years from date of commission...	3,000	2,600	2,200
LIEUTENANTS—			
First five years after date of commission...	2,400	2,000	1,600
After five years from date of commission...	2,600	2,200	1,800
LIEUTENANTS (Junior Grade)—			
First five years after date of commission...	1,800	1,500	1,200
After five years from date of commission...	2,000	1,700	1,400
ENSIGNS—			
First five years after date of commission...	1,200	1,000	800
After five years from date of commission...	1,400	1,200	1,000

OCCUPATIONS ON SHIPBOARD.

The money paid out as wages is not the only income derived by those on board a ship of war ; manufacture, barter, and trade are carried on, and many sailors, firemen, and marines add very considerably to their pay.

The Navy Department allows each man, whether he be an admiral or apprentice, thirty cents each day for subsistence. This "ration," as it is called, is delivered in the shape of ship's stores ; a few articles, however, being commuted in cash to enable each mess to procure delicacies not on the ship's bill of fare. In addition to these commuted rations, the various messes assess their members from two dollars to five dollars each month, and from this fund the cooks are paid for their service.

Admirals, commodores, and captains take their meals by themselves in their respective cabins, and each has a

steward, cook, and servant to look after his comforts. The senior officers occupy the wardroom. The junior officers and the paymaster's clerk are in the steerage mess. The warrant officers, boatswain, carpenter, gunner, and sailmaker have an apartment to themselves. The chief petty officers have their table in a corner of the berth-deck, and other petty officers, with the sailors, marines, and firemen, are messed in their respective parts of the berth-deck.

One of the busiest places on board a modern warship is the cook's galley, where three meals per day for from two hundred to six hundred men are prepared. The "ship's" cook is in charge of this kitchen and tends the galley coppers and ranges. The cooks are called by the corporal of the guard half an hour before reveille in the morning to give them time to prepare the great pails of coffee, which are given out, hot and steaming, directly after hammocks are stowed. At seven o'clock the mess is piped, and the tables, swung from the carline beams during the night, are lowered. A cook's helper arranges the benches and sets the tables, furnishing each sailor with an earthenware plate and cup, and an iron knife, fork, and spoon. Breakfast is placed on the tables in the pots or pans in which it has been cooked. There is little opportunity for table etiquette, and conversation for the most part is left to the smoking hour, which follows the meal.

The smoking-lamp is one of the time-honored institutions of the navy and is constructed much like a lantern, only the globe is made of sheet-iron instead of glass. In the side there is a small round hole through which the sailor sticks his pipe in order to light it. It is the duty of the ship's cook, or one of his assistants, to light the

lamp when the word is given by the proper officer, who in turn gets his orders from the officer of the deck.

The need for the smoking-lamp arises from the necessity of guarding the ship to the utmost from danger of fire. War regulations provide severe punishment for any seaman caught with matches on his person.

On most ships the stewards do a thriving business in the sale of canned goods and other delicacies, tobacco and cigars, which they retail at fancy prices.

Next to his creature comforts, the sailor thinks most of his personal appearance, and there are many sailors on board who make a practice of doing tailor work for the crew. Such men are allowed to maintain a sewing machine on board, but, unlike their prototypes in civil life, they do not supply cloth, but simply make up what is brought to them by their customers, who draw it on requisition from the paymaster's stores. The snug fit of the blue shirt and the careful hang of the bell-bottom trousers, the breadth and curve of the jaunty hat, all must conform to an arbitrary naval pattern, and must also be made with the proper number of silk-worked stars, diamonds, etc., so dear to the sailor's heart. The tailor who does good work makes money, and he also does odd jobs of mending for the officers.

The ship's barber has on his list a goodly share of the crew, and for a stipulated sum he gives two shaves a week and cuts Jack's hair once a month. The officers also patronize the ship's barber.

The ship's carpenter and his mates make small wooden chests, called "ditty-boxes," which serve the sailor for all the odds and ends that on shore would be found in an ordinary dressing-case; and thus add considerably to their pay.

Among the ship's company are found shoemakers who

are able to at least patch footgear, and there are others who do not disdain to do washing and scrubbing for their mates.

MERCHANT VESSELS.

The decay of merchant shipping in our country from the proud position it held before the great Civil War is due to many causes, chief among which is the substitution of iron for wood, and steam for sails. There are very many people living, and still active, who remember the time when the whole of the passenger traffic between Europe and the United States was in the hands of Americans—for the reason that their ships were more staunch, more comfortable, and very much faster, while their seamen were more enterprising. The same was the case with the China trade; the American clippers carried all before them: while, in the race to the Pacific, in the early days of California, none could compare with our vessels in rapidity and the comfort of passage.

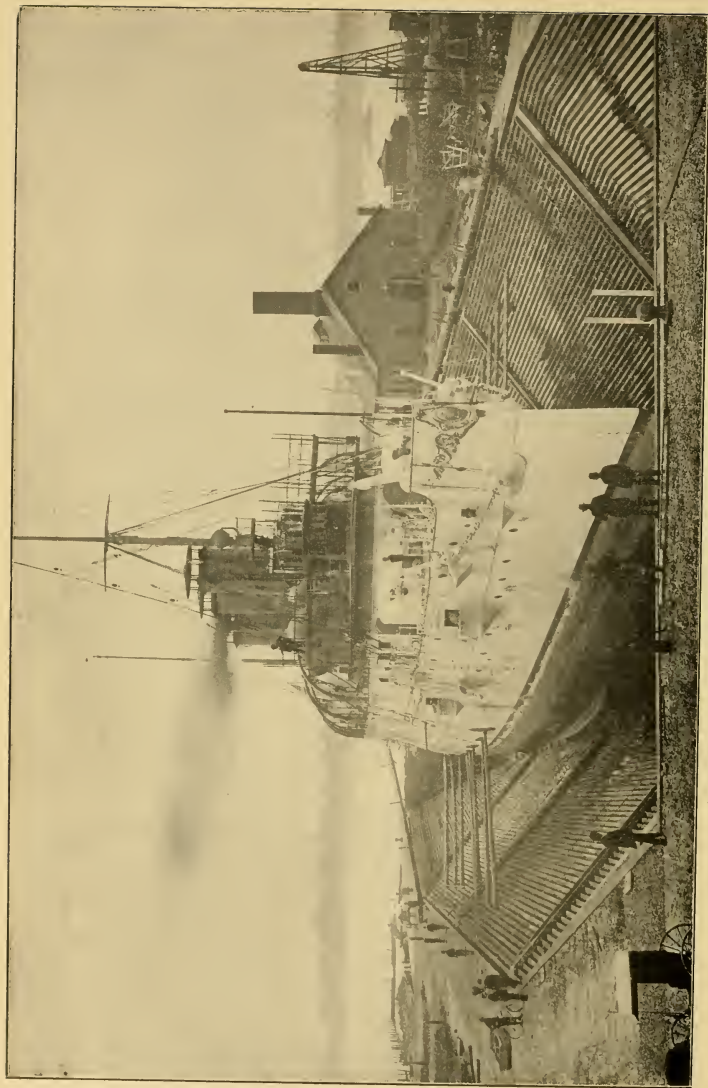
For some years those interested in such matters almost despaired; but there is a brighter outlook ahead now. The great lake fleet of steamers and sailing vessels has vastly increased. The tonnage passing through the Sault de Ste. Marie is really greater than our whole ocean tonnage of forty years ago: and the improvement in the quantity and size of merchant vessels built during the last few years for ocean service, while not keeping pace with the lake traffic, on account of foreign competition, is still very gratifying.

We have already spoken of the ability shown by Americans, during the last few years, to produce the best armor in the world, guns equal to any, and warships of the very first class, in hull and machinery.

This is all a preparation and education for taking our proper place as builders of the very best merchant vessels. Builders could not afford the extensive apparatus and machinery necessary for such construction unless they had been encouraged by government orders in the beginning. Such works as those at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, would never have constructed the largest steam-hammer in the world, if it had not been for the encouragement afforded by government orders. Now they are prepared to forge shafts, and other great pieces, for the largest merchant steamers, for the obtaining of which we formerly had to send abroad.

As for plants for iron or steel ship-building, we now have many. Cramps' establishment, in Philadelphia, is said to be the third largest in the world—and will soon rank higher; there are other great works for merchant vessels on the Lakes and the Mississippi, and at Newport's News, near Hampton Roads. After these come the works at South Boston and the different establishments at New York. The purely naval building-yards and plants at the New York navy yard, and at Norfolk, are well known; while the Union Iron Works at San Francisco have turned out some of the finest vessels afloat, both men of war and merchantmen. There are also such works in Bath, Maine.

But the least effect of these great plants is shown in their production up to this time. They are not only educational to ship and engine builders, but they foster a number of most valuable trades—such as ship-carpenters, plumbers, copper-smiths, joiners, and many others. Above all come the naval designers or architects. Men so trained are well paid, and are required to turn out the very highest grade of work; and thus we are forming a force, at many points of our great



CRUISER COLUMBIA IN DRY DOCK, LEAGUE ISLAND

country, fitted, when the time comes (and it must soon come), to build up our sea-going mercantile marine to an equality with the sister service on the Great Lakes, so as to enable it to carry our products abroad, and bring back the returns, without depending upon foreign bottoms for that service. A few years ago there was no place in this country where a young man could go to learn the business of designing and building iron vessels—now there are many such places—and they are constantly increasing in number.

MACHINERY.

Not the least wonder of our day is the improvement in the machinery of steam-vessels of all kinds.

The engineer's department of a first-class cruiser or battle-ship is a bewildering and wonderful sight to one not accustomed to it. The complicated engines, with their numerous cylinders, which use the steam over and over, seem almost too delicate, and too like a fancy creation, to be capable of driving the propellers at such a rate as they do. Instead of the rude levers of former days, these giant machines are managed by the turning of wheels which look like playthings as compared with the forces which they control so easily.

The boilers not only serve to drive the main engines, but there are others devoted to different uses; among which the principal are the distilling of salt into fresh water, and thus giving an abundant supply of one of the very first necessities of life, and rendering the vessel and the crew independent of the shore in that respect. It is also most conducive to health; for much of the disease found on ship-board, within even recent times, was due to the character of the water obtained from the shore. Then there are the electric dynamos, and their boilers

which must run when the ship is at anchor, as well as when she is under weigh; while her steam steering-gear, when in motion, renders her guidance very easy in the hands of one man, when four or six would be required at the wheels of vessels in the old days.

As for war-ships, the vessel is under complete control of one man, the Captain, who, with the helmsmen, occupies the fighting-tower. He is informed by indicators of what is going on all over the great craft below him, and his orders to the engineers, to the gun divisions, and to all other parts, are transmitted in the same way. But ordinary speaking-tubes and such matters are not forgotten, in case hostile shot should destroy the other means of communication; while, far below the water-line, is the old-fashioned steering-wheel, secure from shot or shell, to be used in case the more delicate and more exposed steering-gear should be shot away. The number of trained and experienced men which such a complicated machine as a modern war-ship or first-class passenger vessel requires, is very great. There is less need for old-fashioned sailors—who could go aloft in any weather to reef and furl—but there is seamanship still required to navigate, to heave the lead, to man and manage boats, and many other things, beside the mere drilling and working of artillery and small arms. It requires some training even to be able to take care of one's self in bad weather, especially in a large ship, where places to hold on are far apart. Of course, in a modern ship the engineer's force, as well as those immediately in charge of dynamos, of electric lights, and of search-lights, comprise a much larger proportion of the whole ship's company than in former times; and the vigilance, experience, and foresight which have to be displayed in the depths

of the vessel is equal to that required upon the spar-deck and bridge.

OFFICERS AND MEN.

Now that our administrations, of both political parties, have for some years committed themselves to a gradual increase of our navy, to consist of the very newest ships and guns, it may be safely supposed that in a few years we shall have a *respectable* navy, in point of numbers, as it is now in point of quality.

After all, the best ships are of no use without the presence of men trained to manage them, and to conduct successfully the well-being and discipline of a large number of people. In a first-class man-of-war, the elements may be compared to a civil organization in this way: the Captain is the Mayor, except that he has much more power and authority than most mayors; the Lieutenants are the executive and police officers, as well as leaders in battle; the Junior officers are in training for such positions. The Marine officer and his men represent the militia, adding police duties; and the medical staff looks out for the general health. Then, there is the Paymaster and his clerk, who attend to financial matters of all kinds; the engineer corps, which keeps the whole thing going, and lights as well as propels the great machine. Lastly, there is a Chaplain, who not only attends to divine service (as required by the Articles of War), but in many ways makes his influence known. The subdivision of duties on board a man-of-war often makes landsmen wonder whether such a course is necessary; but the experience of many generations teaches that it is.

NAVAL ACADEMY.

It may be of interest to our readers to know something about the way in which the officers of the navy are

trained for their important duties. For many years after the foundation of the navy, boys of tender years were appointed midshipmen through the influence of friends of the President or the Secretary of the Navy. They then were sent to sea at once, in a cruising man-of-war, and, after five or six years, went to a naval school, as it was called, for a few months. At the end of six years they became passed-midshipmen, if found able to pass a simple examination; after which they had to wait for vacancies in the list above them to become lieutenants, commanders, and captains. The latter was, up to the time of the late civil war, the highest grade in the navy, and corresponded in rank with colonel in the army. Those officers who commanded squadrons or stations were, by courtesy, termed commodores. The manner of education of the young officers who were destined to high command in the navy had long been felt to be faulty, although under it such officers had been reared as Farragut and Rowan, Porter, and John Rodgers; and it was thought that a school something on the lines of West Point, which had long existed for the army, would be of benefit to the service and to the country. About this time a change took place in the manner of appointment of naval cadets, and the Congressmen of the various States had them put in their hands, with a limited number left in the hands of the President, who was apt to bestow them on the sons of worthy officers of the army or navy who had died in the service. This is the usual practice at present. Representatives are notified when an appointment falls due in their district, and some Congressmen put such appointments up for public competition among the lads of proper age and health, who, on going to the Naval Academy to enter, have to pass a close physical examination, as well as one in elementary branches of

learning. Many are rejected, from one cause or another, and the custom has arisen of appointing an alternate, who may be examined for the position if the first one fails, either physically or mentally. Those who are successful in the examination receive \$500 a year, during their academic course, which is an ample sum for their support at the school. During the course many drop out; some from ill conduct; some from inability to follow the course; and some few from failure of health; although the healthy regimen and good hours often improve boys who are a little delicate or backward. But it must be remembered that it is useless for any lad who is thoroughly lazy and unambitious to enter there, as he is sure to be weeded out. Many classes do not graduate more than half of their original members.

The Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Maryland, was founded in 1845, through the enlightened policy of Mr. Bancroft, the celebrated historian, who was then the Secretary of the Navy, under President Polk. Commander Buchanan (who was afterwards Admiral Buchanan of the Confederate Navy) was the first officer in charge.

The site of the Academy was secured by the transfer from the War to the Navy Department of Fort Severn and its surroundings, one of the defences of Annapolis, at the mouth of the Severn river, near its entrance into Chesapeake bay, and with plenty of water for naval work. In 1849 a Board was organized to make regulations which were to conform, as much as possible, to those of the Military Academy at West Point. In 1851 the course of study was fixed at four years, with annual examinations, and summer cruises in practice ships to familiarize the lads with sea duties. There was also a board of visitors, to be appointed by the President, who reported, annually, upon the annual examinations and

the general condition and requirements of the school. This board consisted of Senators and citizens distinguished for their acquirements in science, as well as officers of different corps of the Navy.

Owing to the Civil War the school was transferred, in 1861, to Newport, Rhode Island, where it remained until 1865, when it was returned to Annapolis. The grounds have been greatly enlarged and improvements of every kind made, until now it is one of the most beautiful and perfect establishments in the world. There is no place in Europe, devoted to naval training, which has anything like the space, the buildings and material, and the equable climate which the Annapolis school possesses. Although the country is flat, the fine expanses of water, and the wealth of foliage, give the situation great attractions, while the old and historic town of Annapolis, so connected with the Colonial period and the Revolution, retains its curious plan, and its old church, courthouse, and residences, much as they were when Washington resigned his commission.

When the school was re-established at Annapolis the course of studies was rearranged to suit the advance in such matters as steam, gunnery, and mathematics—and has remained much the same ever since—only adopting improved methods as the occasion arose.

The course of instruction is a long one—too long to be given here, but we may mention some of the studies pursued. There are seamanship and naval construction, naval tactics, practical exercises, signals, swimming, gymnastics, etc., ordnance and gunnery, including infantry tactics, field-artillery and boat-howitzer exercise, great guns, mortar practice, and fencing; mathematics up to the calculus; steam engineering, with practical exercise, and the theory, fabrication, and designing of

steam engines; astronomy, navigation, and surveying; physics and chemistry; mechanics, and applied mathematics, and theoretical naval architecture; English studies, and history and law; French and Spanish; drawing and chart-making; and other kindred studies.

Any one who shows great aptitude is put into the engineering branch, and enters the Engineer Corps; others enter the Marine Corps, as second lieutenants; and sometimes, when there are no vacancies, those who graduate honorably, although at the foot of their class, are enabled, by Act of Congress, to take an "honorable discharge" from the service, with a year's pay.

When a lad succeeds in passing the examination and entering the Naval Academy, he is required to sign articles which bind him to serve in the Navy eight years, including his time at the Academy, unless sooner discharged. The system of examination comprises monthly, semi-annual, and annual examinations, which are conducted in writing, the members of a class all receiving the same questions. If a cadet fails to pass the semi-annual or annual examinations he is dropped.

With the theoretical studies there are the sail, spar, boat, gun, and small-arm drills, all of which, with good conduct, go to make up the total of "marks" of the cadet. Misconduct or insubordination leads to the receipt of "demerits," which may become so numerous as to prevent a cadet from continuing at the Academy, even when distinguished in his studies. Some of the same officers who have charge of the cadets during the scholastic year are detailed for the practice ships during the summer cruise, so that they have complete knowledge of the acquirements of their pupils. The summer cruise of the cadets at Annapolis corresponds to the encampment of the West Point cadets; being almost

entirely practical in its nature. The cadet engineer class, instead of a long voyage, go on board a practice steamer, and visit navy-yards, and ship-yards, rolling-mills, foundries, machine-shops, etc., where practical illustration may be had of a part of their studies. The academic grounds, inside the walls, consist of fifty acres, while outside there are one hundred acres more. On this fine property there are a great number of buildings, for quarters, mess-halls, class rooms, armory, steam-building, etc., beside an observatory, all of which are amply provided with models and apparatus. There is a fine library, contained in a lovely old house formerly inhabited by the governor of Maryland; a chapel; and numbers of houses for officers' quarters. There is also a hospital, and, on the outlying land one of greater size, which is used in epidemics, and for the seamen of the practice-ships, and the marines of the guard. At large and convenient docks upon the Severn are moored the practice ships, steamers, steam and sailing launches, and cutters, for the use and instruction of the cadets. The average number of these is about two hundred, and they are, as a rule, exceedingly well-trained in battalion drill, so that a dress-parade during the evenings of the spring and fall months, with the faultless drill and evolutions, and the music afforded by the fine band, never fails to attract crowds of strangers, as well as the town's people and officers' families.

MARINE CORPS.

It is proper, at this point, to give some account of the United States Marine Corps, of which many persons not familiar with naval affairs have a very vague idea.

They are sea-soldiers, or soldiers enlisted for service either on shore or on board ships-of-war, and who are

known as *Marines*, although all sea-going person are really marines.

Most powers which possess navies have also marines, France being an exception. They constitute a separate military body from the seamen and other enlisted men of a war-ship, and are trained to fight either as infantry or as artillerists, and especially for participation in naval engagements. They are organized, clothed and equipped very much like soldiers of the army, and their preliminary instruction is the same. In fact, some of their very best service has been on shore; while their being accustomed to the sea makes them doubly valuable for expeditions by water. Their headquarters, barracks and depots are on shore, and from them details are made when required for service on shipboard. These detachments vary in size with the ship, from a dozen men under a sergeant to a hundred under one or more commissioned officers.

The history of sea-soldiers is very ancient, dating back to at least five centuries before the Christian Era, when there was a class of soldiers which constituted the fighting men of a war-ship, while an entirely different class navigated, managing the oars and sails. Some of the most gallant acts which have distinguished our own navy have been performed by the marines, who have served without blemish in every quarter of the world, and in all the wars in which we have been engaged. The marines have generally manned some of the broad-side guns whenever hard fighting was going on, and have always been relied upon under the most desperate circumstances; nor have they failed to justify that reliance.

Our own Congress has nineteen times, by joint resolution, tendered thanks to the marines for their gallant

behavior, and some of the greatest generals have added their tributes to those of naval commanders. Napoleon Bonaparte, when viewing the marines of the English ship *Bellerophon*, where he took refuge after his downfall, exclaimed: "What might not be done with a hundred thousand such men?" General Winfield Scott, when commanding in the Mexican War, said of our marines that he "put them where the heaviest work was to be accomplished, and had never found his confidence misplaced." General Grant, on the quarter-deck of the *Vandalia*, which man-of-war was taking him to Egypt, on his voyage round the world, remarked of the marines at their exercise, that they were "as fine soldiers as he had ever seen."

In our own service the marine corps is as ancient as the navy. In Revolutionary days they wore green coats with white facings, but their uniform has from time to time become more and more assimilated with that of the infantry of the army.

REVENUE MARINE.

Another branch of the public service connected with the sea is the Revenue Marine, of which very little is known outside of maritime States, although it is one of the most important and hard-working branches.

This sea force was organized in 1790, more than a century ago, for the protection of the revenues of the General Government from duties upon imports. The Act of Congress provided for the building and equipping of the revenue cutters, "to be officered and manned by one master and not more than three mates, who should be appointed by the President, and be deemed officers of the customs."

This was done under the administration of Alexander

Hamilton, then Secretary of the Treasury, and one of the shining lights of our early days as a nation. He suggested giving the officers military or naval rank, "which," he added, "will not only induce fit men to engage, but attach them to their duties by a nicer sense of honor."

The first vessels built for this service were brigs or schooners, and they were commanded by excellent officers and sailors, who were proud of their position. They had not only to look after the collection of the revenue from imports, but to preserve order in ports, and had many other onerous duties. They had to make returns of all vessels boarded, as well as any special duties which the Secretary of the Treasury might direct. They were to succor vessels in distress—and, to this day, the Revenue vessels cruise on our coasts during the very worst winter weather to succor vessels, and many a cargo, as well as many lives, have been saved by their exertions.

Any one, even those who are not familiar with ships, can tell a revenue vessel by the flag she carries—because, while the union is the same as in other flags of the United States, the stripes run vertically instead of horizontally.

Formerly the revenue cutters were almost always of schooner rig, and generally very neat and trim, and very beautiful and picturesque vessels, especially under sail, but at present and for many years past, the "Cutters" are able sea-going steamers. In former days the revenue cutters, in addition to the protection afforded to commerce, had to attend to the placing of buoys, and the supply of lighthouses, under the direction of Collectors of Customs of districts. But in 1852 the present Light House Board was established—and special vessels devoted to that service, than which there is none better

in the world. The Revenue Marine has often taken part with the Navy in operations of various kind, such as the War of 1812; the Florida War; the Mexican War; the Paraguay Expedition; the Civil War; the Seal Fishery patrol, the American-Spanish War, and numerous other occasions, giving the best of service cheerfully and promptly.

As regards appointment of officers in the Revenue Marine, we may say that the service is entirely separate from the Navy, and controlled by the Treasury Department. This Department appoints cadets, not less than eighteen and not more than twenty-five years of age, who may be promoted to third lieutenants after two years' service, and after having passed a satisfactory examination. This takes appointments out of the line of personal or political preference. The cadets are first sent on a practice cruise at sea in a revenue cutter, and then trained in practical seamanship and navigation, and during the winter study mathematics and other things necessary to fit them for their duties. If successful in passing as third lieutenants they have a reasonable chance of rising to Captain. Revenue cutters, beside their ordinary duty, are often called upon to make special cruises in search of missing vessels, or to enforce neutrality laws when expeditions may be fitting in our ports against neighboring and friendly governments. Since Alaska has been acquired some of the most remarkable cruises have been made in Arctic waters, not only for the succor of whalers, but for the protection of the natives from smugglers who would try to introduce poisonous spirits. Officers of the revenue service are also detailed as inspectors and assistant inspectors of life-saving stations, in which capacity they have done excellent service, and added much to the value of that noble branch of our public work.

The whole of the Revenue Marine Service is in charge of a chief, called the Chief of the Revenue Marine, in the Treasury Department, at Washington, forming a separate bureau. This chief must be a man of ability, for he has great responsibility, and must have legal and scholarly attainments in order to be able to meet all the calls upon him. In regard to nautical matters he is supposed to avail himself of the advice of competent senior officers of the service, and also as far as the *personnel* of the Revenue Marine is concerned.

MARINE HOSPITAL SERVICE.

It may be of interest to many persons in the interior of our country, who are not brought in contact with water transportation, or even with river boats of any kind, to know what is meant by the "Marine Hospital Service," which has existed from our earliest days as a nation, and yet has nothing in common with the Revenue Marine, or with the Naval Service. The Naval Service has its own hospitals, and the Revenue Marine make arrangements for their sick and wounded at proper places. The Marine Hospital Service provides for all sick men who follow the water in the merchant service, whether they are salt water or fresh water men, whether they are on a Mississippi steamboat, or on a vessel just arrived from a China voyage. Its authority, under the law, dates from the year 1798, but it also provided that a tax of twenty cents a month should be exacted from every officer and seaman for the support of hospitals. In the following year the same provision of tax was made for the navy, and all officers and men have paid it for nearly a hundred years; so that the Marine Hospitals and the Naval Hospitals have never cost the nation anything, the money for their support having come purely from

this personal tax. Every merchant sailor pays that ; and every naval person, from an admiral to a messenger boy, has twenty cents a month deducted from his pay for hospital service.

The Marine Hospital Service has of late years been more serviceable than ever, especially in the prevention of the introduction of cholera and of yellow fever into our country.

The organization is complete and excellent. There is a supervising Surgeon-General, who has great powers and great responsibilities, a medical purveyor, surgeons, passed-assistant surgeons, and assistant surgeons. These treat an immense number of cases, and not a few have lost their lives in combating epidemics. These officers are selected by examination and entirely removed from any politics, and are bound to go wherever they are ordered, and obey regulations.

LIGHT HOUSES.

Another interesting and most exceedingly important institution connected with naval affairs is the United States Light House Establishment. From small beginnings this has grown to be one of the most important administrative branches of our government, and one which, we may say with pride, reflects the greatest honor upon us in the eyes of the world at large ; for a reliable and thorough system of the kind is a blessing and a safeguard to mariners and travelers of all nationalities.

The first light house built in the country which is now the United States of America is said to have been that at Little Brewster Island, in Boston Harbor, Massachusetts, about 1715. Then followed others, all supported by the Provinces in which they were placed, of

course. There were by the year 1789 twenty-five light houses on the Atlantic coast, ranging from Maine to Georgia. They were supported by a tax upon vessels which used them, and the tax was paid as part of the port dues, according to the lights the vessel must have passed in reaching her destination. In 1789, the National Government took charge of such matters, and the collectors of customs appointed by the President had charge of lights, and collected the dues. The service was often unsatisfactory, and so, in May, 1838, Congress created a Board of naval officers to determine where lights were actually needed, and to settle other points in the same connection. This led to increased usefulness, and at last, in 1852, the Light House Board was created by Act of Congress, which has usefully existed ever since, the result of their work being a light house system equal to any.

The new Board consisted of three officers of the navy, three officers of the engineer corps of the army, and three civilians, one of whom was the Secretary of the Treasury, and the remaining two persons of high scientific attainments. Such a constitution took its members out of the pale of political appointment, and enabled them to lay out plans which they could themselves hope to see carried into effect.

This Board divided the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the Gulf of Mexico, the Great Lakes, and the great western rivers into districts, to each of which an inspector, who is an officer of the navy, and an engineer, who is an officer of the army, is assigned. These, under direction of the Board, keep up the light houses and lights, and are charged with the discipline of the light keepers. They make constant visits and report upon the condition of lights, and of the behavior of the keepers, so that the

system is as nearly perfect as it can be made when we consider the exposed position and solitude of many of the lights. The great subject of light ships, of whistling buoys, of gas-lighted buoys, and other warnings to mariners, belongs to the same subject, but would require a large book to treat them properly. Our people at large do not appreciate the service of our light house establishment, not only on the sea coast, but on the great rivers and lakes, because they do not see it. If they did see it, they would see what it has accomplished, and how commerce would be hampered without it.

It is a magnificent work, and now, in our country, the immense number of lights, beacons, lightships, buoys, and fog-signals are kept up entirely by the general government, without making any charge in the way of light duties against ships of any country.

TRAINING SHIPS.

Naval Training Ships, for the education of apprentices, are to be noticed in connection with other matters treated of in this chapter. This was begun at least fifty years ago, when it was thought to be proper to correct the large proportion of foreign seamen in our Navy by training native-born boys to man our squadrons. Many boys were, under the law then enacted, enlisted to serve between the ages of thirteen and twenty-one, and to be brought up as naval sailors. For a time things went very well. A large number of boys became excellent seamen and petty officers before they arrived at twenty-one. But many boys enlisted under the idea that the apprentices were to be made midshipmen, and, as that did not take place, great dissatisfaction occurred, and the system was gradually broken up.

In 1863 a renewed attempt was made at establishing

a Naval Apprentice System, and a great deal of labor of brain was spent by officers upon it. There was success, but it was hampered very much by the fact that all the boys put in the apprentice ships took away from the number of men allowed by law to man cruising vessels of the Navy. Still, the officers persevered, and there is now, at New York, and Newport, a well established naval apprentice system, which graduates many lads of intelligence and sufficient education to make them valuable persons on board our modern men-of-war, when they become petty officers.

The Naval Training Ships for Apprentices must not be confounded with the Training Ships belonging to Philadelphia and to New York and Boston, which have been in successful operation for some years. These vessels are loaned by the government to the cities which pay the expense of their maintenances, except the salaries of the officers, who are detailed from the Navy. The "School Ships," as these are commonly called, are sailing vessels of the old type, without their guns, so that they are more comfortable; and every effort is made to preserve the health of the boys who are received. These ships make—as a general rule—two voyages in the year. One is to Europe, in summer, and one to the West Indies in the winter. In the Philadelphia ship there are generally about eighty or ninety boys, with a sufficient number of old sailors to teach them how to pull and haul. Some of the graduates of this ship, after two years' service and study, have obtained very good berths in merchant vessels; and are in a fair way to being masters. But it all depends upon themselves and how much they are really worth.

A wrong impression has gone out about these training ships, in many quarters, which is that boys who were

bad, or unmanageable, went to them. In old times bad boys were sent to sea to be beaten into shape, but they do not take that kind now.

To be admitted on board an apprentice ship a lad has to be physically sound, and to have good certificates as regards his moral character. The great mistake persons make is in regarding these ships as penal institutions for the reform of boys. On the contrary, the moment a lad is convicted of theft, or of any disgraceful proceeding, he is discharged; and the standard on board is kept high in that way. What we have said will be sufficient to indicate the purposes of the Training Ships.

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

A most interesting department of the government service connected with nautical matters is the "Life-Saving Service of the United States," to give it its legal title. This admirable institution was first organized by Act of Congress, in 1878. It is remarkable that it is the *only existing government institution* of the kind in the world, and our general government is abundantly justified for its creation by the results.

In England, and the British Islands generally, where so many wrecks occur, owing to the large traffic and the uncertain and stormy weathers so frequently met with, the admirable life-boat system is provided and supported by a society, to which society all honor is due. But their life-boats would be of little service on our coasts or lakes, where an entirely different kind of craft is, for the most part, in use. The British life-boat system is of very great interest, but has no place here.

Previous to 1878 the principal systematic efforts in the direction of succoring ship-wrecked persons along our coasts were due to the Massachusetts Humane Society,

which, as early as 1789, had caused huts to be erected at some of the most desolate points on that coast for the shelter of ship-wrecked persons who were fortunate enough to reach the shore. The first life-boat station was established by this society at Cohasset, the scene of many dreadful wrecks, in 1807. This society still exists and does much good, although, of course, superseded at some points by the government establishment. In other parts of the country such societies were established, and saved many lives and much property, but are now, for the most part, discontinued. The first step toward a distinctively national life-saving service was taken in 1848, when Congress appropriated \$10,000 for providing surf-boats and other appliances for rescuing life and property from shipwreck on the New Jersey coast, where such disasters are so common, owing to the numbers of vessels bound to the great ports, and the nature of the coast. Buildings and apparatus were provided at eight different points along this coast, and the system worked so well that the next year a larger appropriation was made for the coast of Long Island, and to increase the number upon the Jersey coast. Then the system grew very rapidly, extending to Rhode Island, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Texas, as well as the Great Lakes, especially Lake Michigan. It now extends to the Pacific Coast, and even points on our great western rivers. Up to 1878 it was a branch of the Revenue Marine Service, but in that year Congress separated it, and made it a definite establishment under its own head.

As now organized there are twelve districts and more than 200 stations, which are known as life-saving stations, life-boat stations, and houses of refuge. The life-saving stations have quite nice and pretty houses, with wide doors

on the ground floor, out of which the life-boat is rolled when about to be put in service, and in another room are stored the life-car, wreck-gun, lines, and other apparatus. Up-stairs there are rooms for the men of the crew, and extra cots for use in emergencies.

At life-boat stations the houses are smaller, being made to accommodate only the life-boat, gear and crew. The houses of refuge are found only on the long, lonely stretches of the Florida coast, and can accommodate 25 persons. Here are stored wood, food for that number for ten days, means of lighting a fire, and other such things, which would allow of ship-wrecked persons who reached there refreshing themselves so as to be able to march. These houses have also a boat-house with a galvanized iron boat and oars.

There are regular inspectors, who are officers of the Revenue Marine, who visit these stations regularly, and see that the men are in good drill, can handle boat and apparatus properly, and that everything is kept in order for instant use.

Each station is in charge of a keeper, who selects his own crew under proper regulations. He is by law an inspector of customs, must prevent smuggling, and take in charge any wrecked property which may come on shore, and is responsible for everything in the station and for the conduct of his men.

The keeper and his men are always hardy and skilled men, familiar with the surf, and the methods of handling a boat in it. At night they patrol the beach with lanterns and night signals, and also keep strict watch by day, especially in bad weather. This system of patrolling is a distinctive feature of the United States Life-saving Service, and its proved value in discovering stranded vessels causes it to be maintained with great

vigilance and the manner of its performance to be strictly watched. Any evasion of this duty is promptly punished. When stations are only a few miles apart, on such frequented and dangerous coasts as those of New Jersey and Long Island, the patrolmen pass, at night, along the beach until they meet the patrol from the next station; then they exchange tokens to prove that they have met, and set out to return. It is boasted by the Life-saving Service that most lives are saved on wrecked vessels, when it is humanly possible to reach them, either by boat or line; and it is also boasted that no life-boat man has ever shown the "white feather" in the discharge of his duties.

No more interesting or instructive sight can be witnessed on our ocean or lake shores than a life-saving crew at its exercise. During the Columbian Exhibition at Chicago crowds were always attracted when these exercises took place. Especially interesting was the throwing of the line by means of the bomb-gun, the establishment of communication with a supposed wreck, and the bringing safely on shore by this means several men.

THE FLAG.

Perhaps it may be of interest to give some slight sketch of the history of the Flag, in this connection, the flag of which we are all so proud, and which flies over such an extent of country and has penetrated the most remote seas. The hoisting of the "colors," or national flag, on board a ship-of-war is a matter of considerable ceremony, and the same is the case when it is hauled down at sunset.

When the time for "colors" comes—which is generally at eight o'clock in the morning—the music is called (the band paraded, if there is one), and, as the bell

strikes, the flag is run up to the gaff, or the staff, while everyone faces toward it and raises the cap and the band plays one of the national airs. In the evening, as the sun dips below the horizon, the same ceremony takes place. Different-sized flags are used according to the weather; from the "storm-flag," hardly bigger than a boat-ensign, to the great flag which flies on the Fourth of July and other grand occasions, but always, when in port, a ship-of-war in commission has the flag flying during the day. During the day, also, every boat which leaves a man-of-war for any purpose, must show her flag, and this is especially necessary in foreign ports, where so much of the time of our national vessels is passed. Most persons know that the "stars and stripes," or "old glory," as the soldiers used to call it during the civil war, was not at once adopted upon the breaking out of hostilities between England and her American colonies. The national flag of the United States assumed the form which it now has after many experiments, and was the subject of much thought and discussion.

The flags used by the Colonies before their separation from the mother country would naturally be those of England, and these were mostly borne during such times as the French and Indian wars. But it was not always the case, for several flags, differing more or less from those of the kingdom, were adopted by some of the Colonies at different times previous to the Revolution which was followed by independence. But the Colonies, as a rule, used what was called the "Union Flag," which was the cross of St. George and that of St. Andrew combined, and typifying the union of England and Scotland.

When the Colonies revolted a committee was appointed by the Continental Congress to consider the subject of a

proper flag. Dr. Franklin was the chairman of the committee, which assembled in the camp at Cambridge, on January 1, 1776. They selected and displayed the flag of the "United Colonies." It was composed of seven red and six white stripes, with the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew conjoined on a blue field in the corner, denoting the union of the Colonies. This was the basis of our present national colors, but it was some time before these were adopted.

In the beginning of the hostilities the Connecticut troops had standards displaying the arms of the Colony, with the motto. The flag displayed by General Putnam had a red field with the motto of Connecticut: "*Qui transtulit sustinet*" ("He who transplanted us will sustain us"), on one side; on the other, "An appeal to Heaven." The floating batteries at the same time had a flag with a white ground, a tree in the middle, and the motto "Appeal to Heaven."

Trumbull, who was both soldier and artist, in his celebrated picture of the battle of Bunker Hill, represents our troops as displaying a flag combined of the two last mentioned—a red flag with a pine tree on a white field in the corner—and it is probable that just such a flag was used in that battle.

When, in 1775, South Carolina displayed a flag at the taking of Fort Johnson by Colonel Moultrie, it is described as one having a crescent in the quarter of a blue field. There were various others, but they were soon supplanted by the "Great Union Flag" we have spoken of already.

In 1776, a flag was presented to Congress by Colonel Gadsden for the use of the infant navy. It had a yellow field, a rattlesnake with thirteen rattles, coiled to strike, and the motto, "Don't tread on me." The device of a

rattlesnake was a favorite one with the colonists at this period, and was frequently adopted as a heading by the newspapers of the day; being represented as cut into thirteen parts, and the initial of one of the colonies on each, with the motto "Join or die." The British used to make great fun in those times of many peculiarities of the Rebels, as they were called, and one of the jokes was directed against the fondness of the Americans for the number thirteen, which was suggested, of course, by the number of the Colonies. Some of the witticisms in this connection were personal and rather vulgar, but one was that "every well-organized rebel household has thirteen children, all of whom expect to be generals and members of the high and mighty Congress of the thirteen United States when they attain thirteen years; that Mrs. Washington has a mottled tom cat (which she calls in a complimentary way Hamilton) with thirteen yellow rings round his tail, and that his flaunting it suggested to the Congress the adoption of the same number of stripes for the rebel flag."

The Province of Massachusetts adopted a flag to be worn by the cruisers of that Colony, which was white, with a green pine tree in the middle, and the inscription "Appeal to Heaven;" being the same as that used on the floating batteries. The great Union flag, without the crosses, and with a rattlesnake and "Don't tread on me," was also used as a naval flag. Different corps also carried different flags, with many devices, in the land service, but the "Great Union Flag," which was first unfurled on the first of January, 1776, over the new Continental army at Cambridge, was particularly the banner of the United States.

The stars and stripes, substantially as we see them to-day, were not adopted for the standard of the United

States until some time after the Declaration of Independence. On the 14th of June, 1777, Congress passed a resolution, which was not made public until the following September, that the "flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." The new constellation, which it was intended should be represented, is supposed to be *Lyra*, which in ancient times was the symbol of harmony and unity among men. The difficulty of representing a constellation on a standard probably led to a modification of the plan, and a circle of thirteen stars was chosen, signifying union and eternal endurance. Red is the emblem of courage and fortitude; white, of purity; and blue, of constancy, love, and faith.

The flag, as thus authorized, was used at the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga, October, 17th, 1777. Admiral George Preble, whose history of the flag is the greatest and most exhaustive work upon the subject, says: "It will probably never be known who designed our union of stars, the records of Congress being silent upon the subject, and there being no mention or suggestion of it in any of the voluminous correspondence or diaries of the time, public or private, which have been published. It has been asked why the stars on our banner are five-pointed, while those on our coins are six-pointed, and always have been so. The answer is, that the designer of our early coins followed the English, and the designer of our flag, the European custom. In the heraldic language of England, the star has six points; in the heraldry of Holland, France, and Germany, the star is five-pointed."

But, in the same work, an account is given, which is of the highest interest, in regard to the actual manu-

facture of the flag which we know so well, and revere so greatly.

In June, 1776, almost a year before the present flag was adopted by solemn resolution of Congress, General Washington was in Philadelphia for about a fortnight, being called on from New York to advise with Congress on the state of affairs just previous to the Declaration of Independence.

At that time there lived in Philadelphia a Mrs. Ross, whose house is still standing at what was formerly No. 89, and now 239 Arch street. It is little changed to-day from its general appearance of more than a century ago.

Mrs. Ross was a well-known upholsterer, and a committee, which had been considering the important question of a flag, visited her, in company with General Washington, as the most likely person to be able to carry out their views, and asked her to make a flag from a certain design of which they produced a rough drawing. At her suggestion, it is said, this was redrawn by General Washington in pencil in Mrs. Ross' back parlor. From this she made a specimen flag, which was afterwards adopted by Congress. Mr. Canby, who wrote a paper about this origin of the actual flag, which he read before the Pennsylvania Historical Society, in 1870, was a descendant of Mrs. Ross on the mother's side, and at the time he wrote the paper there were three daughters of Mrs. Ross living, and a niece, then ninety-five, who all relied for their accounts of the transaction upon what Mrs. Ross had told them. They said that when "Colonel George Ross and General Washington visited Mrs. Ross and asked her to make the flag, she said: "I don't know whether I can, but I'll try;" and directly suggested to the gentlemen that the design was wrong, the stars being six-cornered and not five-cornered (pointed), as

they should be. This was altered and other changes made.

Whether this account is correct or not has been made a matter of much discussion by persons interested in the early history of our country. There is one thing certain ; it came from *report* of three people, reduced to writing, and *not* from tradition. Mr. Canby said that he was eleven years old when Mrs. Ross died in his father's house, and he well remembered her telling the story. The mother and two of the sisters of Mr. Canby were then living and in good memory. One of his aunts succeeded to the business, and continued making flags for the navy-yard and arsenals, and for the mercantile marine for many years, until, being conscientious on the subject of war, she gave up the government business, but continued the mercantile until 1857.

It is altogether probable that General Washington, with Colonel Ross, who was no relation of Mrs. Ross, and Robert Morris, did call upon Mrs. Ross to make flags, for General Washington knew Mrs. Ross very well. In fact, she made his shirt ruffles and many other things, especially while he resided in Philadelphia as President of the United States.

The first change in the flag provided by the Act of Congress which we have quoted was in the year 1794. Then Congress passed a resolution : "That from and after the first day of May, Anno Domini one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white. That the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field." This was approved on January 13th, 1794. Already new States had been formed.

The next change was in 1818 ; when the resolution of Congress was that : "From and after the fourth day of

July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be twenty stars, white on a blue field; and that, on the addition of a new State into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag; and that such addition shall take effect on the fourth day of July next succeeding such admission." The present arrangement of the stars on the flag is well known, and the arrangement is such as to admit of addition when a new State is admitted.

In regard to the use of flags in the navy we may say that there are no admirals or vice-admirals at present allowed by law. Our navy now has only rear-admirals. When the three grades existed the distinguishing flags were of blue bunting, bearing four, three, or two stars, according to the rank of the officer: and, in the same way, carried at the main, fore, or mizzen.

Sometimes it happens that two or more admirals are in company, and then the senior flies the blue flag, the next in rank the red, and the last the white, each with the stars as described. The Secretary of the Navy, when on aboard a vessel of the navy always flies a flag peculiar to his office—being a blue flag with the stars—in other words, the union of the national flag.

When the President embarks in a naval vessel the fact is denoted by hoisting the national colors at the main, he being Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy.

The courtesy of the flag on board a man-of-war embraces so many points that they would be wearisome to the ordinary reader. We may only say that, in the case of two vessels meeting at sea, the national flag is always displayed. If one ship is a warship and the other a merchant vessel of another country, or of her own, and she does not respond, the man-of-war is apt to compel her to do so, especially under any suspicious circumstances.

When a man-of-war leaves a harbor at an earlier hour than that usual for hoisting the colors she always hoists hers first as she proceeds seawards, and each ship lying in the port hoists her ensign until the outgoing vessel has passed, when it is hauled down again, to await the regular hour for hoisting it with the honors.

In seaports, when the flag of a newly-arrived man-of-war is saluted, that flag is always shown at the fore of the saluting vessels at the first gun, and promptly hauled down when the last gun of the salute is fired.

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